December 1967

Ramparts

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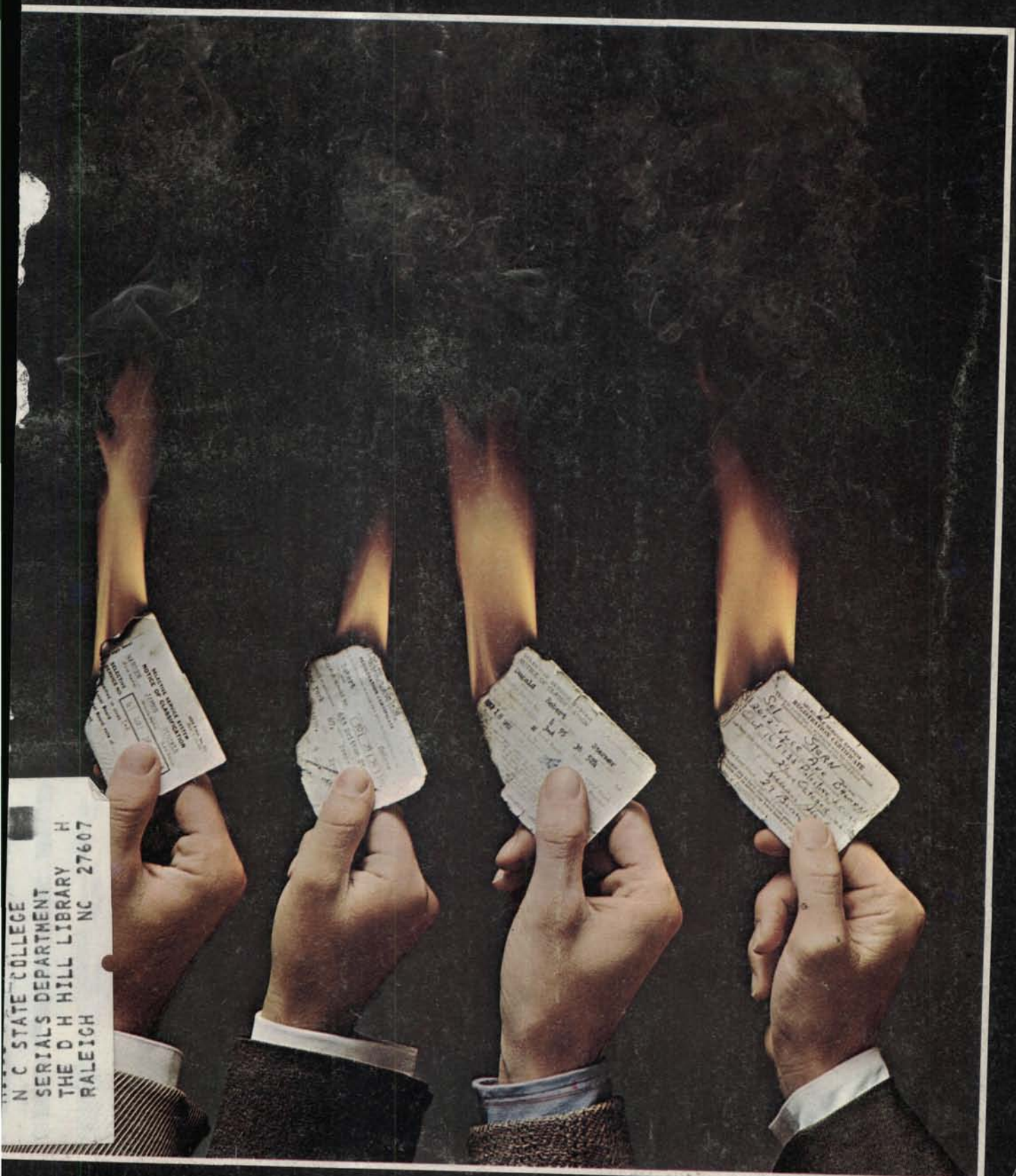

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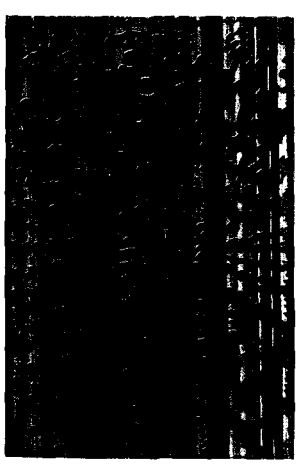

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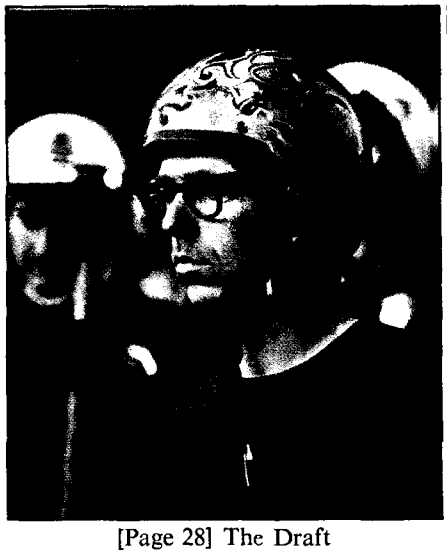

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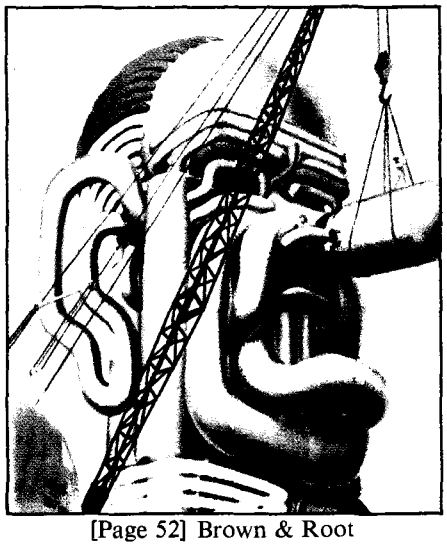

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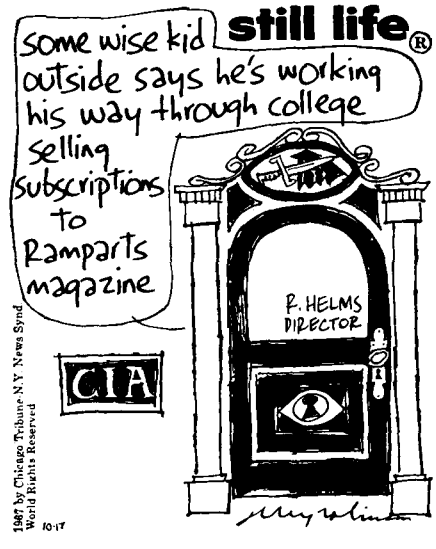
Apologia:

IF YOU'RE looking for an editorial in the usual place this month, forget it. It's on the cover.

Our very favorite coverage of the Washington protest march was in Women's Wear Daily, a newspaper we read every day even before Peanuts. WWD cranked out a two-page spread on "the state of dove fashion," which they discovered to be "highly individualistic," although an elderly lady "shrouded in a bargain basement Ida Lupino cape" came in for a well-deserved frown. Then there was Bill, a peacenik college professor, who wore a brown corduroy jacket, and was "pushing 47" and showing the strain, WWD insinuated, of having eaten too many Hush Puppies. Fat Bill was handsomely offset by his wife, who was selling peace buttons in "double Ritz Cracker size," and was fashionably "understated in a brown dress, brown leather coat, brown pointed low shoes, black hosiery. She wears one of the buttons over her left breast." To top all this, Women's Wear Daily may have to assign Eugenia Sheppard to cover SNCC.

The CIA, by this time, is frankly becoming a redundant subject to us, but it seems to continue to provide fascination for others. Dennis Hamilton, the editor of the London Sunday Times, was visited recently by Britain's MI-6 who wanted to know whether there was a communist on his staff or something, because the Times' color magazine had reprinted one of RAMPARTS' CIA exposés of last spring. Hamilton said no, and MI-6 said sorry about that, but the CIA's London office had asked them to make the inquiry. All this at taxpayers' expense on both sides of the Atlantic.

And the Washington Star last month ran one of those humorous-type syndicated cartoons on the RAMPARTS-CIA syndrome. To soothe those who ask why we never print jokes, we are reproducing it.—W.H.


some wise kid outside says he's working his way through college selling subscriptions to Ramparts magazine
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CIA
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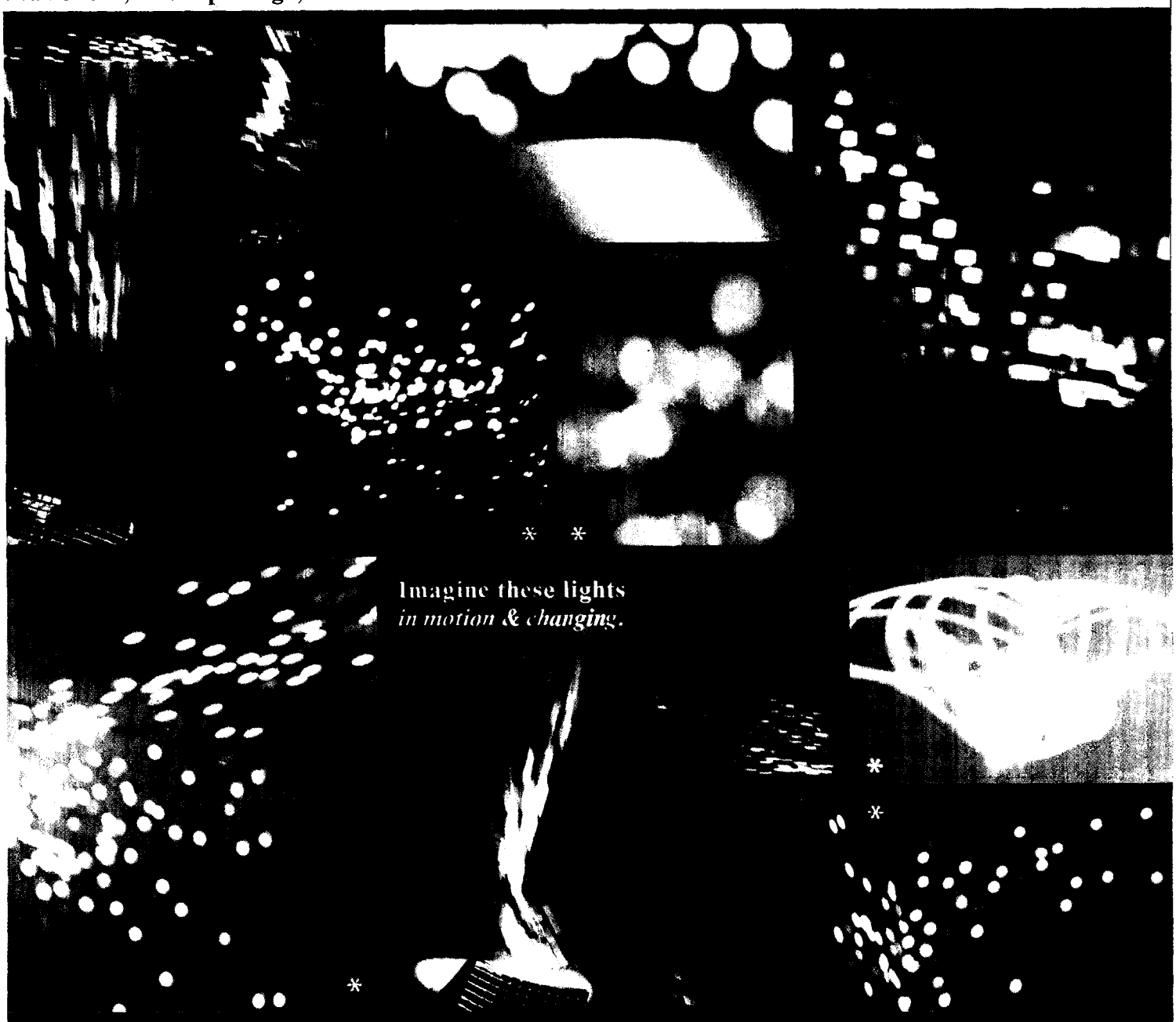

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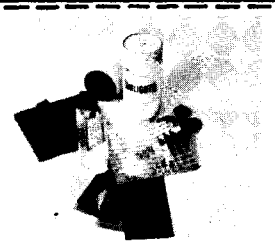

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Marginalia

Letters:

THE PLOT THICKENS

SIRS: Until recently B. Traven may have been little known or almost forgotten in the U.S., but it was not RAMPARTS and Judy Stone's articles [September and October 1967] which rediscovered him as the articles imply. If anyone deserves credit for the rediscovery of Traven, it is Charles Miller who came to me with the manuscript of some of the stories in *The Night Visitor*.

In Judy Stone's second article it is stated that Hill and Wang "turned down" Traven's novel *Rosa Blanca*. Here is a direct quote from my letter to Rosa Elena Luján, Traven's agent and spokesman: "After careful consideration we have decided that *Rosa Blanca* is probably not the 'right' Traven novel to publish in the United States after such a long lapse of time. . . . Perhaps at some future date we will be able to publish *Rosa Blanca*."

Lest this letter be interpreted as a blanket criticism of Judy Stone's articles, let me hasten to say that they are fascinating and, on the whole, a perceptive appreciation of the character and work of one of the great writers of our time.

LAWRENCE HILL, Hill & Wang Inc.
New York City

SIRS: The placing of the October ad of the Tsarevich trying to assert his imperial identity in the middle of an article on B. Traven trying to deny his was a master stroke.

ROBERT S. HARTMAN
Cuernavaca, Mexico

GOLD'S ISRAEL

SIRS: I was in Israel at about the time Robert Scheer was in Cairo, but I offer this evidence for my interest in the Middle East only in the spirit of country-dropping. Bob Scheer [RAMPARTS, September 1967] and other writers for RAMPARTS neglect the essential difficulty in the question of the Palestine refugees. Every Israeli I spoke with admits that the refugee problem must be solved. The official Israeli position is one of eagerness to discuss it with the Arabs and come to a just resolution.

But the Arabs refuse to talk with the Israelis about a peace settlement which would include a settlement of the refugee problems. How can the Israelis be blamed for the continuation of the problem when the Arabs continue to call for annihilation of Israel and say that nothing less will satisfy them? Some claim that this is merely Arab rhetoric, but what is not rhetoric is that so far no Arab leader, except the isolated rational Bourguiba, has been willing to admit the existence of Israel and propose negotiation of the issues dividing the Mideast. For the Israelis simply to open their borders to the refugees under these conditions would be to commit suicide.

Though I know that some RAMPARTS writers ask higher standards of conduct for Israel than they expect of other nations, I wish they could recognize that justice does not practice itself in a historical void.

HERBERT GOLD
San Francisco, California

GLOBE-TROTTING

SIRS: As a Jewish refugee from an Arab country and an avid reader of RAMPARTS, I found myself reading your articles on Israel [RAMPARTS, September, October 1967].

A comparison is often made between the treatment of the Jews in 19th century Eastern Europe and the Moslem world to show that the Arabs were really very tolerant. The same argument is stretched to show that it was really only the East European Jews who felt alienated and thus started the Zionist movement culminating in the Israeli state.

During the 19th century, when active Zionist sentiment was beginning to express itself, Jews lived among the Arabs in conditions that were hardly an improvement on Eastern Europe or the Balkans. Their plight was revealed on the several journeys of Moses Montefiore, the British philanthropist, who sought to relieve the persecution of Jews both in Russia and among the Arabs.

In 1842 the conditions and treatment of Jews in Baghdad aroused the attention of the British Foreign Office which took effective action there, as well as in Persia (1860, 1889, 1892-93) where Jewish quarters were sacked. Some of the greatest difficulties were encountered by the then 300,000 Jews of Morocco, despite the fact that some of them had occupied high offices of state.

In the late 1940's the property of the entire 150,000 Iraqi Jewish community was confiscated, its leaders hanged, and its people left as penniless refugees. But most of them have since rebuilt their lives in Israel. This story has since been repeated many times over in different parts of the Arab world. It is a tragic irony that those who so ardently appoint themselves as the guardians of the rights of the Palestinian Arabs choose to close their eyes to the fact that in many Moslem Middle Eastern lands, a Jew is a second class citizen both by law of the land and by the nature of a social tradition whose founder, Mohammad, spoke of Jews as "the most violent of men in enmity against the true believers."

Most of the population of Israel today consists of Jews such as I. It is only fair that just as Israel took care of her own Jewish refugees from Arab lands, the much richer and vastly more spacious Arab lands should provide for the Arab refugees. The refugee problem need never have arisen if it had been seen for what it is—an exchange of populations.

A. BAREYAL
Evanston, Illinois

SIRS: Your account of the Andreas Papandreou affair ["The Framing of Andreas Papandreou," RAMPARTS, October 1967] appears to endorse the im-

Illustrations by Benedict Kocian

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PHIL OCHS

SIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS... there y are no words to be wrung from an adman's skills corate the art of a poet who dyes his mind in music nakes it sing and dance to the meter of humanity's and follies. PHIL OCHS is a poet who has stretched rt beyond the accepted limitations of the industry corded sound. There are few words now...nor week. Nor ever. PHIL OCHS (and what and who why he is) is all there in the album; even the word im" is inadequate. What PHIL OCHS has created movie without pictures. See it in the nearest -in (which is your own mind).

outside the window—there's a woman being grabbed.
dragged her to the bushes and now she's being stabbed.
e we should call the cops and try to stop the pain.
lonopoly is so much fun—I'd hate to blow the game...

g down the highway, yes my back is getting stiff.
en cars have piled up—they're hanging on a cliff
e we should pull them back with our towing-chain
e gotta move and we might get sued and it looks like it's
rain...

ting in the ghetto with the colored and the poor
ts have joined the babies who are sleeping on the floor
wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their tops—
But they got too much already and besides we got the cops..

There's a dirty paper, using sex to make a sale
The Supreme Court was so upset they sent him off to jail.
Maybe we should help the fiend and take away his fine
But we're busy reading Playboy and the Sunday New Yorl Times...

Smoking marijuana is more fun than drinking beer
But a friend of ours was captured and they gave him thirty years
Maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why—
But demonstrations are a drag, besides we're much too high..

But outside of the small circle of friends is a large rhomboid embracing most of the people of the world who are waiting for friendship, praying to belong, aching for comfort. PHIL OCHS' album "PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR" is like the coming of a Dawn—it is not an Answer, but it offers the opportunity of an Awakening.

The album "PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR" (and the songs within its tracks; "Outside of a Small Circle of Friends" is one) is tossed into the rhomboid in the hope that a few more minds may be spun inside the small circle of friends and, thus, the circle may be enlarged.

A&M RECORDS

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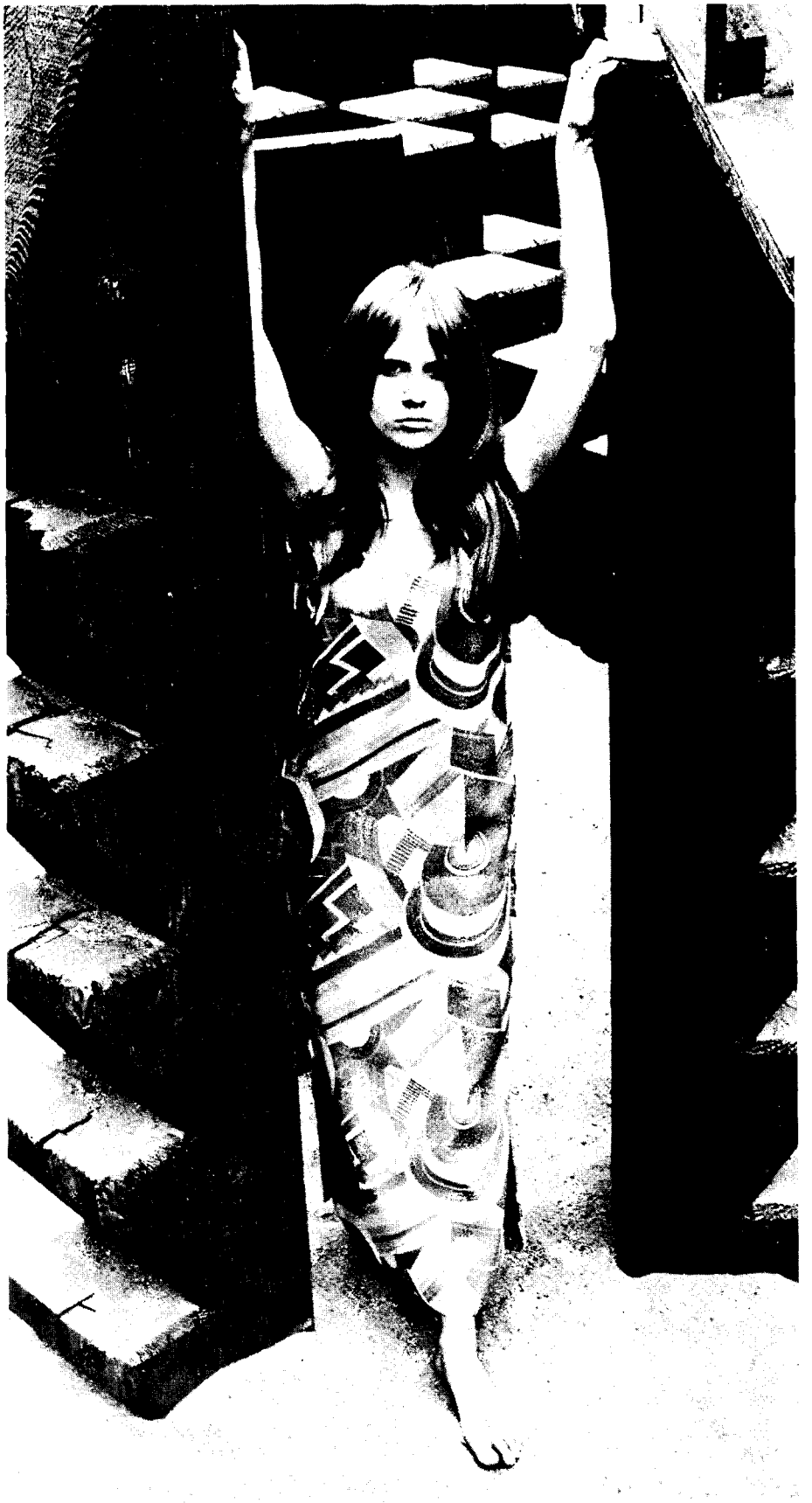

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on every aspect of the ebullier
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The pages of **Avant-Gard**
will explode with biting satire, i
cisive profiles, audacious repor
age, lush graphic art, consciou
ness-expanding fiction, and poetr
that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** wi
cover Art, Politics, Science, an
every other subject of interest t
readers of superior intelligenc
and cultivated taste. It will be
bimonthly of:

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a transcendental new kind of higl

—*truth*, eschewing platitudes an
really telling it like it is; and

—*love*, unabashedly reveling i
the One Universal Ultimate Goo

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of the Turned-On Generation.

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to list the kinds of articles it wi
print:

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Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Radio Free America—A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"—An exposé of an operative who is paid $1 million a year to fink for Big Brother.

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde.**

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A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

The Writing on the Wall—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley—A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

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Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws

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pression given by the testimony of the two recanting witnesses that the KYP—Greece's CIA—has operated entirely on the political right. This is much too simple an explanation.

As an Amnesty International observer at the notorious ASPIDA court martial, I was struck by the fact that the officers charged with taking the lead in attempting to build up a left-wing cell in the Greek Army, favorable to Andreas Papandreou, were members of the KYP. Unlike other branches of the Army, the KYP reports directly to the Prime Minister's office, and during the period covered by much of the rambling indictment, the Prime Minister was George Papandreou and the Minister for the Prime Minister's Office was Andreas Papandreou. (Andreas, incidentally, never occupied "the highest-ranking post in the Greek Government after Prime Minister," as stated by Vachliotis; after being Minister in his father's office he reverted to the backbenches and later became Associate Minister of Coordination.)

KYP officers were said to have been restless (a) because promotion had been blocked by a right-wing group within the Army of which they were not members and (b) because from the time that NATO decided to try to mediate the Greco-Turkish dispute over Cyprus, the CIA had cut the KYP off from full access to intelligence normally shared within the alliance community.

It should be remembered that at the same time as being somewhat on the left economically (about as far to the left as Theodore Roosevelt), Andreas Papandreou is, also like Roosevelt, an intense nationalist, prepared on no account to compromise Greek claims to Cyprus for the sake of a settlement with Turkey. One of his main accusations against the court was that being pro-American it was likely to yield to peace talk from Washington. Papandreou had therefore a certain appeal to Army officers, particularly those disappointed in promotion and afraid of what they would regard as a sell-out in Cyprus. He was also, of course—because of his intransigent style and the enemies he had made—the hero even, and perhaps especially, of socialist intellectuals who thought his economic ideas (favoring small competing economic units) quite wrong for modern Greece.

KEITH KYLE, Fellow, Institute of Politics
Harvard University

SIRS: Your recent account of the pacification program in Vietnam [RAMPARTS, October 1967] was informative. And so have been your many other articles on the war. Informative in the sense of adding still further evidence in support of the well-known postulate that the Vietnam war is all wrong. It is surely good to know what is being done by our government in our name, especially when the government has essentially abdicated its responsibility to present the facts. But how many additional facts can the already convinced take? And the unconvinced: what effect will still more facts have on them at this stage?

One reaches a saturation point in collecting data against the state beyond which one cannot venture without some definite danger of going mad. This is not a plea for presenting only the "nice" issues; surely you will continue to meet your obligation to inform, despite the ugliness of some of that information. But would it be possible for you to run an occasional light piece to provide a break in the monthly chronicle of horrors—something like "Quickest Routes to Canada from Major U.S. Cities"?

SANDRA G. PETTIJOHN
Denver, Colorado

SIRS: In "America's Black Guerrillas" [RAMPARTS, September 1967], Sol Stern points out that the black revolutionaries may provoke the U.S. to "turn into a fascist garrison state. . . ."

I have been in the U.S. Army for one year, and from what I have recently observed of the military mind and influence on our country's politics, I can easily envision this happening.

As Mr. Stern notes, the black guerrillas have no hope of "winning" their civil war. The National Guard in Detroit has shown us that American soldiers are not reluctant to fire on their own countrymen. Military men live in an ordered world and distrust the spontaneous, sometimes chaotic life typical of civilians in a free society. Regardless of the goodness or evil of the generals' intentions, "power corrupts," and the growth of military power poses a grave danger.

Give me flower power.

SP/4 MARK J. HEINICKE
Pleiku, Vietnam

ANNOUNCEMENT: The second part of Mr. Scheer's essay on the Arab-Israeli crisis will appear next month.

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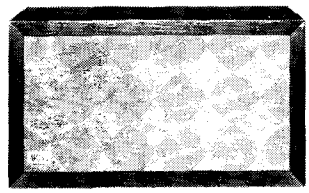

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Society:

THE SWAMI SCENE

by Paul Krassner

ALTHOUGH neither Swami Downtown (née Bhaktivedanta) nor Swami Uptown (née Satchidananda) can lay claim to a Beatle, a Rolling Stone, a Shirley MacLaine, a Mia Farrow or a *mea culpa*, both have a mutual simultaneous disciple in Allen Ginsberg—the missing link between the beat generation and the hippies—who, having made the spiritual journey from *bar mitzvah* to *Hare Krishna*, would love to turn you on.

Drugs are officially frowned upon, but many young devotees who are making the New York swami scene have been able to compartmentalize their hallucinogenic transgressions with the same lack of guilt felt by Catholics who practice birth control to perfection.

LSD, states Swami Midtown (née Vishnudevananda), "is to true enlightenment as the smell of a rose is to a blind person who can never know what it truly looks like." The chemical was compounded too late to be included on the Swami's deceased guru's list of recommended abstentions—one should not eat garlic, read novels, drink tea, indulge in hypocrisy, smoke pot or associate with atheists—but "LSD is easy enlightenment. Yoga is a hard way."

Sample disciplines are: "Get up at four o'clock and answer the calls of nature, clean your mouth and take a bath." And, "Write your favorite name of God in a notebook for 10-30 minutes."

Swami Midtown is a small, dark Indian who talks rapidly through a thick accent. He pilots his own plane to New York monthly from Montreal, where he runs a yoga camp which features headstands in the snow. His students there are older than those of his colleagues. One businessman, for example, had difficulty sitting in the lotus position. "I haven't been doing my exercises lately," he explained. "I have a hernia."

Celibacy is advocated by Swami Midtown "according to your age and circumstances." He suggests once a month for young men and once a year for older men.

Coitus as a religious ritual, however, was the topic of a recent panel discussion at a Village gallery. Brief excerpt from the dialogue:

"Sex is a form of meditation."

"Yes, in Tantric Yoga they don't even move."

Rules which require celibacy—as well as giving up coffee, tobacco and one's immediate family—are optional in Swami Downtown's International Society for Krishna Consciousness, but females are not encouraged to join because they are thought not to be as serious about the sect's life as are the males whose seriousness they might divert.

Swami Downtown is 70 years old, but doesn't look a day over 50. His head is

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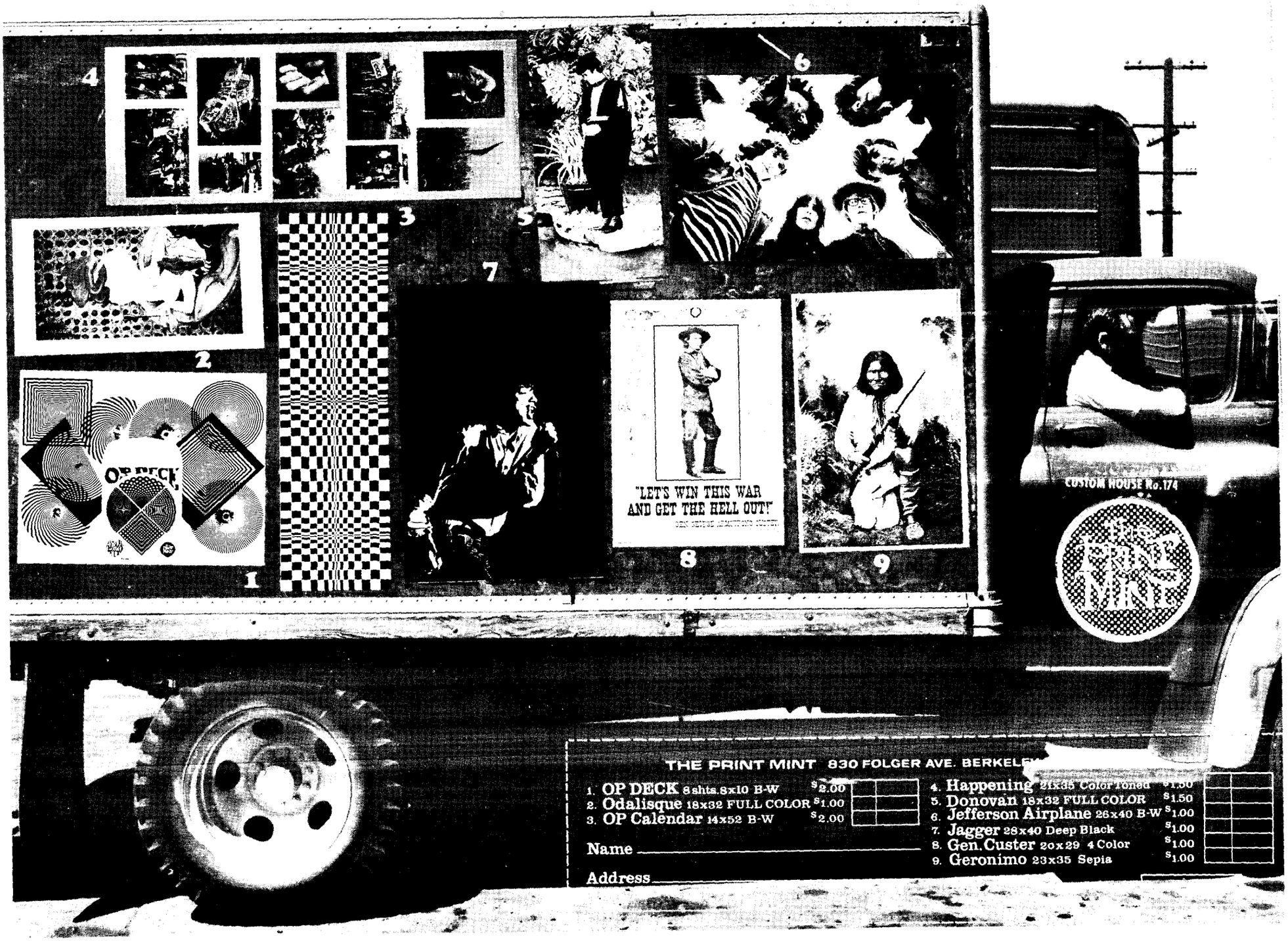

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shaved, as are the heads of some of his followers, save for a small top-knot, "so Krishna can pull us out of the ocean of nations," revealed one student, adding, "or life and death."

When the Great Memorial Day Bust took place at Tompkins Square Park, early reports said that some of the hippies were singing "Hail, hail, the gang's all here. . . ." Actually, they were chanting—*Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare, Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama, Rama, Hare Hare*—a universal panacea. Of course, if all the leaders of the world were as compulsive about it as Swami Downtown, there would indeed be everlasting world peace.

So much for that.

Hare means energy, *Krishna* means pleasure and *Rama* means god. The chant is sung over and over and over (the marathon is called a *kirtan*), accompanied by tambourines and bongo drums and finger cymbals and dancing feet, all adding up to a sort of natural high. Swami Downtown says it cleans the dust from the mirror of the mind; Allen Ginsberg says it's a yoga forced-breathing exercise.

On the first Sunday afternoon that the group spent chanting in the park, a pair of policemen wanted to find out if they had a permit, but figured they would wait till the song was over, so they politely stood by . . . and stood by . . . and stood by. After a long while, they seemed to be chanting right along *with* the regulars. It has that kind of effect on you.

I had taken my three-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Holly, to hear them. She can't pronounce the letter "l," and each time they sang *Hare Krishna* she thought they were singing "Holly Krassner," and she kept waving to them.

Talk about self-actualization!

Swami Uptown has long dark hair with a matching white moustache and beard. He talks a lot about selflessness. He, too, is a professional celibate and says that even food should be partaken only to give one strength enough to help others.

I asked Allen Ginsberg how he reconciles his own philosophy of sensualism with the denial orientation of Swami Uptown. He replied that we must beware the time-space trap. Well, I'll go along with that. I mean, I *know* that, from a cosmic point of view, my picayune pleasures are infinitesimally transitory. But that won't stop me from *seeking* them.

Besides, my spy at the Integral Yoga Institute tells me that Swami Uptown uses Brylcreem. He mixes it with a pinch of cultural lag.

When Swami Uptown appeared at the Village Theatre to celebrate the birthday of *his* master, it was a very strange party. Students of Hatha Yoga are impressive to watch, but there is something just a little bizarre about sitting in an audience watching your peers standing on the stage doing eye exercises.

In the lobby of the theatre, an NBC television crew was filming a segment of an upcoming program on fashions. Swami Uptown himself wears an attractive orange saffron robe that reaches almost to the ground.

Would you like to know what he wears underneath?

Kilts.

Paul Krassner is the editor of The Realist.

Diplomacy:

SAIGON IN RETROSPECT

by Hunton Downs

I FIRST CAME TO SAIGON in June of 1956, when my wife, Micki, and I were flown from Germany, via Washington, as part of the crash build-up to shore up the Ngo Dinh Diem regime which everybody, including Eisenhower, knew was in desperate straits as a result of ducking the country-wide elections scheduled before July 20, 1956, as promised at the 1954 Geneva Convention. I was a news, radio and psychological warfare specialist, assigned to USIS as "Radio Officer." The job was a double-barreled one: hitting the homefolks in the South with news and programs over Radio Saigon, Hue and Dalat; and running news tapes out into the boondocks for use in village cere-

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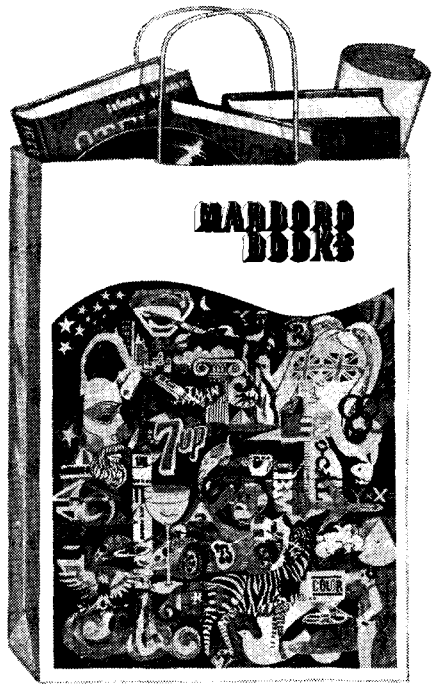

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monies or before films and shadow shows. All this was the key job of the information effort because of the high illiteracy rate (70 per cent), the inaccessibility of over half the villages to mobile unit presentations, and the plethora of radios in the country, left over from a ten-year military campaign in which roving troops would rather switch (merchandise) than fight.

I came to know Saigon and the countryside of Vietnam as few Americans ever did, but my position in the privy councils of Saigon soon created for me an embarrassing dilemma. There was the paycheck, the loyalty oath (to administration policies more than country), and the inside knowledge that the crash build-up of economic, social and political structures—so loudly honked in Washington—was *quatsch*. A presidential instruction of 1956, after the all-Vietnamese elections failed to take place, prescribed the U.S. mission in one sentence: "Contain communist forces north of the 17th parallel." All else was secondary.

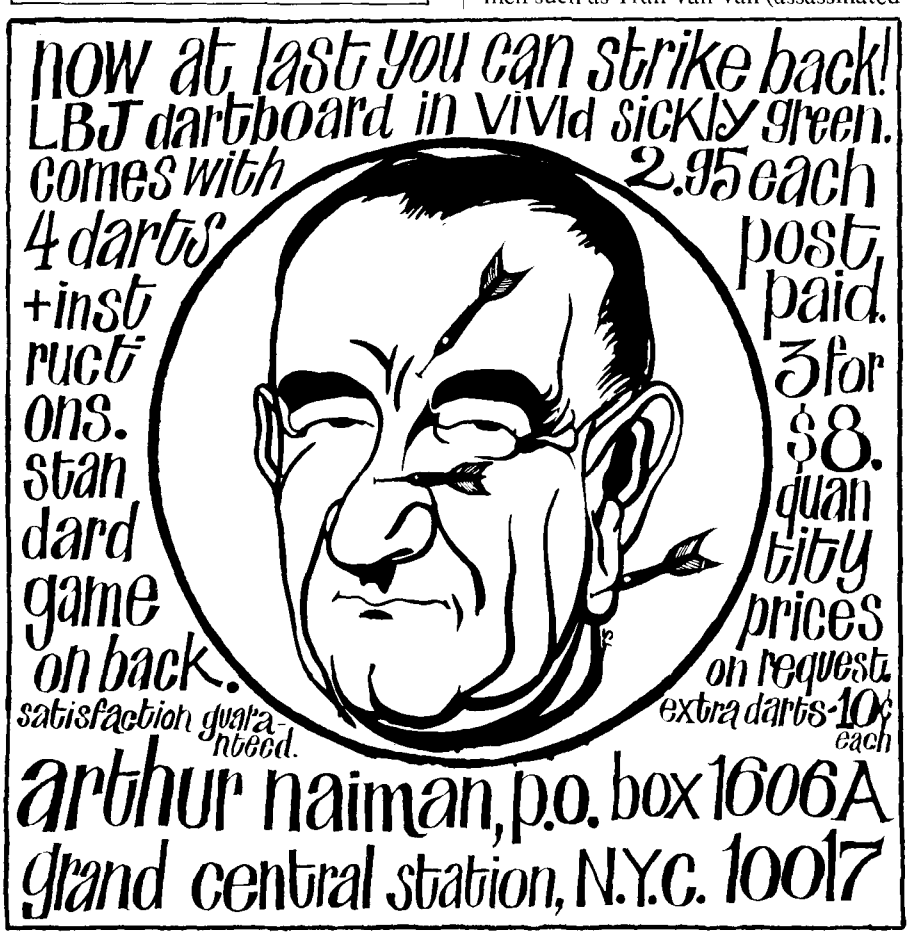
On the other hand, there was my growing friendship with the young leaders of the country, dedicated, brilliant men such as Tran Van Van (assassinated December 7, 1966) and Phan Quang Dan (imprisoned by Diem; a vice-presidential candidate in the September 3, 1967 elections). These men, disgusted by the French, disillusioned by the communist example, were fired by the American ideal, illusive as it was in Vietnam. Mature enough to realize that utopias never come but beneficent governments can be approached, they depended upon the Americans there to help in the formulative stages.

Wesley Fishel, head of the Michigan State University Group, was one constantly on call. I came to know him well because he had recruited Micki in the lobby of Hong Kong's Peninsula Hotel to be top secretary for Howard Hoyt in MSUG's police division, and she worked there for our entire tour. Fishel was a nervous little guy, alternating between affection and pomposity. Nobody on the MSUG staff liked him, but he alone of all Americans in Saigon could say once or twice a week, "I am having breakfast with the President." Front man for the CIA, in charge of police and secret police training and "public" administration, Fishel held the reins and trappings of power. But he didn't have the Pentagon or the ear of Ngo Dinh Nhu. In 1958, a triangular coup (Washington, E. Lansing, Saigon) stunned Fishel. He found himself relieved. He was at his farewell party when he sobbed, "I don't understand . . ."

I thought Fishel was sincere when he showed me the first draft of the 1956 Constitution and said with evident pride, "We've finally gotten it." It was a beautiful document and Fishel had a heavy finger in it through his intimate association with the palace Ngos. It promised all the freedoms; it laid out a judiciously balanced governmental structure; it seemed to choose the best of the American, French and Confucian systems without violating the fabric of Vietnam's *vie quotidienne*.

Perhaps his impulse to comment was purely a public relations gesture, for I was so impressed that I began to lay out a series of programs to explain the Constitution to the people of South Vietnam who were to live under it.

In those days we were a small group of Americans in Saigon (19 USIS compared to some 200 today). Consultation was frequent and informal, even with Ambassador G. Frederick Reinhardt and USOM Aid Director Leland Bar-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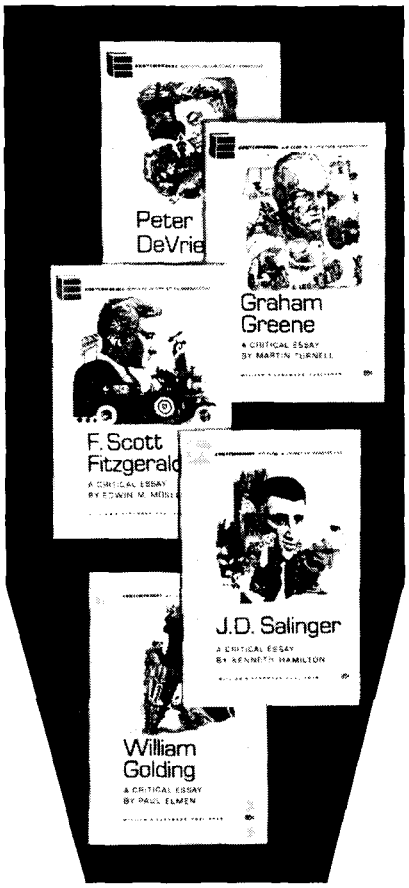

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rows. The trilingual Reinhardt and his tiger-hunting wife were the ablest team the U.S. ever had in Vietnam. His departure (he was succeeded by Elbridge Durbrow from colonial Singapore in March 1957) represented a major change in American policy toward Southeast Asia, a trend not yet reversed.

New Ambassador Durbrow took one look at the series explaining the Constitution and threw it out the window. I begged to do at least one program on the U.S. flag for the Fourth of July (we had received many inquiries as to what the symbols and colors meant). Durbrow looked at the script and chucked it in the wastebasket.

I do not believe the ambassador was either a vicious person or motivated by any great hatred for democracy or the yellow race. I think he was trying his best to implement a dirty policy and the only way he could "think rough" was to keep himself hyped by running rude. I was reminded of a sensitive, likable CID (Criminal Investigating Division) chief I knew in Frankfurt, an Army major who kept his walls lined with enlarged glossies of the most brutal murders and suicides in the file. "If I didn't do this," he said, "every time I'd reach in the icebox for a salami, I'd pull out a bloody arm."

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Once, in the black Embassy car, Durbrow lashed out suddenly, without provocation, at his Vietnamese driver: "You stupid, goddam monkey, why don't you go back to the trees?"

The driver wasn't influential (except perhaps later with the Viet Cong), but another Vietnamese victim of Durbrow's was. In the following exchange lay one of the fatal decisions of U.S. policy toward Vietnam in the '50s.

PHAN QUANG DAN—now called by some the J. F. Kennedy of Vietnam—a Harvard graduate in public health, a keen politician, an unbending believer in the American principle, was Diem's *bête noire*. Imprisoned in April 1956 for criticizing the unfair electoral laws which had brought a rubber stamp Constituent Assembly deferent to Diem into being the month before, he was later released, only to recommence his "loyal opposition" activities. "If we are ever to survive the press of communism in the guise of Ho Chi Minh's fatherland appeal," Dan told me then, "we have to do it under a two-party system. There has to be a watchdog against the tyranny, claptrap and all-too-apparent corruption which disgusts the people and turns them in the other direction."

A number of Vietnam's nationalistic parties coalesced around Phan Quang Dan: the Phuc Quoc Hoi, the Socialist party, the Cao Dai Lien Minh, the Dai Viet, the Vietnamese Kuomintang; and an opposition to Diem's National Revolutionary Movement party emerged, calling itself the Democratic Bloc.

Dan was the natural leader, being editor of Thoi Luan (Times Debate), with the largest circulation in Vietnam (80,000), and one of the most popular local politicians in the country. Ngo Dinh Diem had offered him the post of secretary of Social Welfare in the cabinet, but Dan refused.

In March 1958, the Democratic Bloc made its bid, at a time when restiveness was at an all-time high, when the sidewalks were shrieking with atrocities and kidnappings, when Ngo Dinh Nhu's and Ngo Dinh Can's secret police forces were conducting sweeps in Saigon and other cities, seemingly vying with each other to round up the most "communist sympathizers." The U.S. Embassy had one of its most trusted and oldest Viet-

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namese employees, a chief local in the publications branch, snatched off his bicycle as he left work. There was no charge levied against him. His bicycle was "given" to an onlooker. He was hustled into an American aid vehicle, driven off, and that was the last anybody heard from him. The Embassy in due time lodged an inquiry with the minister of the Interior as to his whereabouts, which was ignored. When I left Vietnam in 1967, his family was still haunting the Embassy corridors, trying to get some word.

The American aid vehicles, scrubby-brown Chevrolet six-by-six trucks with reinforced canvas and steel mesh across the back, became the same sort of symbols in Saigon as klaxon horns were in Nazi Germany. People fled like receding waves at the sight of one. One girl on Hong Thap Tu jumped from a window as one stopped in front of her house.

Prisons filled; rumors of mass executions drifted in from the provinces. Streets wide enough to accommodate the secret police vans grew lonelier and were distinguished more by the presence of unafraid Americans than Vietnamese. A tale of kidnapping, not without ironic overtones, unfolded in the hallowed sanctuary of MSUG headquarters on the Rue Pasteur. A month or two before the Democratic Bloc laid down its challenge, two girls of secondary school age (early teens), chattering and giggling on their way home in late afternoon, disappeared. Witnesses ran to the families with word they had been picked up and tossed into the maw of one of the dreaded trucks.

"N," the father of one of the girls, was a top boy for Howard Hoyt in Michigan State's police advisory group, a favorite of my wife's, and in on everything going on around the police state, including a good deal he wasn't supposed to know, such as Michigan State's CIA cover, the training of Nhu's and Can's secret police and the torture operations of the VBI (Vietnamese Bureau of Investigation), whose motto was "thumbscrews are better than thumbprints."

"N" didn't hesitate to act. He didn't know what his daughter had done "wrong," but he threatened to spill, and spill plenty, if she wasn't returned unharmed within 24 hours. The case went all the way to the palace and came to Ngo Dinh Diem's attention before the order nullifying the arrest of the girls could be obtained. Michigan State officialdom in Saigon and East Lansing put in a couple of nervous nights before the girls were located in a dank provincial prison in Nha Trang, 200 miles away, in solitary confinement, scheduled for "interrogation." Their crime, reported by some tattletale children, was a gripe innocently expressed at school at having to study such deep philosophy as Diem's personalism, and having to shout slogans incessantly, like the adulating *Muon Nam Ngo Dinh Diem*—"May Ngo Dinh Diem Live 10,000 Years."

Phan Quang Dan announced to the press the intention of the Democratic Bloc to become a second, opposition party in South Vietnam, loyal to the government, anti-communist, but reserving the right of criticism where justified. Only his paper, Thoi Luan, carried the news. U.S. Embassy personnel were forbidden to attend a rally for the Bloc or give any notice to the U.S. press or the citizenry of South Vietnam. Police broke up the demonstration. Two days later, American tanks of the Vietnamese Army cordoned off Dan's newspaper. MSUG-trained police carried dynamite inside and blew it up. The building was reduced

Continued on page 22

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The Legacy of Che Guevara

by I. F. Stone

THE WORD THAT FIRST came to mind on meeting Che Guevara was simplicity. I had been waiting for some time to see him, late at night in the Cuban National Bank building in Havana. It was in 1960, during my first visit to Castro's Cuba. Che was then economics minister, a heady post for a wandering Latin American revolutionary. Waiting with me in the anteroom of his office on the top floor of the building were several members of the old oligarchy—suave, plump and cynical.

Guevara greeted me with a warmth I found puzzling until I learned that, a few years earlier, the U.S. Embassy in Mexico had accidentally touted me to him and his fellow revolutionaries. Che told me the Embassy had bought up every copy it could find of my *Hidden History of the Korean War* when it appeared in Spanish translation. The remaining copies were all the more widely read and appreciated, perhaps too highly. Che greeted me as a fellow rebel against "Yanqui Imperialism."

He was the first man I had ever met whom I thought not just handsome but beautiful. With his curly, reddish beard, he looked like a cross between a faun and a Sunday School print of Jesus. Mischief, zest, compassion and a sense of mission all flashed across his features during our interview. What struck me most of all was that he seemed in no way corrupted or intoxicated by the power which had suddenly fallen into his hands.

I met his lovely, dark-eyed Cuban wife for a moment before we sat down with an interpreter to a midnight supper. Che spoke with that utter sobriety which sometimes masks immense apocalyptic visions. His were beginning to be nothing less than a hemispheric showdown with the "Colossus of the North," and its final overthrow. He was already pictured in the U.S. press as the foremost communist in Castro's entourage. Talking with him, I soon began to see this as another reflection of our simplistic North American political universe. There were no communist clichés in Che's conversation. What might have been taken for them by an American reporter was his deep distrust of the U.S., which had multiple roots. He was an Argentine, a citizen of that Latin country which regards itself as our chief rival in the hemisphere. He had seen at first hand how crudely and brutally we had dealt with Latin aspirations in Guatemala, after the long night of a dictatorship whose horrors we had regarded with equanimity so long as no hand was laid on the United Fruit Company; in Guatemala, as in Cuba, land reform had set the alarm bells ringing in Washington.

Men become revolutionaries for diverse, often surprising and sometimes unworthy motives—rancor, dislike of themselves, greed for power or hatred of stupidity—which easily becomes contempt for humanity itself, since stupidity is its most salient characteristic. In Che, one felt a desire to heal and pity for suffering. As a doctor in self-imposed exile from

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Peronist Argentina, he had practiced medicine among the Indians in Bolivia and knew the misery of the continent at first hand. It was out of love, like the perfect knight of medieval romance, that he had set out to do combat with the powers of the world.

The focus of his political concern was not Moscow but his America—from the Mexican sierra to the Argentine pampas—the America we forget when we ethnocentrically use the word in the U.S. Of our talk on that first visit, I remember the vivid relic of a fragile hope soon dissipated. "We are going to be the Tito of the Caribbean," Che said of the Castro regime. "You get along with Tito and you will gradually reconcile yourself to getting along with us." But accommodation with a rebel from the Russian empire was quite different from accommodation with a rebel from the American empire. American policy soon demonstrated that Castro would have to be Khrushchev's protégé if he were to survive our animosity.

On my second visit some weeks before the Bay of Pigs there was no more talk of Titoism. Che spoke with enthusiasm of what he had seen in his grand tour of the Soviet bloc. What impressed him most was the reconstruction of North Korea and the quality of its industrial output—here was a tiny country resurrected from the ashes of American bombardment and invasion. Perhaps he saw this as a preview of Cuba's fate.

I was not surprised when the news broke that Che had suddenly disappeared and it was said that he had set out on a wider mission. He was not made for a desk. He was a permanent revolutionary. Even Cuba may have become too sedate for his taste. In the early years of the Castro regime, when heretical communist and anti-communist works could still be seen in Havana's bookstores and there was still some faint hope of a peaceful settlement with the U.S., Latin exiles who had come to Cuba for support already began to complain that there was a palpable cooling off of revolutionary ardor. Like the Polish Jacobins fruitlessly having come for aid to revolutionary Paris, they began to feel that the interests of the new state in the international order had begun to blur revolutionary fraternity.

For the Revolution, as for the Church, the world is full of snares and pitfalls: the unavoidable minimum of intercourse with things-as-they-are, the need for trade to earn one's bread, the necessity for some diplomatic relations, the lure of friendly hands in ideologically repugnant places (like Franco's to Castro), and the logic of statecraft which demands weapons, technology, compromise and duplicity. With the assumption of temporal power, the Revolution, like the Church, enters into a state of sin. One can easily imagine how this slow erosion of pristine virtue must have troubled Che. He was not a Cuban and could not be satisfied with building freedom from Yanqui Imperialism in one Latin country only. He thought in continental terms. In a sense he was, like some early saint, taking refuge in the desert. Only there could the purity of the faith be safeguarded from the unregenerate revisionism of human nature.

CHE WILL LIVE WITH Bolivar and Juarez among the heroes of the Latin American hemisphere. His little book on guerrilla war has become not only a bible of revolutionaries, but the anti-bible of the Green Berets of Fort Bragg where John F. Kennedy initiated the training of Special Forces as the Janissaries of the counter-revolution. But few in my own country pay much attention to those sober reflections with which Che begins his practical and unrhetorical little handbook. He says that where there is some hope of peaceful change, even if only the simulacrum of democracy, the conditions are not yet ripe for successful guerrilla action. This is in accord with the ideology of 1776, but everywhere, out of politically mindless military logic or anti-communist panic, we ourselves—as most recently in Greece—lay down the welcome mat for our adversaries.

I have always felt there was something anachronistic in Castro's Cuba and in Che's mission to build a new and bigger Sierra Maestra in the Andes. The musical accompaniment of the Castro Revolution was Chopin and the spirit of Garibaldi hung over it. It had all the naive hopefulness and humanitarian faith of the 19th century. It had not heard of Hiroshima or of IBM's new Sinai, the computer. The hard realities of the hemisphere are very different from the revolutionary clichés of Castroism. How do you create new managerial and scientific cadres to replace the old oligarchies and American aid? How do you inspire and organize for hard work over many hungry years an illiterate mass quite different in its conditioning and past from, let us say, the immemorially productive people of China? For after the music of the Revolution dies down, everybody still has to go to work.

There are riches at hand easy to seize, but how do you cash in the swag? If you expropriate U.S. oil in Venezuela, how do you sell it in a world where the cartel controls the tankers and the outlets, and the Soviet bloc has surpluses of its own to sell? If you expropriate U.S. copper in Chile, how do you refine and sell it under U.S. blockade or attack? How many Cubas can Moscow support in a style to which they would otherwise never hope to become accustomed? How do you persuade to the revolutionary course men of good will appalled by the harvest of hatred in our time—the crematoriums, the liquidation of the kulaks, Hiroshima and Nagasaki? These mass murders were committed under the influence of a vision that this was the way to the earthly paradise. How convince us that a New World can only be built after another outburst of bloodshed?

I recognize the Shelleyan purity of Che's intentions. I mourn the prospect that he may be dead. I welcome the fact that new Ches will spring up to carry on his work—for without the fear of revolutionary challenges neither the Latin oligarchy nor Washington will make peaceful change possible. But I believe their success would be out of all proportion to the terrible cost, and I believe this romantic handful underestimates the power, flexibility and intelligence of the American colossus. Yet when I see the follies my beloved country commits in Vietnam and elsewhere, the billions we spend on "defense" while hate, misery and despair build up to volcanic proportions in our black slums, I wonder whether Che's long-range estimates may not prove more realistic than mine. Lyndon Johnson may precipitate what Che Guevara alone could never accomplish.

I. F. Stone has recently been vacationing in Europe while recuperating from an operation. The only article he wrote during his long tour was this assessment of Che Guevara, which originally appeared in the New Statesman of London.

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Continued from page 19

to rubble. Then the tanks moved to Dan's home which suffered the same fate.

Dan, trailed everywhere by Nhu's police, came in desperation to my office at 23 Gia Long, just off Freedom Street (Tu Do). He knew as well as I in what regard he was held in Embassy circles and that he was *persona non grata* in the Vietnam of American make-believe.

"I don't worry about being arrested again," he said. "I know that is coming. But I want to hear from your ambassador, in his own words, that he does not stand for a two-party system in Vietnam and the building of a democracy."

Inanely, I felt like laughing, but couldn't, at the intensity of his request.

"You know as well as I what he'll say."

His eyes blazed. "I want to hear it from him. Please, there may not be much time."

I called Durbrow, flagging the message to his secretary as urgent. In a few seconds I had him. "Mr. Ambassador, I have Dan in my office. He's terribly upset about his presses and his home being smashed. He'd like to talk to you."

"Who?"

"Dan."

"Dan Who?"

"Phan Quang Dan."

There was a short pause. "Fuck him."

Dan was put away in 1960, trussed and thrown into a dark cell of a secret jail under the Saigon Botanical Gardens. While the slime dripped and his body was a carpet for rats, he saw no light except when a disembodied arm threw him food and, monthly, when a torch blazed him to near-blindness and Ngo Dinh Nhu appeared in a ghastly Torquemada reenactment pleading with him to recant, give up, join the holy crusade.

Each time he refused, Dan was kicked in the teeth by the guard. Today he refuses to have them fixed, as a reminder to himself and those he meets in the National Assembly of what sacrifices have gone into the making of Vietnam.

It was while Dan was being tortured that the November 11, 1960 military coup against Diem, led by Colonel Thi, failed.

The reaction of the State Department was expected: expressing satisfaction that the regime of the Ngos had survived, the statement asked for "rapid implementation of radical reforms and energetic action against corruption-suspected elements." Even the New York Times, its view toward Vietnam unexplainably shrouded, expressed editorial happiness "that President Ngo Dinh Diem has survived this major test of his power."

But the Ngos were not about to implement radical reforms or energetic action against themselves, or to heed Article 11 of the much-praised and discarded Constitution which banned torture—"inhuman or degrading punishment or treatment"—or Article 10 which provided protection from arbitrary arrest.

The repressions intensified and arrests for suspected activity against the state became tantamount to death sentences. Uncle Sam flashed his teeth, doffed his top hat, and went into a buck-and-wing to divert attention from the fact that his tails were hiding the smut of Vietnam. He got away with it.

A little over a month later, on December 20, 1960, the National Liberation Front of Vietnam was founded.

Hunton Downs, a novelist and journalist, is currently assistant editor of the Honolulu Advertiser.

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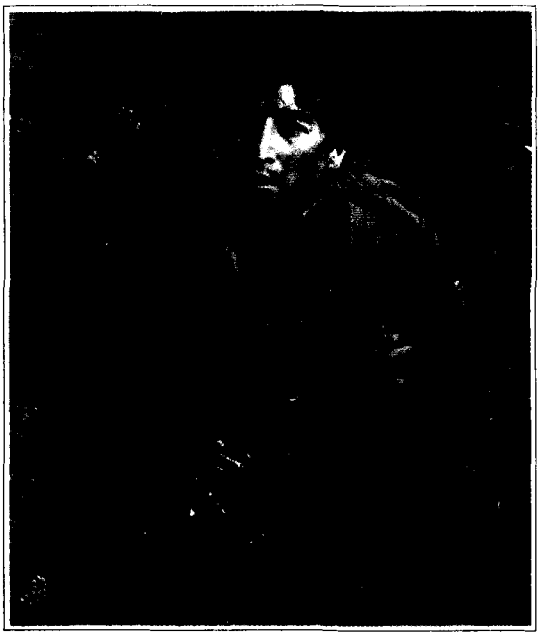

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A blowup of the death of a Beatle, from John Lennon's newest and most shocking film, "How I Won the War."

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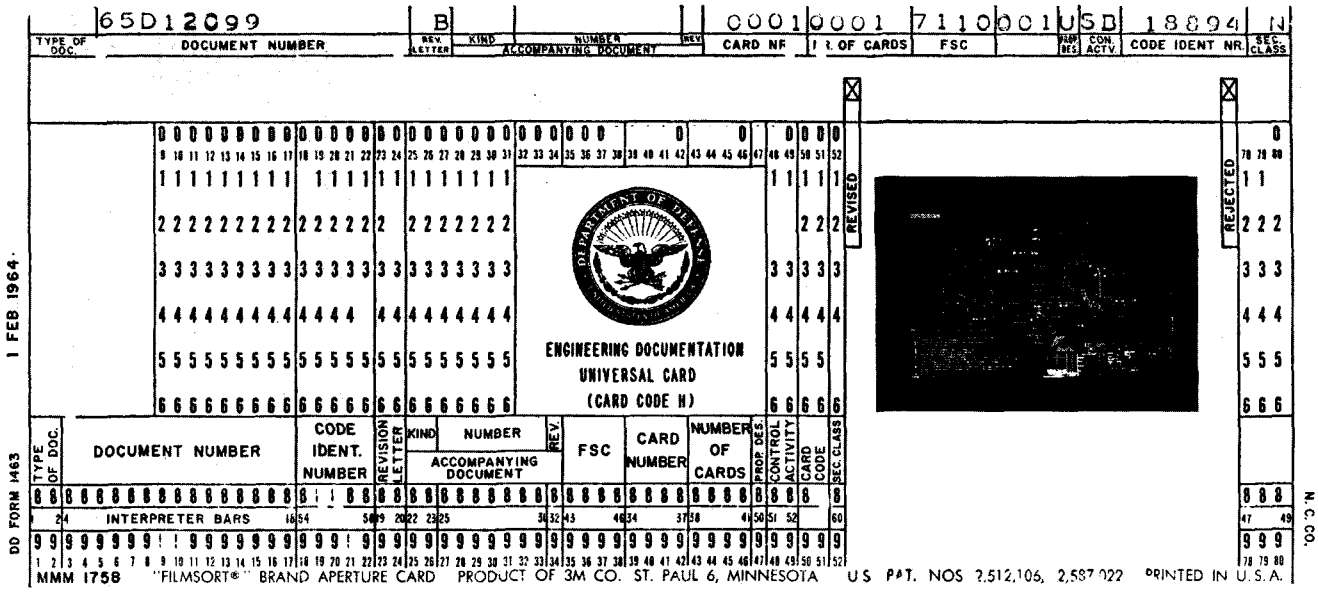
Figure 1



The Military:

ORDERING INFERNAL MACHINES

by Donald Duncan

THIS YEAR NORMAN MAILER wrote *Why Are We in Vietnam?* introducing a new form for the novel. Preceding Mailer's latest endeavor, however, another radical literary style had already been developed, but to the best of our knowledge this is the first time it has been reviewed. Due no doubt to an inefficient distribution and promotion department, the reading public has not yet had an opportunity to examine examples of this novel art form. In keeping with the new style, the title of the work gives little clue as to its content. For example, *Bomb, Fragmentation, BLU-26/B or BLU-36/B, Metal Parts For* is the title of the U.S. military's booklet on anti-personnel bomblets, or as the recipients (the Vietnamese people) call them, "guava bombs."

The booklet is an appeal from the U.S. Air Force to private businesses to provide the Armed Forces with anti-personnel bombs for delivery starting April 1968 (not to be confused with past and existing contracts for millions of the same type bombs). To aid the businesses, the Air Force provides 13 pages of specifications and three blueprints (one blueprint shows how to make a steel ball .220 inches in diameter). Aside from having available facilities for mass production, requirements are quite simple: the contractor must be an equal opportunity employer (for contracts in excess of $1,000,000) and must agree to comply with a "Buy America" clause. Those worried about "big business takeover" will be relieved to know that one-half of the bombs will be made by small businesses employing no more than 500 people: "This action is based on a determination by the contracting officer that it is in the interest of maintaining or mobilizing the Nation's full productive capacity, in the interest of war or national defense programs. . . ."

THIS 43-PAGE DOCUMENT will amaze the reader with the almost endless detail necessary to produce what, after all, is a relatively simple product. The guava, or BLU, is a flanged ball barely 2-1/2 inches in diameter.

The small steel pellet, for example, has its own blueprints and detailed specifications, i.e., the ball will be .2204 inches in diameter, give or take .0027 of an inch; 300 balls cannot weigh more than 213.2 grams, but can weigh 6.0 grams less than that. Instructions are furnished on painting procedures, how to pack and ship, how to label, clean, test, etc.

The blueprints or plans are miniaturized and put on coded IBM cards (an indication of the scope of our weapons arsenal). Given the documents and the patience to wade through them, the actual construction of the bomblets is simplicity itself—eight steps from start to finish:

1) Develop and enlarge blueprints on IBM cards (Figs. No. 1, 2, 3).

2) For each bomblet, manufacture or procure 308 steel balls as per Fig. No. 2. Valuable tip for speculators—get in on steel ball stock. This contract alone calls for 14.784 billion of them.

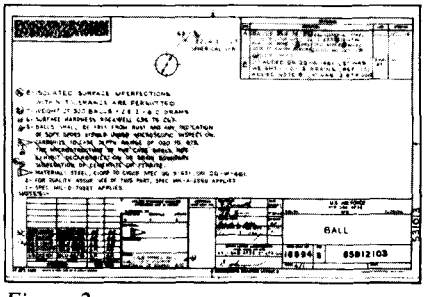


Figure 2

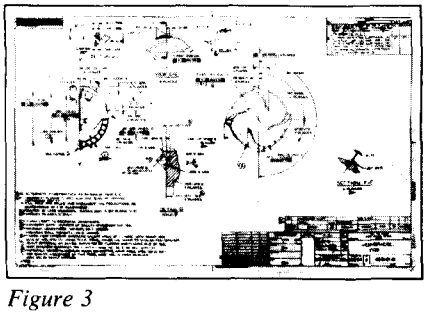


Figure 3

3) From aluminum alloy (for additional information contact the Kaiser Defense Marketing Office nearest you) cast a flanged base hemisphere so as to incorporate 154 steel balls within the walls (Fig. No. 3).

4) Cast similar top hemisphere incorporating same number of steel balls.

5) Pack cavities with high explosive Cyclotol-3A (approximately 2 oz.) in such a manner as to leave a seat for detonator (Figs. No. 4, 5). The detonator is a relatively simple device. The flanges cause the bomb to spin; hammers are cocked and held in place by centrifugal force. On contact the bomb stops spinning, releasing the hammers to strike the detonator primer.

6) Join two halves and place guavas

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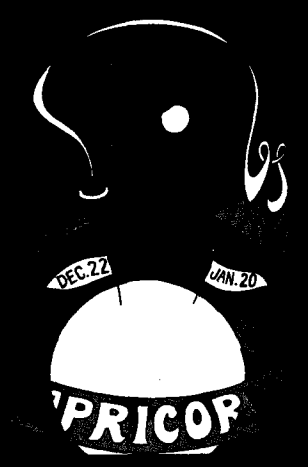

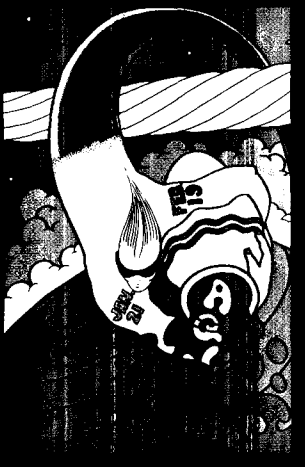

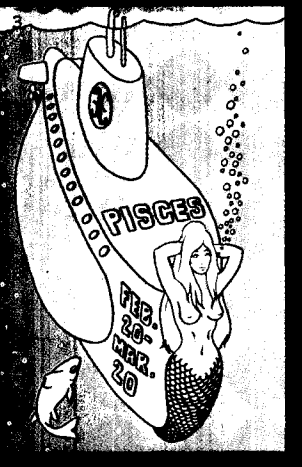

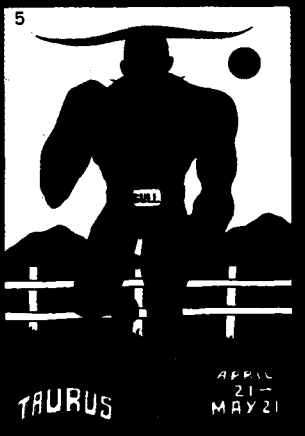

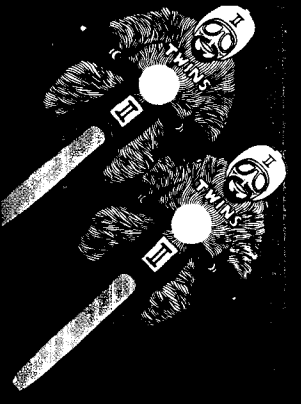

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Figure 4

Figure 5

into "mother" bomb until full.

7) Attach "mothers" to high performance aircraft, take off and search for personnel in open or exposed areas.

8) Drop "mothers."

(NOTE—A timer is activated at release which will open the "mother" to give birth to the bomblets at a predetermined height. The bomblets explode on contact with rooftops, trees or ground. Effective maiming area per bomblet is 15 yards. Four "mothers" can spew more than a million steel balls in an area over one mile by 250 yards.)

When RAMPARTS inquired about the guava in April of this year, the Pentagon insisted that it was a fragmentation bomb and in limited use only. Yet this order for over 48 million guavas is but the latest in a two-year series of such orders. The Vietnamese claim 40 to 50 per cent of all bombs dropped in the North are of the CBU (Cluster Bomb Unit) variety. European observers in the North place the figure even higher.

In response to the publicizing of these findings by the International War Crimes Tribunal in Stockholm, the Pentagon denied the bombs were directed against civilians. Again they asserted the bombs were fragmentation bombs, not anti-personnel. Officials said the use of CBUs never exceeded ten per cent of the total bomb tonnage dropped North and South, that usually it was only five per cent and that those bombs are used against military targets.

Who's lying? Actually nobody—one just has to know how to read Pentagonese. The charge is made in terms of *numbers* of bombs—the Pentagon denial is in terms of *tonnage* totals. The charge was made concerning the North—the Pentagon lumped together the totals for North *and* South. And our planes *do* only bomb military targets. Chapter eight of the U.S. Air Force's "Fundamentals of Aerospace Weapons Systems" explains that:

> A military target is any person, thing, idea, entity or location selected for destruction, inactivation, or rendering nonusable with weapons which will reduce or destroy the will or ability of the enemy to resist.

As ordnance experts in other countries have testified, contrary to the Pentagon reports, these pellets have no effect on covered troops, or against military structures or weapons. The one target against which they are effective is people—specifically people caught in the open. Dr. Jean-Paul Vigier, a weapons expert and former member of the French General Staff, claims the cluster bombs are a military improvement on the atomic bomb. Atomic bombs are uneconomical in cost and in amount and type of destruction, and have a public opinion deterrent.

According to Western observers, a favorite method of deployment is to first use HE (High Explosive) bombs and/or incendiaries—napalm or magnesium—to force people into the open, and then drop the anti-personnel bombs. There are indications that as the number of solid structures disappear as a result of conventional bombing attacks, the use of anti-personnel bombs increases.

As pointed out in our first article on this subject in May 1967, the steel pellets do not necessarily kill their victims. More often than not they wound, maim and mutilate, which to the military is more important than killing, for it lowers the victim's morale. Because of erratic trajectories within the body, one pellet can cause multiple intestinal wounds and is difficult to trace. Head-to-toe x-rays are often necessary to locate the pellets, and sophisticated surgery is required to remove them. With many hospitals bombed out of operation, this places a tremendous strain on limited medical facilities.

It's possible that the reason for the tortured syntax, the use of innocuous euphemisms and the attention to minutiae in the booklet (and in others of similar type) is to disguise the horror of the subject in order to save the sanity of those who must work with the document. It's doubtful, however, that the authors are in possession of that level of consciousness. At one plant in California, for instance, some executives are wearing tie clasps made from parts of the bomblet.

According to the Pentagon, one of the cluster bomb targets from 1966 to March 1967 was parked airplanes—the airplanes the Pentagon previously denied attacking. RAMPARTS phoned a colonel at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base to inquire about BLU-26/B fragmentation bombs. To our surprise, he went to some trouble to explain that BLU-26/Bs were anti-personnel bombs, not fragmentation bombs. But aren't they used against trucks and parked planes and ammunition dumps? No. What are they used against, Colonel? Personnel—they are anti-personnel bomblets.

After denying the killing of civilians, the Pentagon stated that civilian casualties from the anti-personnel bombs were the result of the North Vietnamese placing anti-aircraft batteries near or inside population centers. It's a strange denial/accusation, if for no other reason than it admits to the bombing of population centers. We send our bombers halfway around the world to protect our fog-bound freeways. When the Vietnamese place guns among their people to protect them from foreign bombers intent on inflicting grievous bodily harm, the Pentagon is indignant. As I said before—it's a novel art form.

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DIABLO'S CALENDAR

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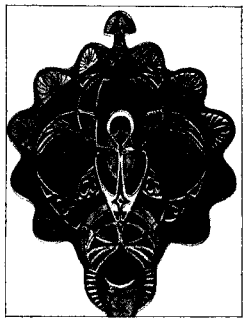

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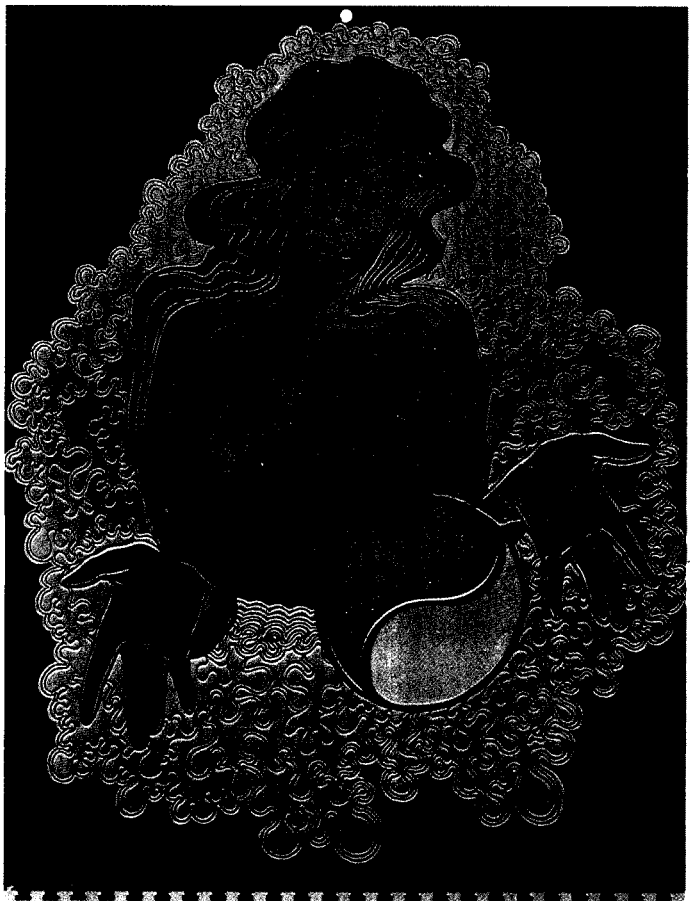

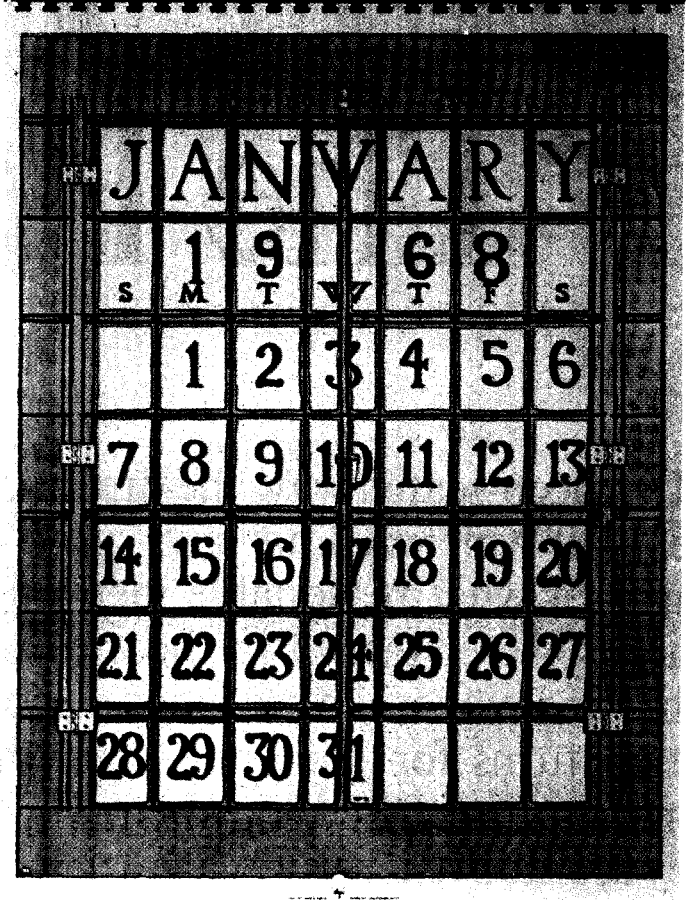

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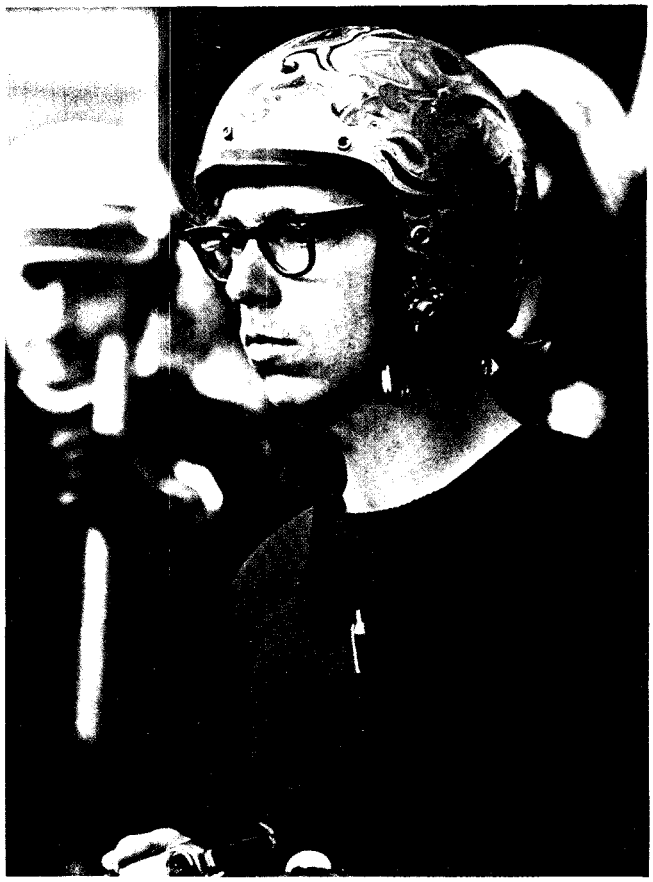

"The Redress of

In a deep-seated way, the dream of reasonableness has been the dream of America. Our laws speak of reasonable doubt, and our courts of what reasonable men might conclude. The Founding Fathers were steeped in theories of rational men, and Lyndon Johnson invokes the reasoned call of Isaiah. The men to whom the nation turns for guidance—Joseph Alsop, Eric Sevareid, Max Lerner—are listened to, when they are listened to at all, because they are, above all else, reasonable men.

An Editorial Essay

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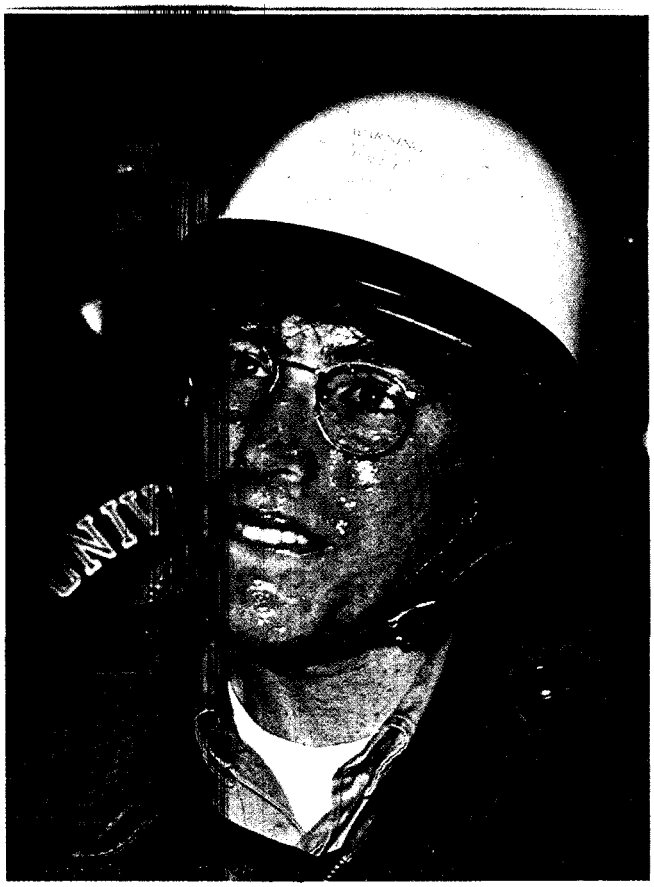

Their Grievances"

Among them, certainly, is James Reston of the New York Times. Scottish by birth, patrician in manner, he has been by turns an excellent sports writer, a superb Washington reporter and a top bureau chief. No longer burdened with a bureau chief's duties, he functions today, from his seat near but not among the mighty, as the epitome of the reasonable man of America. He takes his responsibility seriously, normally employing a careful prose that avoids any suggestion of demagoguery or oversimplification, (Cont'd)

Photographs by Thomas Tracy

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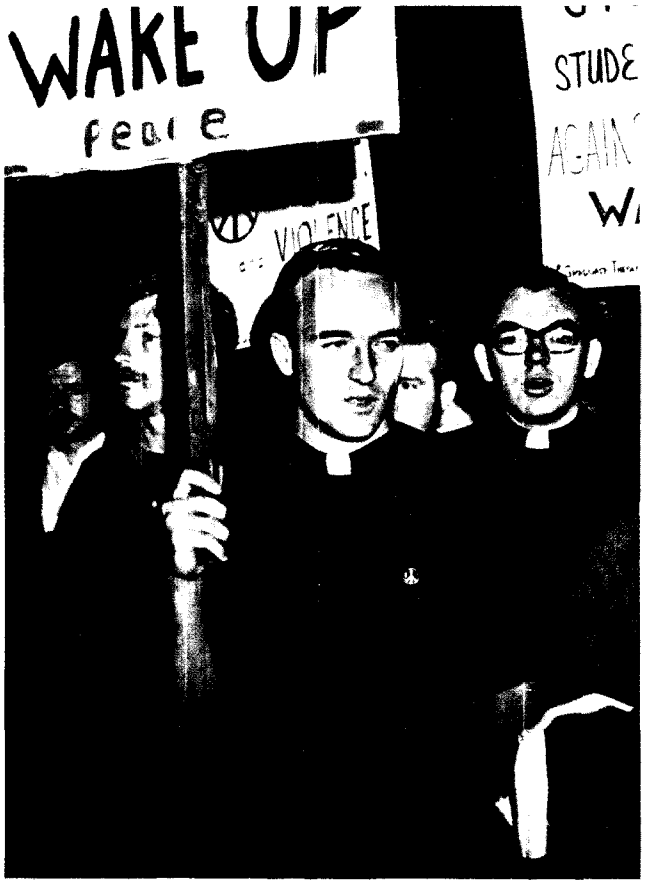

and when the subject is important—as were the anti-draft demonstrations at the Pentagon on October 21—the Times gives Reston the front page, as befits the most eminent staffer of the nation's most eminent publication.

The overwhelming majority of Washington demonstrators, Reston said, were decent, sincere and upstanding citizens—but they had allowed their protest to be tarnished by a tiny minority of left-wing extremists; the columnist saw two strains present: "one was native American; the other was alien."

Freedom of dissent, Reston argued, was of course vital—for despite the stresses of a little-understood war, the values of a democratic society are to be upheld; and most of the demonstrators understood that. "Moderate but concerned young university students," Reston wrote, came to Washington for what "was supposed to be a petition for the redress of their grievances." But Reston was openly shocked that the petition of the many should have been distorted in the public eye by the resistance of the few activists who violated the conduct agreement negotiated between the organizers of the march and the guardians of the Pentagon.

No one better embodies the tradition of reasonable dissent than another man very much like Reston: also at the top of his chosen profession, also patrician of manner and mild of speech, a man older than Reston and if anything more conservative in appearance and style.

Famed pediatrician Dr. Benjamin Spock is nothing if not native American: New England Presbyterian, descended from pre-revolutionary Dutch settlers in the Hudson Valley, son of the general counsel of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. He was on Yale's winning Olympic crew in 1924. He was an enthusiastic Navy lieutenant commander during World War II, and felt that America should have joined the war earlier.

Yet in Washington, it was Benjamin Spock who stood on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial and said that not communism but Lyndon Johnson is the real enemy of America. It was Benjamin Spock who led the march to the Pentagon, and on the day about which Reston decried the "alien" strains of protest, native American Benjamin Spock was sitting on the ground in front of the Pentagon, surrounded by angry, shouting kids.

Surely this is a phenomenon to be pondered: these two men, the one defining alien ideas, the other clearly placing himself with a group of demonstrators whose threatened radicalism was enough to bring out thousands of armed soldiers.

Dr. Spock only recently rejected the dream of reasonableness; in 1964, he campaigned vigorously enough for Lyndon Johnson against Goldwater so that Johnson made a personal call from the White House, a few days after the election, to thank him. And for years, he has been one of the more distinguished leaders of the "responsible" American peace group, the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. Formed in the 1950's to fight the battle against nuclear testing, SANE did a patient and ultimately a magnificent job, making opposition on that one issue respectable and paving the public way for the test ban treaty ultimately negotiated under John Kennedy. Since then, it has edged its careful way into broader issues of peace and war, always careful of its associations—left-wingers have twice been purged—and maintaining strong ties to some Congressmen and other national leaders. One of its most moderate founders, Homer Jack, first scored the coup of recruiting the famous baby doctor Benjamin Spock; and if Jack may now look on himself as a latter-day Baron von Frankenstein, he had cause for pride at the time, for Dr. Spock's eminent respectability was a major factor in maintaining the reasonable image of SANE.

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But the scene at the Pentagon does not mean that Spock has broken with SANE, nor SANE with Spock. For SANE itself is splitting, and while there are other factors (there are still red-baiters in SANE, and one of them has criticized Spock for the "ecumenical promiscuity" of the doctor's associations in the peace movement), the division is basically the same division that today separates Spock from Reston. It also separates other men of good will throughout the nation.

[THE "ALIEN" AMERICANS]

From college campuses to metropolitan downtown intersections, the nation was alight in mid-October with spiritual bonfires. It was reminiscent of the fiery single-issue morality of William Lloyd Garrison—an intensely clear understanding of a national evil coupled with an overpowering need to do something, anything, to give witness against it. Charging the Pentagon is not nice, and neither is burning draft cards; and voting with their feet is a posture with which most Americans are uncomfortable, let alone practiced. But to hundreds of thousands of citizens the war in Vietnam has become so incredibly monstrous, its goals so undefined, its methods so horrible, its escalation so relentless, that the moral imperative to oppose it has overbalanced the need for respectability; it demands a break in life style.

The men who maintain the American consensus are at a loss to explain the commotion in the streets. It becomes necessary for observers like Reston and television pundit Eric Sevareid to postulate the devil theory of "alien" forces at work which, if given their extremist way, would make a nightmare of their dream of reasonableness. But that dream is rapidly becoming its own nightmare, for Vietnam will no doubt be recorded in history as the reasonable man's war. Every decision, every intervention, every escalation was made reasonably and was justified with careful liberal rhetoric—until the slow and painful accretion of reasonableness built a bloody pyramid of madness, which the United States can now neither afford nor accommodate.

But obscene as it is, Vietnam is not the issue that has split SANE or made Mr. Reston wonder at Dr. Spock. The issue for Reston is how one operates within the system, and what manner of dissent is responsible. It is not good form to call the President a murderer for his saturation bombing policies; rather, one must discuss the fact that the bombing simply has no discernible political or military value.

Beneath this surface division on style, however, lies a most profound disagreement on the state of the nation at this point in late mid-century. Like most very serious issues, this division is reducible to rather elemental terms—elemental as a first year civics course. Those reasonable men who share Reston's vision of America are, if "the Establishment" is too redundant and simplistic a definition, the men who largely control our communications media, staff the legislative and executive branches of government, enjoy power in American business and financial communities. And once, though no longer, these men completely dominated academic and religious circles. These men believe that the democratic process is functioning adequately. Making sophisticated allowances for the complexities of society and the obvious problems in maintaining a democracy with so large a base, they believe that the constitutional fail-safe systems of checks and balances and separation of powers are working, that the press is fulfilling its function of providing responsible criticism, and that the orderly process of change essential to a democracy is available, at the polls, for all citizens. This is the full, perfect circle of the democratic system, and any attempt at effecting change which departs from the channels and assumptions of that system is not only disorderly but dangerous, since it tends to give a black eye to "responsible" dissent and creates an unhealthy polarization in society which feeds, in the popular phrase, the extremism of both left and right. It is all a little like the attitude of a teacher toward a student who talks during a fire drill; it does not matter what the student is saying—one simply does not talk during fire drill.

Ironically, the opposite view to Reston's articles of faith is held by large numbers of the young men and women who took Civics I relatively recently. They see that the democratic process is not functioning as promised in their textbooks—they see it malfunctioning, most agonizingly and inscrutably, as a result of Vietnam.

Macaulay might view Vietnam as an intriguing, classic anomaly—a war remarkably unpopular with the citizens which is nonetheless prosecuted by a democracy, with the very segment of the population most violently opposed to the war's aims, the youth, being conscripted to do the fighting.

If this anomaly is difficult to grasp for some, it is a frightening and disillusioning reality to many, particularly to the young Americans who have the perspective to judge the system on its own terms—those who are still studying it instead of being caught up in it. They studied the separation of powers, but know what the Tonkin Gulf resolution meant to that principle. They believed in the theory of the general will, but cannot square it with the fact that there were at last Gallup Poll count 46 per cent of the American people formally opposed to the war—a condition which led the President, incredibly, to state that he worries at night over this dissent lest it divide the nation in its goals. They know the constitutional promises of freedom of individual choice and meaningful channels for dissent, but when the choice of dissenting from the draft is five years at hard labor, it is difficult to explain to a young man why the choices offered are meaningful or free. They know there is nowhere to go to petition for the redress of their grievances.

The catholic range of opposition to this particular war is both qualitatively and quantitatively unparalleled in American history—yet this remarkable public protest has in no way affected the conduct or the reckless extension of the war. If the administration had given even on a marginal issue—a permanent halt in bombing, for instance—the war's critics might have some feeling that the influence of their vast numbers had some effect on national policy. But for almost every escalation of dissent, there has been an escalation of the war. And, correspondingly, an escalation of political frustration.

As the mathematical percentage of the public opposed to the war passes the 50 per cent mark and the war grinds on, it may be difficult even for Reston to maintain that the democratic system is functioning at its best. The fact that there is frustration and anger and desperation in this country has nothing to do with the Gallup Poll; the democratic process, in whatever platonic spit and polish Reston envisions it, is not providing real political alternatives to the voters or allowing legitimate channels for the discussion of such alternatives. If you doubt that, ask somebody who voted for Johnson against Goldwater.

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[AN ATROPHIED CONSENSUS]

RICHARD ROVERE, LONG BEFORE JAMES RESTON discovered the "alien" forces of protest, defined the function of the American Establishment as the setting of the limits within which debate can take place. Reading from left to right within those boundaries, you have the horizon of allowable views about the American system, dissent and the world. Underlying the current crisis of alternatives is the steady shrinkage of that consensus, with all the inevitability of an un-Sanforized shirt, during the long Cold War years. Today there is a great logjam in the liberal center, from the seniority system of Congress to the cautious criteria for the selection of platforms and candidates, in both parties, which has made it extraordinarily difficult (most people who have tried and failed would say impossible) for any anguished protest over contemporary inequities in the American system to find satisfaction through any available "normal" channel. The consensus by which this country operates is simply not programmed to deal with moral crises. And so new institutions of protest built outside the consensus have come into being—the Free Speech Movements, the Black Panthers, underground railways for boys attempting to stay out of the Vietnam war the hard way, by staying in the country.

This present consensus bears as much relation to a legitimate social contract for this society as does an atrophied limb to a whole man. However, it is this telescoped consensus that is the foundation, the divining rod, and the arbitrator of all things for those professional reasonable men who have assumed the burden of judging what is fit and proper for us all. This tends, unfortunately, towards a static, self-fulfilling circle of reasoning that has difficulty comprehending, let alone adjusting to, dynamic and unpredictable social situations at home and tumultuous forces abroad which may require the rethinking of American means and basic goals.

In a society which so values comfort and where conciliation (some would use the word co-option) is generally and usually successfully employed to smooth over any troublesome rifts in the consensus, there is little room for the indiscriminate exercise of moral indignation. In this sense, it is easy to understand how the uncompromising goals and populist tactics of the dissenters in the streets could be so repulsive to the comfortable, conciliatory and reasonable men whose material stake in life, along with their honest social and political beliefs, are all tied, in their entirety, to comfort, conciliation and reasonableness. But understanding is not excusing. It may not be a very genteel thing to say, but, dealing with even the morality America insisted upon at Nuremberg, there is a good case to be made for calling Lyndon Johnson a murderer. And if he is a murderer, he has many accomplices, all of them reasonable men.

Fortunately, there are also unreasonable men in America. The names read like an honor roll of conscience—Dr. Spock, religionists like Dr. Robert McAfee Brown, scholars like Noam Chomsky, pacifists like Daniel Berrigan. Together with over 100,000 others, they took part in the week of national activist protest in mid-October—convinced that as of now, the democratic process is incapable of responding to the intensity of today's moral crisis which has crystalized over Vietnam, and that the system must be confronted, changed, *opened* again before it is too late. Conscience, they insist—in a cry as American as the dream of reasonableness itself—is more human, more important, than can be any devotion to procedure.

This is why protest in America has gone into the streets. The disorderly process is the direct result of the failure of the orderly process. Thus to attempt to divide the protests into "good" or "bad" dissent, or to postulate "outside agitators," in the manner of a Southern sheriff placing the blame for "troubles" with his blacks, is to totally misinterpret the crisis.

During the hectic week of October, men and women of conscience, spurred by the maddening realization that they were leading normal lives while their government was performing monstrous acts in their name, went into the streets to wrestle with what Thoreau and Emerson came to recognize as the ultimate question of ethics—how to make moral energy effective on the earth. Whether they burned draft cards in Boston, or blocked an induction center in Oakland, or marched on the Pentagon itself, or simply picketed in sympathy with such acts, as was done in hundreds of other American cities that week, their actions drew a line between themselves and what they would let the government do in their name.

For the war represents the consummate contradiction of all American values. We stand for freedom, yet we support dictators. We believe in truth, yet Vietnam has been a living lie through each dishonorable, escalating step. We say we play fair, yet we are selectively exterminating a people incapable of matching our technology of death. We build a better world in Vietnam, yet we must make a wasteland to do it. It is a barren, bitter experience, one which shows at once the scope and the limit of American power, and when the President speaks of the agony and the loneliness of decision-making, one is immediately reminded of Captain Ahab.

Untenable in terms of the definition and traditions of American society, the war mocks our vision of ourselves. Increasingly, more Americans are coming to the realization that we cannot fight what amounts to, as distasteful as the word may be, a totalitarian war abroad and maintain democracy at home. Like a tumor on a small child, the Vietnam war has put all of American society in lopsided perspective. And it has raised other issues. The protest over the war is also a protest over the entire disproportionate nature of what has been happening in the United States: $30 billion dollars a year to feed a military tapeworm in Vietnam while Americans starve among affluence and riot in the shadow of skycrapers. If the system is working, the people who protest in the streets are saying, it is working for someone else.

The draft, more than any other single stimulant, has provoked the unparalleled rebellion now facing the administration. A war morally repellent to so many must now be fought by young men who oppose it—men who won't go, and don't know how to stay. When young people in America fear a knock on the door at night, this society is in deep trouble. It is in trouble because it is, in the final analysis, untenable in a democracy to use an amoral device like Selective Service to force men to fight an unpopular, unsanctioned war on which they have never even had the opportunity to vote.

The society at this juncture lacks a safety valve; the system seems to have lost the capacity to reassess its aims, provide fundamental alternatives, or even to consider them. It also lacks purpose and direction—unless it is in the chase of the great white, fading whale of the international communist conspiracy.

If reasonable men expect their system to work, time is

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running out for them. When society makes it clear that the traditional methods of dissent are ineffectual, people will turn to other, more disruptive, more desperate measures. It is the responsibility of men like Reston to show that the moderation they counsel has some effective connection with the urgent concerns being manifested. Failing that, their counsel is irresponsible. For they are then helping to maintain a politics of frustration which may turn into a politics of futility, and ultimately, tragically, a politics of violence.

It is the thesis of this essay that the reasonable man has become the enemy of this society at this time. His reason has been soured by compromise and his moral conscience traded for a conscience of conciliation. The capacity to ask fundamental questions appears to have been lost. The criticism of the war, in the mass media and in Congress, has been generally marginal and directed to practical, tactical critiques. The worst thing that reasonable men seem capable of saying about our attempt to control another people's destiny is that it is not working out very well; if we were winning, it would no doubt be considered a good war.

The frustrations from the government's posture in Vietnam feed the militancy of the right as well as the radicalism of the left. If Hubert Humphrey is correct, then so is Ronald Reagan; if we must send American boys to kill Humphrey's communists abroad, then why shouldn't we lock up the communists Reagan finds at home? Reston and Sevareid are correct in fearing that the very real dangers of polarization in society will feed the cause of the right. They argue that the polarization can be stopped by ending the militancy of the protests. But it is the reasonable men of the liberal center who have created the conditions that have brought this society to crisis, and it is dishonest of them to blame that crisis on those citizens protesting the immoral and irresponsible war which has become as destructive of American traditions as of Vietnamese lives. They cannot revitalize the system by simply wishing the left or the right away. If there is a danger of America becoming a garrison state, it is a real potential because the reasonable men in power for the last 20 years allowed what former President Eisenhower called the military-industrial complex to develop all out of proportion to our national needs. Since they had narrowed the channels of power and contained the efficacy of dissent by consensus, there were no unreasonable men in power to challenge their myopic assumptions. This lack of fundamental opposition to men—or ideas—in power has been the greatest danger stemming from the liberal consensus. Political decisions have been made without the benefit of strong and clashing political ideas—from the left, or from the right—and the inevitable result has been the stagnation and corruption of the center.

The war they perpetrated and escalated has now become intolerable, and it must end, or the result may be a form of permanent military chauvinism that even reasonable men will find themselves incapable of co-opting.

["THE VITAL CENTER"]

Back in 1949, when Arthur Schlesinger Jr. published a call to American liberalism to enlist totally and uncritically in the Cold War, he used the phrase "the Vital Center" as a title, in reference to the pragmatic liberals (of whom Hubert Humphrey was the prototype) who would join the ideals of domestic social reform with uncritical support for the new, emerging military hard line. They supported Truman, who committed us in 1950 to underwriting the return of French colonialism to Vietnam—the first step towards our current involvement. The men of "the vital center" came to be the most enthusiastic of cold warriors, often rivaling those in the military.

This commitment to the communist devil theory seemed to harden in inverse proportion to the liberalizing trends within the communist world itself, and reflected a greater commitment to serving current power and private ambition than political principle. In the process, Cold War liberalism lost even the pretense of vitality in the pursuit of truth and change, and instead came to acquire the stench of decay. Hubert Humphrey represents the most perfect embodiment of this decay, and he is the symbol of perverse accommodation for that great number of grass roots liberals who make up a new class of the "reluctant revolutionaries." Their break was forced by a younger generation raised on the principles of liberal morality, but outraged by the crimes committed ostensibly in their name.

Of all the opponents of the war, the most desperate are the young men who oppose it, and who are being drafted to fight it. Even those who are not inducted are feeling the crunch of the system; they know that it is only their privileged deferment that allows them to avoid dying in Vietnam or going to jail with their contemporaries. They cannot glory in their good fortune. Moreover, they are conscious of being worked on by a Selective Service System that is designed to coerce them into a particular kind of life, just as it coerces others into a particular kind of death.

The Selective Service System no longer makes available to the public a document dated June 1965 entitled "Channeling," from which excerpts are printed on the following two pages. It is a classic totalitarian document, its language cloaked in reasonableness, which makes it clear that the government has assumed the right to control and direct the life choices of young Americans by the manipulative use of the draft and its exemptions. When one subjects 30 million men to a totalitarian system, even if it is American and indirect, one must expect them to rebel. And that is precisely what has happened.

The young men who, in the face of the Selective Service System and the war in Vietnam, have moved to resistance are behaving responsibly. They are taking America's burden upon themselves, and they should be encouraged and supported in bearing it in every way possible. They are now the conscience of America, its new "vital center."

Every American must realize that resistance and militant protest is going to continue; it will grow as the war grows, and will not go away until the war ends. That is the nature of a moral imperative.

The increased militancy of the protesters does in fact represent a threat to the stability of society, but that is of small moment compared to the moral danger of the crime of silence which includes mumbling on the sidelines while the war machine moves inexorably on its way.

David Harris, former Stanford University student body president, summarized the inescapable tension brought about by the war: "If this country is going to police the world, it will have to imprison its youth."

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Channeling

"Channeling" is one of ten documents in an "Orientation Kit" put out by the Selective Service. It was issued in July 1965 and has recently been withdrawn. The following are excerpts from that document.

One of the major products of the Selective Service classification process is the channeling of manpower into many endeavors, occupations and activities that are in the national interest. . . .

The line dividing the primary function of armed forces manpower procurement from the process of channeling manpower into civilian support is often finely drawn. The process of channeling by not taking men from certain activities who are otherwise liable for service, or by giving deferment to qualified men in certain occupations, is actual procurement by inducement of manpower for civilian activities which are manifestly in the national interest.

While the best known purpose of Selective Service is to procure manpower for the armed forces, a variety of related processes take place outside delivery of manpower to the active armed forces. Many of these may be put under the heading of "channeling manpower." Many young men would not have pursued a higher education if there had not been a program of student deferment. Many young scientists, engineers, tool and die makers, and other possessors of scarce skills would not remain in their jobs in the defense effort if it were not for a program of occupational deferments. Even though the salary of a teacher has historically been meager, many young men remain in that job, seeking the reward of a deferment. The process of channeling manpower by deferment is entitled to much credit for the large number of graduate students in technical fields and for the fact that there is not a greater shortage of teachers, engineers and other scientists working in activities which are essential to the national interest. . . .

The System has also induced needed people to remain in these professions and in industry engaged in defense activities or in the support of national health, safety or interest. . . .

This was coupled with a growing public recognition that the complexities of future wars would diminish further the distinction between what constitutes military service in uniform and a comparable contribution to the national interest out of uniform. Wars have always been conducted in various ways, but appreciation of this fact and its relationship to preparation for war has never been so sharp in the public mind as it is now becoming. The meaning of the word "service," with its former restricted application to the armed forces, is certain to become widened much more in the future. This brings with it the ever increasing problem of how to control effectively the service of individuals who are not in the armed forces.

In the Selective Service System the term "deferment" has been used millions of times to describe the method and means used to attract to the kind of service considered to be most important, the individuals who were not compelled to do it. The club of induction has been used to drive out of areas considered to be less important to the areas of greater importance in which deferments were given, the individuals who did not or could not participate in activities which were considered essential to the defense of the Nation. The Selective Service System anticipates further evolution in this area. . . .

No group deferments are permitted. Deferments are granted, however, in a realistic atmosphere so that the fullest effect of channeling will be felt, rather than be terminated by military service at too early a time.

Registrants and their employers are encouraged and required to make available to the classifying authorities detailed evidence as to the occupations and activities in which the registrants are engaged. . . . Since occupational deferments are granted for no more than one year at a time, a process of periodically receiving current information and repeated review assures that every deferred registrant continues to contribute to the overall national good. This reminds him of the basis for his deferment. . . .

Patriotism is defined as "devotion to the welfare of one's country." It has been interpreted to mean many different things. Men have always been exhorted to do their duty. But what that duty is depends upon a variety of variables, most important being the nature of the threat to national welfare and the capacity and opportunity of the individual. Take, for example, the boy who saved the Netherlands by plugging the dike with his finger.

At the time of the American Revolution the patriot was the so-called "embattled farmer" who joined General Washington to fight the British. The concept that patriotism is best exemplified by service in uniform has always been under some degree of challenge, but never to the extent that it is today. In today's complicated warfare, when the man in uniform may be suffering far less than the civilians at home, patriotism must be interpreted far more broadly than ever before.

This is not a new thought, but it has had new emphasis since the development of nuclear and rocket warfare. Educators, scientists, engineers and their professional organizations, during the last ten years particularly, have been convincing the American public that for the mentally qualified man there is a special order of patriotism other than service in uniform—that for the man having the capacity, dedicated service as a civilian in such fields as engineering, the sciences and teaching constitute the ultimate in their expression of patriotism. A large segment of the American public has been convinced that this is true.

It is in this atmosphere that the young man registers at age 18 and pressure begins to force his choice. He does not have the inhibitions that a philosophy of universal service in uniform would engender. The door is open for him as a student if capable in a skill badly needed by his nation. He has many choices

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and he is prodded to make a decision.

The psychological effect of this circumstantial climate depends upon the individual, his sense of good citizenship, his love of country and its way of life. He can obtain a sense of well-being and satisfaction that he is doing as a civilian what will help his country most. This process encourages him to put forth his best effort and removes to some degree the stigma that has been attached to being out of uniform.

In the less patriotic and more selfish individual it engenders a sense of fear, uncertainty and dissatisfaction which motivates him, nevertheless, in the same direction. He complains of the uncertainty which he must endure; he would like to be able to do as he pleases; he would appreciate a certain future with no prospect of military service or civilian contribution, but he complies. . . .

Throughout his career as a student, the pressure—the threat of loss of deferment—continues. It continues with equal intensity after graduation. His local board requires periodic reports to find out what he is up to. He is impelled to pursue his skill rather than embark upon some less important enterprise and is encouraged to apply his skill in an essential activity in the national interest. The loss of deferred status is the consequence for the individual who has acquired the skill and either does not use it or uses it in a nonessential activity.

The psychology of granting wide choice under pressure to take action is the American or indirect way of achieving what is done by direction in foreign countries where choice is not permitted. Here, choice is limited but not denied, and it is fundamental that an individual generally applies himself better to something he has decided to do rather than something he has been told to do.

The effects of channeling are manifested among student physicians. They are deferred to complete their education through school and internship. This permits them to serve in the armed forces in their skills rather than in an unskilled capacity as enlisted men.

The device of pressurized guidance, or channeling, is employed on Standby Reservists of which more than 2-1/2 million have been referred by all services for availability determinations. The appeal to the Reservist who knows he is subject to recall to active duty unless he is determined to be unavailable is virtually identical to that extended to other registrants.

The psychological impact of being rejected for service in uniform is severe. The earlier this occurs in a young man's life, the sooner the beneficial effects of pressured motivation by the Selective Service System are lost. He is labeled unwanted. His patriotism is not desired. Once the label of "rejectee" is upon him all efforts at guidance by persuasion are futile. If he attempts to enlist at 17 or 18 and is rejected, then he receives virtually none of the impulsion the System is capable of giving him. If he makes no effort to enlist and as a result is not rejected until delivered for examination by the Selective Service System at about age 23, he has felt some of the pressure but thereafter is a free agent.

This contributed to establishment of a new classification of I-Y (registrant qualified for military service only in time of war or national emergency). That classification reminds the registrant of his ultimate qualification to serve and preserves some of the benefit of what we call channeling. Without it or any other similar method of categorizing men in degrees of acceptability, men rejected for military service would be left with the understanding that they are unfit to defend their country, even in wartime.

An unprejudiced choice between alternative routes in civilian skills can be offered only by an agency which is not a user of manpower and is, therefore, not a competitor. In the absence of such an agency, bright young men would be importuned with bounties and pirated like potential college football players until eventually a system of arbitration would have to be established.

From the individual's viewpoint, he is standing in a room which has been made uncomfortably warm. Several doors are open, but they all lead to various forms of recognized, patriotic service to the Nation. Some accept the alternatives gladly—some with reluctance. The consequence is approximately the same.

The so-called Doctor Draft was set up during the Korean episode to insure sufficient physicians, dentists and veterinarians in the armed forces as officers. The objective of that law was to exert sufficient pressure to furnish an incentive for application for commission. However, the indirect effect was to induce many physicians, dentists and veterinarians to specialize in areas of medical personnel shortages and to seek outlets for their skills in areas of greatest demand and national need rather than of greatest financial return.

Selective Service processes do not compel people by edict as in foreign systems to enter pursuits having to do with essentiality and progress. They go because they know that by going they will be deferred.

The application of direct methods to effect the policy of every man doing his duty in support of national interest involves considerably more capacity than the current use of indirection as a method of allocation of personnel. The problem, however, of what is every man's duty when each individual case is approached is not simple. The question of whether he can do one duty better than another is a problem of considerable proportions and the complications of logistics in attempting to control parts of an operation without controlling all of it (in other words, to control allocation of personnel without controlling where people eat, where they live and how they are to be transported), adds to the administrative difficulties of direct administration. The organization necessary to make the decisions, even poor decisions, would, of necessity, extract a large segment of population from productive work. If the members of the organization are conceived to be reasonably qualified to exercise judgment and control over skilled personnel, the impact of their withdrawal from war production work would be severe. The number of decisions would extend into billions.

Deciding what people should do, rather than letting them do something of national importance of their own choosing, introduces many problems that are at least partially avoided when indirect methods, the kind currently invoked by the Selective Service System, are used.

Delivery of manpower for induction, the process of providing a few thousand men with transportation to a reception center, is not much of an administrative or financial challenge. It is in dealing with the other millions of registrants that the System is heavily occupied, developing more effective human beings in the national interest. If there is to be any survival after disaster, it will take people, and not machines, to restore the Nation. July, 1965

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"The War Is Over"

—from the song by Phil Ochs ©Barricade Music, Inc.

"Would you toss a hand grenade into a restaurant full of Americans?"
"Yes."
"What if there were Vietnamese there, too?"
"Sometimes it is necessary to die for your country."

THE YOUTH WHO ANSWERED MY QUESTIONS in Saigon was no hardbitten, cynical terrorist, but a Buddhist student, more nonviolent by inclination and upbringing than most Quakers. Two years ago he had assured me that Americans, though bad enough, must save Vietnam from the communists. Now, like many others filled with frustration and hate, he is drawing close to the National Liberation Front.

Ever since *The Quiet American*, many Americans have hoped that somehow, somewhere, there would appear in Vietnam a group of non-communists embodying Jeffersonian ideals and Keynesian practice. Two years ago I couldn't find anyone in Saigon who wanted the United States to leave Vietnam. By August 1967, the same people had changed their minds. It is as simple as that. The "third way" beloved of liberal Americans is dead in Vietnam, because the Vietnamese want to live.

When I went to Vietnam in 1965, I imagined I would find no end of Vietnamese longing for the departure of the Americans and for an assumption of power by the NLF. In a month of 18-hour days I interviewed monks, students, businessmen and civil servants—what Carl Oglesby has called "the bourgeois gentlemen of Saigon." The Vietnamese were depressed about the war; they thought it would ultimately destroy their country and that the Americans were backing the worst types their society had to offer: Marshal Ky and his associates. The feeling was, however, that we had created the present conditions and that we should remedy them. The Americans would have to change, not leave. Leaving meant chaos, and probably communist rule which almost no one could face with anything but despair. The ambivalence about the U.S. presence created what the Vietnamese referred to as "our tragedy."

Out in the countryside the Americans, civilian and military, were with a few exceptions bubbling with enthusiasm. They were obviously in charge. The bombing of the North had begun in February; there were already 200,000 U.S. troops; countless more were on the way; the new pacification was going to work; the Vietnamese Army was being "beefed up"; and the newest Saigon government looked as if it might actually last for more than a few weeks. Many newspapermen were more critical back in 1965, but they were criticizing American practices which they believed we could alter. One rarely heard questions about the purpose of the whole intervention.

Two years later, all has changed. Most Vietnamese long for our departure and the Americans have lapsed into cynicism and a gloomy acquiescence that we have nothing to offer the Vietnamese but further doses of extreme violence.

The "bourgeois gentlemen" now urging American withdrawal have from our standpoint the most to lose in the event of a communist takeover, because many of them possess what we like to think of as "our" values—and it is those men whom liberal Americans like to think of as a meaningful third force.

They fall into two groups: one, either very devoutly Buddhist, or close to the Buddhists' outlook, believes that in the event of peace the political arena would be filled with legitimate aspirants to political power for the first time since the French made political dissent a crime more than 30 years ago. No longer would they have the agonizing choice between the puppet Saigon government or the iron discipline of the NLF.

Thich Tri Quang, the principal Buddhist abbot, put this strongly when he insisted that a cease-fire precede negotiations. Negotiating first would mean that the great powers would be settling the affairs of Vietnam once again. A cease-fire followed by the departure of the Americans would provide an opportunity for Vietnamese now silenced by threats of violence to participate in the political life of their country and help determine its fate. He told me emphatically, "You must alarm the people of America. Tell them the United States is fighting not only communists but Vietnamese nationals of all religions, beliefs and classes. All of us are in the fight."

The other group of Vietnamese is far more pessimistic, although it, too, wants us to leave; it is made up of more secular men. They feel that it is too late for anyone outside the NLF to play a meaningful role in the future of South Vietnam. They felt the recent election could have offered the last chance, a great opportunity for non-communist Vietnamese to gain enough experience and accumulate enough following among the people to be able to deal equally with the NLF.

Ky's ex-finance minister, Au Truong Thanh, a leading contender for the presidency until he was declared ineligible, said to me that if negotiations began and he and Thich Tri Quang appeared at the negotiating table with the communists, they would have no cards left to play, no experience, no political capital. Men of this sort feel that they will simply have to make

by Jonathan Mirsky

Photo of Thich Tri Quang by Black Star/Empire News Service.

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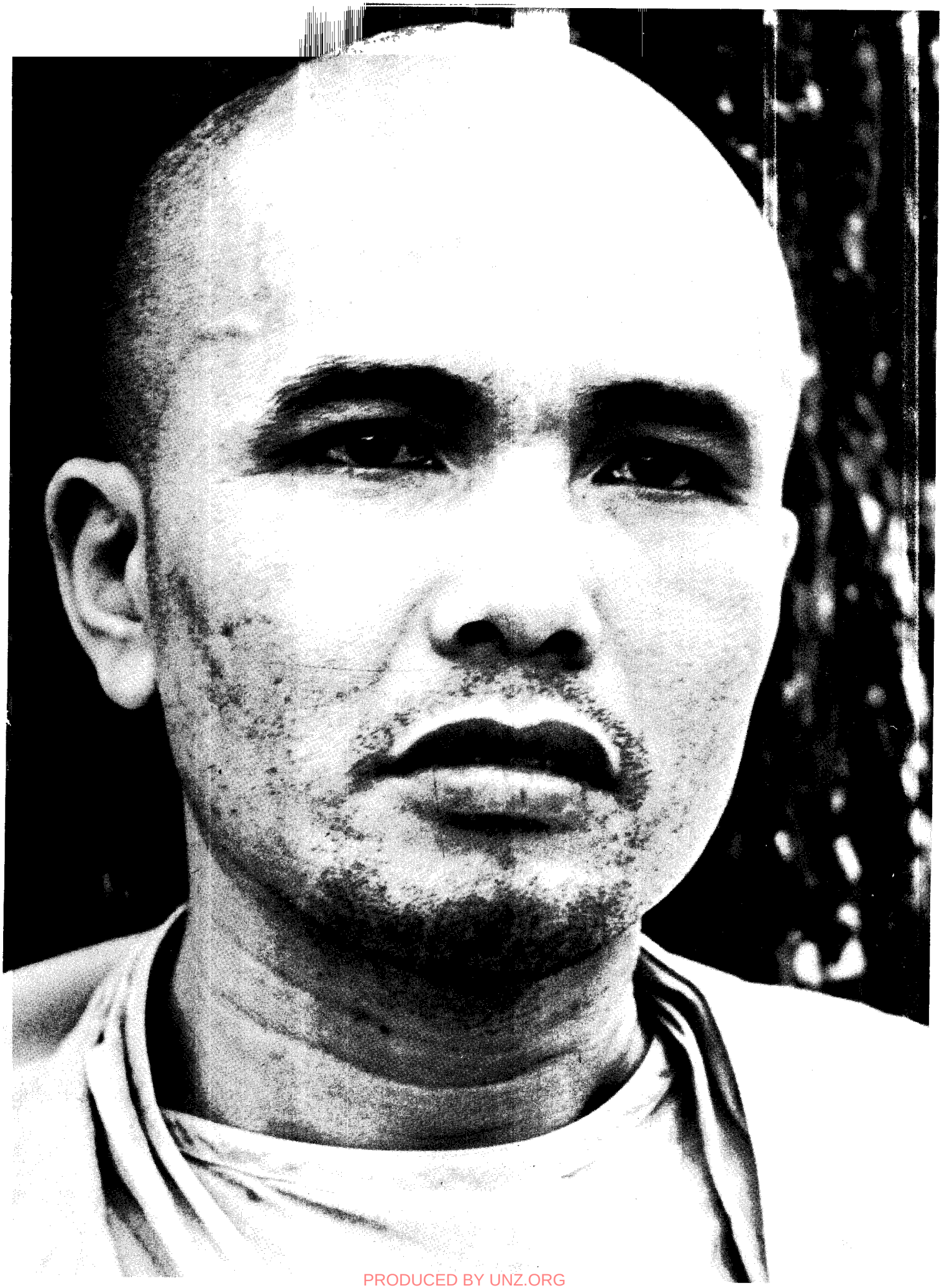

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the best of a communist-dominated government. Several of them said, "We will not like it—but for our children and for the peasants it will be much better. We must have peace." No one in Vietnam ever spoke of a communist-directed bloodbath. All agreed, furthermore, that Ho Chi Minh was a free agent, and that only the war was strengthening his links with Peking and Moscow. They agreed that all governments change in time, especially communist governments, and that at least *their* communist government would be *Vietnamese*.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN VIETNAM, then, is one component of Vietnamese despair. The recent election, they feel, was an American ceremony which the Vietnamese performed because President Johnson wanted to improve his image in America. No one doubted that the results were prearranged.

The important opposition to the incumbent government was not allowed to stand. Six of the original 17 candidates were disqualified, of whom the most important were General Duong Van Minh and Au Truong Thanh. Minh, who is in exile in Bangkok, was deposed several governments ago by General Khanh (a more recent political casualty now in Portugal). The original charges against Minh were various, most lethally that of attempted negotiation.

Au Truong Thanh, a Paris-trained economist and ex-professor at Saigon University, served as minister of finance from 1964 to 1966. The charges which resulted in his disqualification for presidential candidacy were that he had dealt with the communists in 1952, had been arrested by Ngo Dinh Diem's government on charges of communism and neutralism, and had "applied Marxist theory in economic policy in 1964 and 1966." No evidence for any of these charges was produced; the complaint against Thanh originated with Diep Van Hung, the owner of an export firm closed for illegal transactions during Thanh's ministership.

Thanh's mistake lay in disclosing his cease-fire/negotiation platform early enough to permit his disqualification as a neutralist communist. Mr. Dzu, who polled 800,000 votes as a peace candidate, did not make his position clear until three weeks before the election. His penalty came later—imprisonment for defaming the judicial process in Vietnam and illegally holding a press conference. Recently, on further charges of financial irregularities, he received a nine-month sentence.

That the Saigonese were skeptical about the elections is not to say that the Vietnamese have no interest in legitimate government. Legitimacy is an old concept in Confucian societies. Good, honest, righteous officials should rule: the fathers and mothers of the people. But choosing them is another matter. Such men should appear in power when the times are not out of joint. If one is asked by authority to vote, one votes—but with no conviction that legitimate government will result. This explains the actual conduct of affairs on election day.

It is widely believed in this country that 80 per cent of the Vietnamese voted. The Saigon government registered 5.8 million out of approximately 8 million potential voters. Of these 4.9 million, or 80 per cent *of those registered*, went to the polls—about 60 per cent of the adult population. Of these, about 1.5 million voted for Thieu and Ky, or *less than 20 per cent of the adult population of South Vietnam.* But this was enough in a plurality system. There was no need for much trickery on election day.

The arranging came long before. Prohibiting certain candidates was not enough. Thieu and Ky were obliged by law to resign if they stood for government office. They did not resign, and therefore could use their immense powers to influence district and provincial officials to get out the vote. These officials owe their livelihoods to the central government. Thus, although Saigon was plastered with posters of all the candidates, making a brave show for Western observers, in the several villages and hamlets I visited (all within 30 miles of Saigon) there were usually only one or two posters. The civilian candidates were each allowed a five-minute personal appearance in 11 of the 43 provinces, and a total of 20 minutes on radio and TV during the month of the election. Rural peasants knew nothing of these urban middle-class politicians, so it was not necessary to persuade large numbers of them to vote for the central government—a simple plurality would do. Thieu's only serious error lay in claiming that he would have to achieve 50 per cent to possess a true mandate. The city voters, in Saigon, Hue and Danang, by giving majority support to the peace candidates in circumstances far less easy for the government to control, showed the direction a truly free election would have taken.

The political life of Vietnam is Americanized to the point where the chief issue in the validation of the elections was the potential embarrassment of the United States. Ambassador Bunker issued a statement before the election when I was in Saigon, saying that he was sure the elections would be fair. Bunker is also known to have told Ky not to run against Thieu.

Vietnamese civil servants told me that their budgets are set by Washington, key decisions are made in our Embassy and that their very office organizations have been revamped by visiting teams of American sociologists. There are signs of disunity all through the Saigon administration, with the bureaucracy, the Army, the Assembly, and the military council of ten generals (which still holds ultimate control) all vying for power. In competition with them all are the Americans, who themselves are shot through with competition between various elements of the military, AID, CIA and the Embassy, each of which conceives a different goal for South Vietnam.

There is a telling example of American takeover: when one sits down nowadays to a meal in Vietnam, which once exported thousands of tons of rice, one eats rice grown in South Carolina and Louisiana. The Vietnamese attach great importance to rice, symbolically as well as materially. Such a foreign dependence fills them with gloom and humiliation.

The resistance against the Americans is therefore strong and often subtle. I asked an important abbot about the continued cooperation of many Vietnamese with the Americans whom they despise. He proceeded to describe some common American experiences in Saigon—all of which I had undergone myself. You ask a policeman the way to some well-known landmark, and he directs you a mile out of your way; you send your clothes to be washed, and they come back ironed but dirty three days late; you make a telephone call and are kept waiting 15 minutes by the operator while she makes one misconnection after another. The abbot asked me if Americans did not often say that the Vietnamese were stupid and incompetent. He then gently pointed out that the "other side," also manned by Vietnamese, seemed to be free of the general atmosphere of malfunction and inefficiency which plagues the American camp.

Photographs by Michael Alexander

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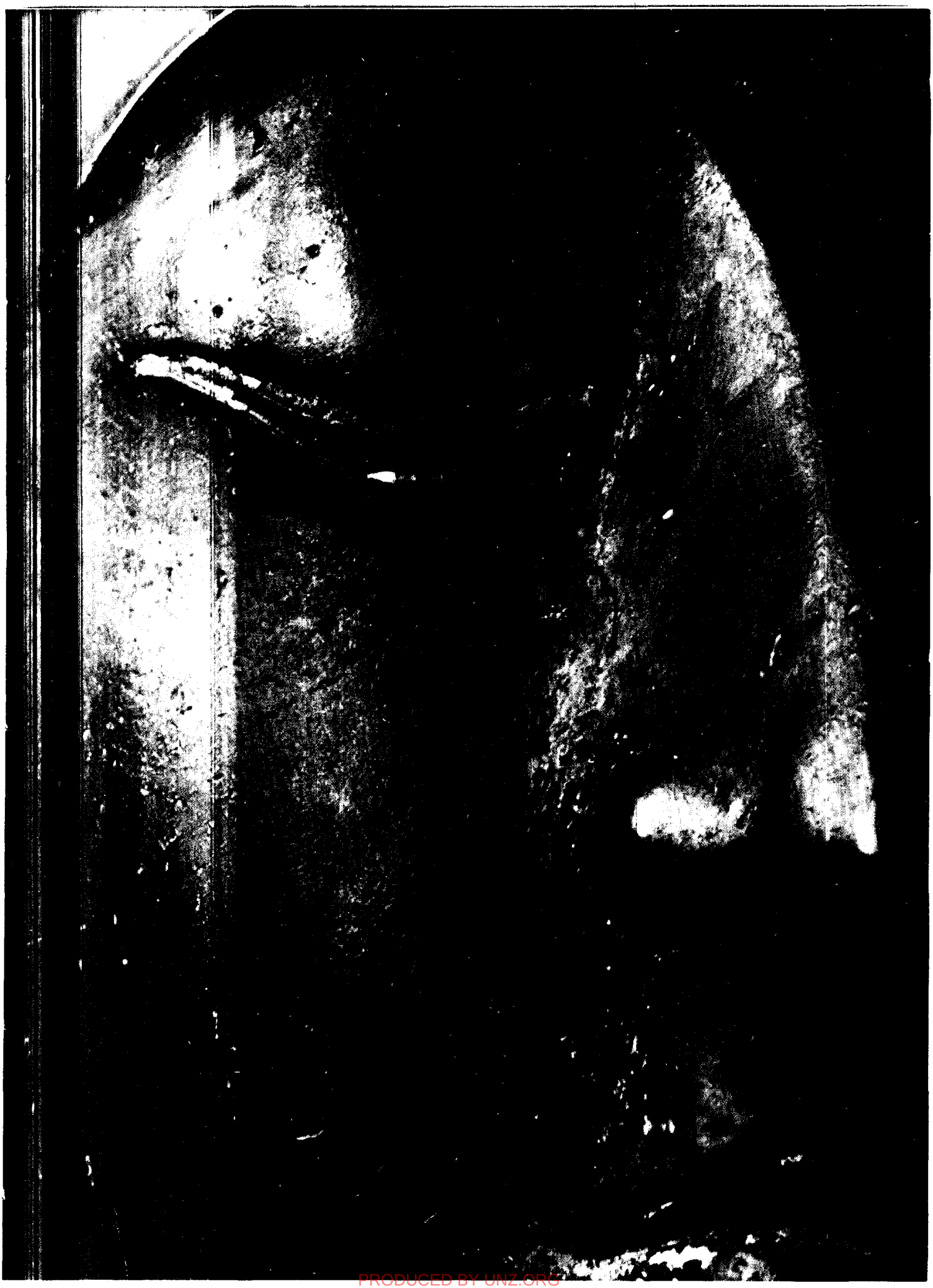

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American Negroes, he noted, are said by their white masters in the South to be incapable of running complicated machinery or carrying out orders. They, too, are regarded as stupid. The abbot concluded that the fact that the Vietnamese still work for the Americans is no stranger than the presence of large numbers of black people in the American Army. In each case one works only to stay alive.

BUT ALL SAIGONESE PROBLEMS dwindle before a general awareness of the war, a war which is destroying Vietnam and unraveling its society.

The Vietnamese know about the civilian casualties. They know instinctively that this war involves something rather new, a constant onslaught on civilians who are themselves the enemy. There is even a new term: "hostile civilians." All wars are not hell in this sense.

During World War I, five per cent of the casualties were civilians. One might say they were the *incidental* dead. During World War II, the number rose to about 45 per cent; in Korea civilian deaths made up more than 80 per cent of the total. It was, ironically, the soldiers who were becoming incidental in the casualty lists. In Vietnam, where we claim to have killed almost 200,000 Viet Cong since 1961, conservatives estimate that two or three civilians die for every enemy soldier. That half a million civilians may have been killed by Americans is a widely acknowledged statistic among our officials in Vietnam.

This does not take into account the wounded, and it is pointless to estimate their number, which is many times the number killed. At Bien Hoa, for instance, where there is a large civilian hospital, I was shown through by the Australian surgical team. The hospital holds 300 beds; there were more than 700 patients, sometimes three to a bed in the children's wards. The Australians estimated that 50 per cent of the entrants were war wounded, most of them the direct result of American action. This does not include, for instance, the large number of traffic casualties, most of them run over by military vehicles, or the burn cases resulting from gasoline in cook stoves, since traditional fuel is no longer available because of the war. At Quang Ngai, where there is another large hospital, also filled to double capacity, the director told me that 80 per cent of the entrants were war wounded. There are only 200 or 300 doctors for a civilian population of perhaps 16 million. One can approve of the war; one must not deny its consequences.

I flew for two days over the Iron Triangle in a tiny helicopter. The Iron Triangle is journalese for a large area in which the NLF kept out the American troops. In addition to tracts of forest, it included many square miles of villages, ponds, fruit groves, creeks and buffalo wallows. Beginning about eight months ago, with Operation Cedar Falls, the area has been constantly shelled and bombed. It now looks like the surface of the moon viewed through a strong lens: huge craters from the B-52s, smaller ones from the dive bombers, thousands of shellholes, enormous burned places where napalm was used, wide swaths through forests and groves where the 60 bulldozers of the 1st Army cut fields of fire. So intense is the firing that my pilot had to constantly alert Forward Air Controllers as to our route so that we should not be shot down. The only vestigial signs of human habitation are the stone tombs of the Vietnamese which dotted every village. We flew over Ben Suc, once a village of 3800. Now there are only great brown swirls in the earth where a green and water-articulated randomness of houses and pagodas used to lie. On the 8th of January the village was surrounded by the Americans. More than 50 men were shot that day; 100 more were imprisoned. The village was bulldozed flat. There were no American casualties.

I asked if we could land at Ben Suc. I wanted to see from closer than 50 feet off the ground what is being done in my name, but I was told that we wouldn't last 15 seconds. Despite the eight-month pounding, day and night, the NLF remain dug in below the surface. The 1st Division can scarcely venture into the Iron Triangle except in battalion strength. It is not their terrain.

The women and children of Ben Suc were moved first to a temporary refugee shelter 20 miles away, and then to Lai Chu, a refugee camp. This is a treeless, waterless, grassless, pagodaless place, where the women and children and a few men—518 families in all—sit with nothing to do. The Americans want them to plant peanuts and sweet potatoes; everyone has been given a plot of land. But to the intense disappointment of the Americans, the Ben Suc villagers won't farm. When asked why, they say they are rice farmers and here the land is dry. I asked them whether, if the war ended, they would stay in their spotless new village or go back to Ben Suc, which they knew had been wiped from the face of the earth. They said they would return—to plant rice and to be near the tombs of their ancestors. What if the VC were there? They said they would not return to Ben Suc in that case. This made them appear to be anti-VC, as was triumphantly pointed out to me by a listening AID man. So I asked them why they wouldn't return to Ben Suc if the VC were there. Because the Americans would come back and destroy the village again.

According to Edward Kennedy's Committee, there may now be four million refugees in Vietnam. Many of them are unspeakably housed. Others wander homeless in the cities. They make up a large portion of the population of Vietnam. If the war ended tomorrow, what is the solution for these people? We have destroyed their homes and taken away their livelihood.

When my Vietnamese friends say "go home," they do not expect life will be wonderful as a result. They say it because where the Americans are, life stops.

The disillusionment and cynicism of the Americans is the other clear element in the war. The bouncy optimism of 1965 is gone. There are various reasons.

"Our" Vietnamese are clearly a weak reed. The government is inefficient and tremendously corrupt. Civilian Americans talk of little else. Their scorn for the Vietnamese bureaucracy is exceeded only by their contempt for the South Vietnamese Army, which has long since stopped playing a major part in the fighting. The list of American charges against the South Vietnamese Army ranges from inefficiency and bad discipline to low morale and positive collaboration with the enemy which often results in American deaths. One asks how this can be. There are Vietnamese on the other side, far less equipped, outnumbered five to one, just as long in the field, who have increased their numbers over the last two years while suffering enormous casualties, and whose ranks still number more than 80 per cent Southerners. How do *they* fight so well? A common American answer is: "By God, if we had the VC on our side, we could end this war in a month!" Except at press conferences it is commonly admitted that in II, III, and IV Corps the war is at best a stalemate—which in terms of our investment could be considered a defeat. In I Corps (the four northern prov-

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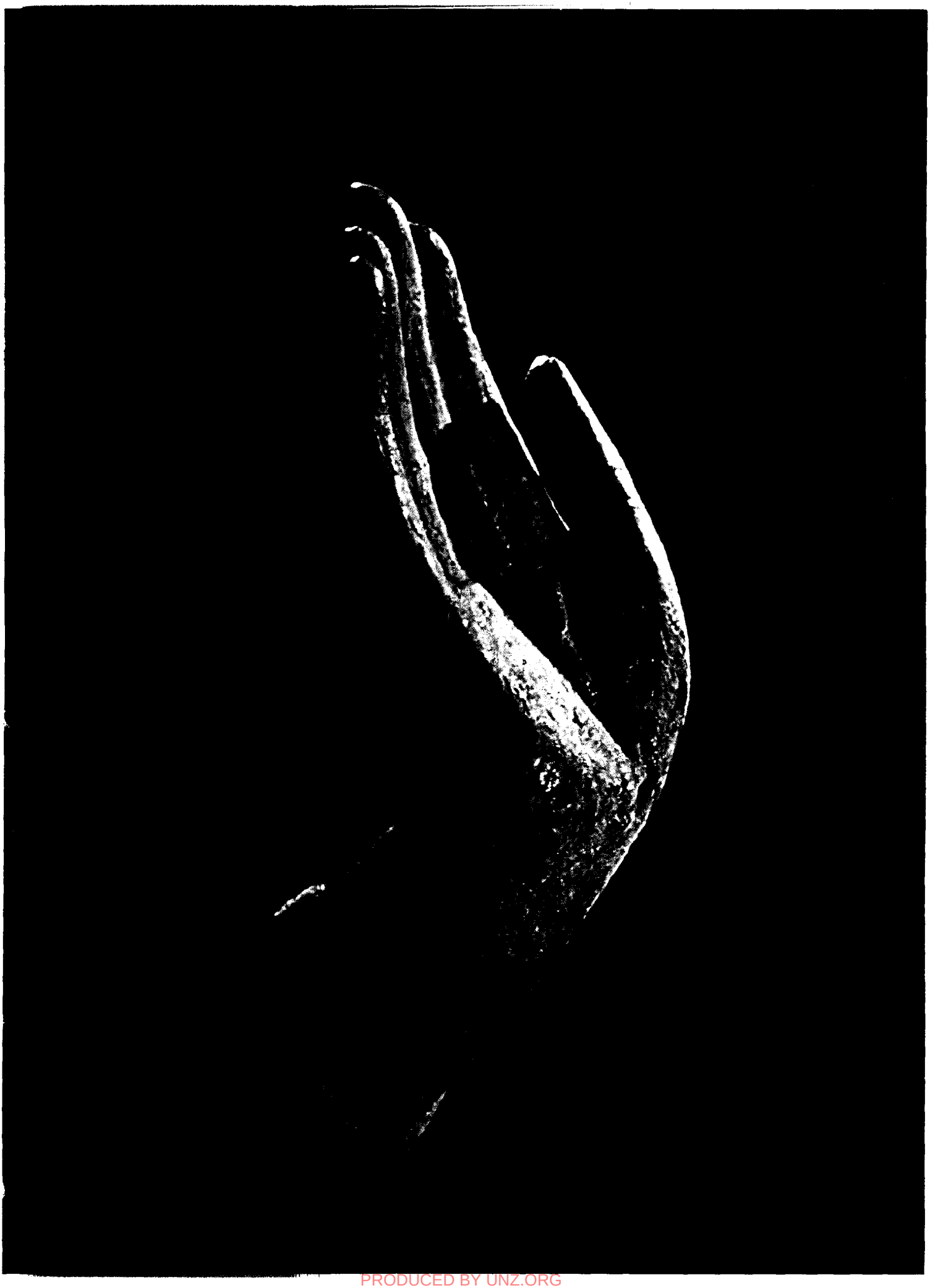

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inces), the Americans are simply losing. The proof of this was the relief of the Marine commander, General Walt, who badly underestimated the abilities of the North Vietnamese heavily involved south of the DMZ.

PACIFICATION HAS BECOME a bad word. The government can still control—and only partially—only one-sixth of the villages and perhaps 20 per cent of the land area. Control drops to almost zero at night. Most American pacification efforts result in the enriching of a few Vietnamese and the hostility of thousands more. I asked an American colonel who played a key role at Ben Suc whether he would advocate more such operations. Eight months ago, one could read interviews with this man which radiated enormous satisfaction. Now he keeps revisiting the refugees. He says, "The Brass are after me to do another Ben Suc on a bigger place. We can't afford any more Ben Sucs."

Politics at home cause further disillusionment for Americans in Vietnam. They feel that the outcome in Vietnam will ultimately be decided by political considerations in Washington. They know what is also known to Vietnamese—that President Johnson would end the war tomorrow if he were sure that he would thereby be reelected in 1968. They know, too, that he may remain in Vietnam for the same purpose. For men who once had a sense of mission in Vietnam, or for the Vietnamese who are watching their society go up in smoke, such political calculations produce intense bitterness.

Both Vietnamese despair and American disillusionment lead to the final realization. Nothing will come of all this. No country on earth has our supreme ability to obliterate. No technicians have ever displayed such willingness to manifest that ability. We can destroy Vietnam. But can we produce anything that any American would ever want to see?

On my next to last night in Vietnam I was in a small village about 30 miles from Saigon. It has 200 families of which 50 are said to have men in the NLF. I went there with an American friend active in pacification who drops in on villages to see how conditions are and also to show the villagers that not all Americans are accompanied by convoys bristling with machine-guns. He, his interpreter and I were brought in by helicopter. Another AID man soon joined us. We all arrived just as the Popular Forces, the government's representatives, left for the night; they were heading for an Army camp about a mile away where they would be safe. An American AID man had had his throat cut in this village two weeks before.

We talked with the villagers, ate our C rations and then spread our sleeping mats on the ground near some houses. We placed them 20 yards apart so that a hand grenade wouldn't explode all of us at once. My companions were heavily armed with submachine-guns and two sacks of hand grenades. In the dark a strange conversation continued.

This conversation with my friend has continued since 1965 when we first met in Vietnam. This is his seventh year in Vietnam where he has served in many capacities, including several as a high ranking Army officer. His analysis of the war's history and mine are identical. He says we should not have come to Vietnam, should not be there now, and are supporting a corrupt and useless military clique. The Vietnamese are fighting for good government. "If I were a Vietnamese I would probably be in the Viet Cong by now." The Americans should remove the Vietnamese military government and install an American governor general. Then we should send most of our troops home; their presence is an admission that we cannot solve the basic problems of Vietnam. "Our goddamn generals don't know how to fight the war. We should settle down for a 25-year period in Vietnam during which we should establish good government in a limited area, and fight the VC in small groups on their own terms. Only in this way, by limiting our military destruction and slowly bringing about social change, can we convince the Vietnamese to remove their support from the NLF. In the end we could offer them a better life than the communists."

But, he says, "The American public is not interested in paying for 25 years of social change. It wants military results now. So does the administration. That being the case, it is useless to talk about withdrawing from Vietnam." My friend insists that America will never admit it has been defeated in this kind of war. "It would be the beginning of the end of our control over large parts of the underdeveloped world. Mao would turn out to be right. Therefore, we will stay in Vietnam until we can produce what *looks* like a military victory. This means the destruction of most of Vietnam."

As an American he will participate in this as the lesser of evils; he hopes to be able to limit some of the destruction, as he said he did at Ben Suc where the Army wanted to use knockout gas on 3800 people and evacuate them while they were unconscious. He persuaded them to take the people out by truck and boat with their belongings. My friend told me, not unkindly, that "people like you who care about Vietnam are wasting your time insisting on withdrawal. The U.S. will not leave until it can disguise its political failure under a sheet of fire." I told him if he put Vietnam first, he would go to the American Embassy in Saigon and picket for peace—because peace is what Vietnam needs. He answered, "But I'm an American. The next few years in Vietnam are going to be horrible, and it hurts me to contemplate them because I love the Vietnamese."

I asked him how he could contemplate all this if his feelings for the Vietnamese really ran so deep. "Buddy, I was a member of the NAACP back home. I know why Negroes act the way they do; America treats them badly. But if I were Governor Romney and those guys were out in the streets of Detroit, I'd machine-gun 'em. It's like being a prison warden. You may feel sympathy for the convicts, but if they take over a cell block, you call in the Air National Guard and you bomb the hell out of them. You've got to keep order. In this world it's dog eat dog, winner take all, and I just don't aim to be a loser. The Vietnamese are the losers in this one." This conversation continued while he endlessly cleaned his machine-gun and checked the pins in his grenades. Every 15 minutes he whispered into his little radio to his headquarters that we were still alive.

Later in the evening I asked him what he planned to do in the event of an attack. It was pitch black. He would be using a machine-gun. How would he know who was an enemy and who was a friend? He replied: "Old Buddy, I don't plan to inquire."

Jonathan Mirsky has just returned from his most recent visit to Vietnam. He teaches Chinese Language and Literature at Dartmouth College. He is a co-author of Peace in Vietnam.

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1/3, 1/3, 1/3

by Richard Brautigan

IT WAS ALL TO BE DONE in thirds. I was to get 1/3 for doing the typing, and she was to get 1/3 for doing the editing, and he was to get 1/3 for writing the novel.

We were going to divide the royalties three ways. We all shook hands on the deal, each knowing what we were supposed to do, the path before us, the gate at the end.

I was made a 1/3 partner because I had the typewriter.

I lived in a cardboard-lined shack of my own building across the street from the rundown old house the Welfare rented for her and her nine-year-old son Freddy.

The novelist lived in a trailer a mile away beside a sawmill pond where he was the watchman for the mill.

I was about seventeen and made lonely and strange by that Pacific Northwest of so many years ago, that dark, rainy land of 1952. I'm thirty-one now and I still can't figure out what I meant by living the way I did in those days.

She was one of those eternally fragile women in their late thirties and once very pretty and the object of much attention in the roadhouses and beer parlors, who are now on Welfare and their entire lives rotate around that one day a month when they get their Welfare checks.

The word "check" is the one religious word in their lives, so they always manage to use it at least three or four times in every conversation. It doesn't matter what you are talking about.

The novelist was in his late forties, tall, reddish, and looked as if life had given him an endless stream of two-timing girlfriends, five-day drunks and cars with bad transmissions.

He was writing the novel because he wanted to tell a story that had happened to him years before when he was working in the woods.

He also wanted to make some money: 1/3.

My entrance into the thing came about this way: One day I was standing in front of my shack, eating an apple and staring at a black ragged toothache sky that was about to rain.

What I was doing was like an occupation for me. I was that involved in looking at the sky and eating the apple. You would have thought that I had been hired to do it with a good salary and a pension if I stared at the sky long enough.

"HEY, YOU!" I heard somebody yell.

I looked across the mud puddle and it was the woman. She was wearing a kind of green Mackinaw that she wore all the time, except when she had to visit the Welfare people downtown. Then she put on a shapeless duck-gray coat.

We lived in a poor part of town where the streets weren't paved. The street was nothing more than a big mud puddle that you had to walk around. The street was of no use to cars any more. They traveled on a different frequency where asphalt and gravel were more sympathetic.

She was wearing a pair of white rubber boots that she always had on in the winter, a pair of boots that gave her a kind of child-like appearance. She was so fragile and firmly indebted to the Welfare Department that she often looked like a child twelve years old.

"What do you want?" I said.

"You have a typewriter, don't you?" she said. "I've walked by your shack and heard you typing. You type a lot at night."

"Yeah, I have a typewriter," I said.

"You a good typist?" she said.

"I'm all right."

"We don't have a typewriter. How would you like to go in with us?" she yelled across the mud puddle. She looked a

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Photograph of Richard Brautigan by Baron Wolman

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perfect twelve years old, standing there in her white boots, the sweetheart and darling of all mud puddles.

"What's 'go in' mean?"

"Well, he's writing a novel," she said. "He's good. I'm editing it. I've read a lot of pocketbooks and the *Reader's Digest*. We need somebody who has a typewriter to type it up. You'll get 1/3. How does that sound?"

"I'd like to see the novel," I said. I didn't know what was happening. I knew she had three or four boyfriends that were always visiting her.

"Sure!" she yelled. "You have to see it to type it. Come on around. Let's go out to his place right now and you can meet him and have a look at the novel. He's a good guy. It's a wonderful book."

"OK," I said, and walked around the mud puddle to where she was standing in front of her evil dentist house, twelve years old, and approximately two miles from the Welfare office.

"Let's go," she said.

WE WALKED OVER TO the highway and down the highway past mud puddles and sawmill ponds and fields flooded with rain until we came to a road that went across the railroad tracks and turned down past half-a-dozen small sawmill ponds that were filled with black winter logs.

We talked very little and that was only about her check that was two days late and she had called the Welfare and they said they mailed the check and it should be there tomorrow, but call again tomorrow if it's not there and we'll prepare an emergency money order for you.

"Well, I hope it's there tomorrow," I said.

"So do I or I'll have to go downtown," she said.

Next to the last sawmill pond was a yellow old trailer up on blocks of wood. One look at that trailer showed that it was never going anywhere again, that the highway was in distant heaven, only to be prayed to. It was really sad with a cemetery-like chimney swirling jagged dead smoke in the air above it.

A kind of half-dog, half-cat creature was sitting on a rough plank porch that was in front of the door. The creature half-barked and half-meowed at us, "Arfeow!" and darted under the trailer, looking out at us from behind a block.

"This is it," the woman said.

The door to the trailer opened and a man stepped out onto the porch. There was a pile of firewood stacked on the porch and it was covered with a black tarp.

The man held his hand above his eyes, shielding his eyes from a bright imaginary sun, though everything had turned dark in anticipation of the rain.

"Hello, there," he said.

"Hi," I said.

"Hello, honey," she said.

He shook my hand and welcomed me to his trailer, then he gave her a little kiss on the mouth before we all went inside.

The place was small and muddy and smelled like stale rain and had a large unmade bed that looked as if it had been a partner in some of the saddest love-making this side of The Cross.

There was a green bushy half-table with a couple of insect-like chairs and a little sink and a small stove that was used for cooking and heating.

There were some dirty dishes in the little sink. The dishes looked as if they had always been dirty: born dirty to last forever.

I could hear a radio playing Western music someplace in the trailer, but I couldn't find it. I looked all over but it was nowhere in sight. It was probably under a shirt or something.

"He's the kid with the typewriter," she said. "He'll get 1/3 for typing it."

"That sounds fair," he said. "We need somebody to type it. I've never done anything like this before."

"Why don't you show it to him?" she said. "He'd like to take a look at it."

"OK. But it isn't too carefully written," he said to me. "I only went to the fourth grade, so she's going to edit it, straighten out the grammar and commas and stuff."

There was a notebook lying on the table, next to an ashtray that probably had 600 cigarette butts in it. The notebook had a color photograph of Hopalong Cassidy on the cover.

Hopalong looked tired as if he had spent the previous night chasing starlets all over Hollywood and barely had enough strength to get back in the saddle.

There were about 25 or 30 pages of writing in the notebook. It was written in a large grammar school sprawl: an unhappy marriage between printing and longhand.

"It's not finished yet," he said.

"You'll type it. I'll edit it. He'll write it," she said.

It was a story about a young logger falling in love with a waitress. The novel began in 1935 in a cafe in North Bend, Oregon.

The young logger was sitting at a table and the waitress was taking his order. She was very pretty with blonde hair and rosy cheeks. The young logger was ordering veal cutlets with mashed potatoes and country gravy.

"Yeah, I'll do the editing. You can type it, can't you? It's not too bad, is it?" she said in a twelve-year-old voice with the Welfare peeking over her shoulder.

"No," I said. "It will be easy."

Suddenly the rain started to come down hard outside, without any warning, just suddenly great drops of rain that almost shook the trailer.

You sur lik veel cutlets dont you Maybell said she was holding holding her pensil up her mowth that was preti and red like an apl!

Onli wen you tak my oder Carl said he was a kind of bassful loger but big and strong lik his dead who ownd the starmill!

Ill mak sur you get plenti of gravi!

Just ten the caf door opend and in cam Rins Adams he was hansom and meen, everi bodi in thos parts was afrad of him but not Carl and his dead dad they wasnt afrad of him no sur!

Maybell shifard wen she saw him standing ther in his blac macinaw he smild at her and Carl felt his blod run hot lik scallding cofee and fiting mad!

Howdi ther Rins said Maybell blushed like a flower flouar while we were all sitting there in that rainy trailer, pounding at the gates of American literature.

Richard Brautigan is the author of A Confederate General from Big Sur, In Watermelon Sugar *and* The Octopus Frontier. *His latest novel is* Trout Fishing in America (*Four Seasons Foundation*).

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The peculiar "Domestic Institutions of our Southern brethren."

The Case for Black Separatism

IF THE MASS MEDIA are to be believed, the most sensational information leaked to the general public from the closed sessions of the Conference on Black Power, recently held in Newark, New Jersey, concerned the adoption of a resolution which favored the partitioning of the U.S. into two separate nations. Understandably, any effort to split the U.S., or any other major power, is certainly prime news—witness the storm which President de Gaulle aroused by his support for French separatism in Canada. Consequently, the attention which the press has focused on this resolution is not unexpected. Unfortunately, however, there has been some confusion as to exactly what the resolution says, and considerably more misunderstanding of the traumatic agony which lies behind it. As the individual who had the responsibility for reading this resolution to the Conference for adoption, I should like to clarify some of this confusion for black and white readers alike. (I wish to make it clear at the outset that I do not speak in any official capacity for the Conference.)

With respect to the content of the resolution, it reads as follows (as amended from the floor):

Whereas the black people in America have been systematically oppressed by their white fellow countrymen

Whereas there is little prospect that this oppression can be terminated, peacefully or otherwise, within the foreseeable future

Whereas the black people do not wish to be absorbed into the larger white community

Whereas the black people in America find that their interests are in contradiction with those of white America

Whereas the black people in America are psychologically handicapped by virtue of their having no national homeland

Whereas the physical, moral, ethical, and aesthetic standards of white American society are not those of black society and indeed do violence to the self-image of the black man

Whereas black people were among the earliest immigrants to America, having been ruthlessly separated from their fatherland, and have made a major contribution to America's development, most of this contribution having been uncompensated, and

Recognizing that efforts are already well advanced for the convening of a Constitutional Convention for the purpose of revising the Constitution of the U.S. for the first time since America's inception, then

Be it resolved that the Black Power Conference initiate a national dialogue on the desirability of partitioning the U.S. into two separate and independent nations, one to be a homeland for white and the other to be a homeland for black Americans.

Clearly, this is not a radical resolution. Like the Declaration of Independence, it enumerates some of the felt grievances of the people. But it is more moderate in tone than Jefferson's Declaration and its action clause stops considerably short of that of the 1776 document. Significantly, it asks not for separation but merely for dialogue. In this sense, it is possibly the mildest resolution which the Conference adopted.

by Robert S. Browne

Engravings from the Emancipator, September 2, 1839.
Courtesy of Bettman Archives.

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Nevertheless, as the press reported, this resolution received perhaps the most thunderous ovation of the entire Conference. Obviously, this enthusiasm was not due to the resolution's moderation but to the fact that reference to an all-black state touched deep sensitivity in the emotions of the audience. All of those who applauded and approved the resolution can by no stretch of the imagination be considered active partisans of the idea of a separate state. But just as surely, as black people have become progressively more disillusioned at the prospect of ever finding a dignified niche for themselves in American society, so have they become more eager to explore any avenue which may offer greater promise. What the support for the resolution unmistakably revealed was the depth of the despair about white America which is now prevalent in the black community; and therein lies its significance.

Taken at face value, the resolution is far from an expression of racism or hate. Rather, it is a straightforward effort to explore an obvious means of minimizing racial friction by suggesting some fair basis for the physical separation of the contending parties. Partitioning of the U.S. into separate black and white nations will conceivably appeal to both the Southern white racist and the Northern black nationalist, and it can with equal inaccuracy be characterized as painfully conservative or wildly radical. The intent of the resolution, however, is to free the partition concept from the deadly embrace of extremists and to afford it consideration by moderates of both races. The social climate in America is being transformed at a dizzying pace, and those who summarily dismiss the partition concept as being too radical to merit serious consideration risk committing the classic error of ignoring the pleas of the moderate center and thereby sentencing the country to the terror of the irresponsibles on the two extremes.

A certain amount of hostility toward any modification of the American political structure is only natural. Indeed, the nation's bloodiest war was fought under the banner of "preserving the Union," so that on sentimental grounds alone the resistance to partitioning can be expected to be massive. But primitive emotion is scarcely a sound guide for policy. Besides, sensitive persons must with increasing frequency ask themselves if there really remains much of a Union to preserve.

One of the few lessons which history teaches us is that nothing created by man is immutable, least of all his political architecture. Only those who are completely lacking in historical perspective are likely to believe that the U.S. has settled its political form and its geographical boundaries for all time. The political realist is not only aware that man-made institutions are never eternal; he realizes that it is not even desirable that they should be. Rather, they must be amenable to constant reshaping to meet changing conditions. The hope which underlies the partition resolution is that the anticipated initial hostile reaction to the proposal can be gradually stripped away and replaced by non-hysterical discussion and analysis as to whether or not partitioning of the national territory offers a promising solution to our racial quandary.

As this dialogue progresses, serious exploration and research will be required probing the legal, political, economic and sociological implications of partitioning and of population relocation. Assumptions will have to be made regarding just what portions of the present territorial U.S. will be included in each of the two new nations and how assets will be apportioned. The mechanisms for negotiating such a partitioning will have to be examined intensively, as well as the basis for recognition of official negotiators for the black community. The answers to such questions obviously cannot be found in one month or in one year. Ultimately, the proposal may well prove unworkable because some of these questions may prove unanswerable. But the mere fact that the modalities of implementation are difficult to formulate is certainly no reason to prejudge the merits of the proposal and to dismiss it from consideration as a viable alternative if it seems to speak to the needs of a large segment of the population.

There is ample historic precedent for national partitioning, the most appropriate contemporary model probably being the division of the former British India into today's India and Pakistan. This schism, which was made along religious rather than racial lines, was accompanied by personal hardships of such magnitude that one hesitates to refer to it as a model. A substantial portion of these human tragedies, however, appear to have stemmed from the precipitous manner in which the entire matter of partitioning was agreed to and effectuated. Only during a brief period was partition given really serious consideration and then, suddenly, because of political pressures, it was abruptly approved and implementation begun—an implementation which involved the relocation of tens of millions of people. An atmosphere of extreme bitterness and hostility prevailed throughout the area and in such circumstances atrocities were easily predictable. The grossly inadequate administrative preparations for so gigantic an undertaking also contributed to the widespread hardships which occurred. By encouraging a national dialogue, the Black Power resolution hopes to diffuse the intense emotionalism which the proposal is certain to arouse, and to stimulate serious planning as to how such a project could best be carried out, thus avoiding many of the pitfalls which befell India and Pakistan.

Selling a Mother from her Child.

IT SHOULD NOT BE OVERLOOKED that such racially white and culturally Western countries as Canada, Belgium and Spain all harbor strong separatist movements. The separatists in these countries are not considered a lunatic fringe but constitute a significant political force. In these countries the dialogue proceeds at a leisurely pace and continuous efforts are made to accommodate the nation to the demands of the ethnic or linguistic minority. It is also noteworthy that in the examples of classical decolonization, violence has tended to occur principally when dialogue and national planning were absent (e.g., Ireland, Indonesia, Algeria) and to have been largely avoided where honest dialogue was permitted (Ghana, Zambia, French Africa).

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A Woman chained to a Girl, and a Man in irons at work in the field.

I frankly do not know how many blacks would favor a separatist solution of the type proposed. Many of us suffer from a serious inferiority complex about our race and may doubt our ability to operate a successful nation, despite the inspiring example of several of the African countries which came into independence with handicaps of illiteracy and lack of capital far more serious than those we would face. My experience suggests that the number of blacks who would support the idea of partitioning is nevertheless sufficient to warrant serious national consideration of its feasibility. I have listened to the voices of my people and I know that they are desperate. Talk of violence and of revolution hangs heavy in the atmosphere of both black and white America. Not surprisingly, black leadership is in the vanguard of those who recognize and articulate the need for drastic changes in American society. However, the black community's role in effecting these changes remains unresolved. Partition has the significant advantage of offering a path which, with proper goodwill, can be trod nonviolently. It has the disadvantage of speaking primarily to the basic problem facing black America and not to the problems of the total society. Clearly, *some* new path will have to be taken to relieve the desperation of black Americans. Partition is being offered as one way out. Does white America have an equally reasonable counter-proposal?

The sources of this desperation of the Negro should have been fairly well known by now. In case they were not, the resolution's drafters took the Jeffersonian view that "a decent respect of the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation." Yet, in their formalized brevity, the "whereas" clauses of the resolution hardly convey the full panoply of frustrations which have driven some blacks to an endorsement of separatism.

Unquestionably, the gloomy statistics on black unemployment, income, housing and disease create the general framework for this despair—statistics which the Negro must read against the background of a decade of both unprecedented national civil rights activity and unprecedented national prosperity. The black community clearly sees itself getting a progressively smaller share of the pie as the pie itself grows ever larger. Coupled with these economic statistics are the sociological ones: schools are more segregated than ever before; cities are more ghettoized in 1967 than in 1937.

For the upper middle class Negro, as for most whites, these figures on the deterioration of the Negro's position since World War II are sometimes difficult to grasp, for on the surface much progress is in evidence. Well scrubbed, nattily dressed Negroes are to be seen working in myriad sorts of establishments from which they were formerly barred; they are increasingly seen at private social functions of upper class whites; they are even to be glimpsed occasionally in advertisements for well known products, and in non-stereotype roles in TV and film entertainment. A Negro sits on the Supreme Court, another sits on the Federal Reserve Board, and one has been elected to the Senate from a primarily white constituency.

Indeed, it is these very strides which have been, at least in part, responsible for the current crisis in Negro leadership. The traditional leaders point with pride to their accomplishments and conclude that they are pushing matters at as fast a pace as the white society will permit. Meanwhile, the great bulk of the black community sinks ever lower, increasingly resentful of its worsening position vis-a-vis the black elite as well as vis-a-vis the whites. As a result, the black masses are becoming politicized, are developing a class consciousness, and are rejecting the existing Negro leadership. An unexpected, although possibly temporary, interruption in this process of polarization of the black community occurred last winter as fallout from the Adam Powell incident. The manner in which virtually all segments of the white community openly supported the attack on Congressman Powell, the supreme symbol of black achievement of power in America, served as an eye-opener to all blacks, whatever their level of sophistication and economic achievement. If Powell, the epitome of power, was not safe, then clearly no black man was safe and it was obviously naive to think otherwise. The Powell incident, by the very grossness of its racism, built a precarious bridge between the increasingly bitter, increasingly segregated black masses, and the increasingly affluent, increasingly integrated black middle class. Their interests were once again shown to be identical, even if involuntarily so.

Hunting Slaves with dogs and guns. A Slave drowned by the dogs.

Clearly, it is as a measure of self-defense that the black community has begun to draw together and even to discuss separatism. Let every liberal white American ponder this.

The bridge between the two segments of the black community is by no means a stable one, largely because of the schizophrenia of the black middle class. Whereas the black masses, both those in the rural South and those who have flooded into Northern cities in the past quarter century, aspire primarily for a higher standard of living and for freedom from the indignities and oppressions which their blackness has attracted to them, the middle-class Negroes have developed more subtle tastes. To varying degrees, these Negroes have become "assimilated" into white society and lead lives which

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are spiritually dependent upon the white community in a way that the mass of Negroes could never comprehend. For them, an integrated America is fast becoming a reality and the thrust of their effort is to extend the integration concept to every corner of the country. Their schizophrenia arises from the inescapable reminders of their vulnerability. Even with a Ph.D., a Nobel prize, a Congressional Medal of Honor or a vast fortune, a Negro is still a "nigger" to many (most?) white Americans and the society does not let him forget it for very long. Nor does the sensitive Negro really want to forget it; he wants to change it.

But perhaps the most unsettling of all the factors affecting the mental health of the black man in this white society is the matter of identification. It can be exemplified by the poignant, untold agony of raising black, kinky-haired children in a society where the standard of beauty is a milk-white skin and long, straight hair. To convince a black child that she is beautiful when every channel of value formation in the society is telling her the opposite is a heart-rending and well-nigh impossible task. It is a challenge which confronts all Negroes, irrespective of their social and economic class, but the difficulty of dealing with it is likely to vary directly with the degree to which the Negro family leads an integrated existence. A black child in a predominantly black school may realize that she doesn't look like the pictures in the books, magazines and TV advertisements, but at least she looks like her schoolmates and neighbors. The black child in a predominantly white school and neighborhood lacks even this basis for identification.

This identity problem is, of course, not peculiar to the Negro. Minorities of all sorts encounter it in one form or another—the immigrant who speaks with an accent; the Jewish child who doesn't celebrate Christmas; the Oriental whose eyes are slanted. But for the Negro the problem has a special dimension, for in the American ethos a black man is not only "different," he is classed as ugly and inferior. This is not an easy situation to deal with, and the manner in which a Negro chooses to handle it will both be determined by and a determinant of his larger political outlook. He can deal with it as an integrationist, accepting his child as being ugly by prevailing standards and urging him to excel in other ways to prove his worth; or he can deal with it as a black nationalist, telling the child that he is not a freak but rather part of a larger international community of black-skinned, kinky-haired people who have a beauty of their own, a glorious history and a great future. In short, he can replace shame with pride, inferiority with dignity, by imbuing the child with what is coming to be known as black nationalism. The growing popularity of this viewpoint is evidenced by the appearance of "natural" hair styles among Negro youth and the surge of interest in African and Negro culture and history.

Black Power may not be the ideal slogan to describe this new self-image which the black American is developing, for to guilt-ridden whites the slogan conjures up violence, anarchy and revenge. To frustrated blacks, however, it symbolizes unity and a newly found pride in the blackness with which the Creator endowed us and which we realize must always be our mark of identification. Heretofore this blackness has been a stigma, a curse with which we were born. Black Power means that this curse will henceforth be a badge of pride rather than of scorn. It marks the end of an era in which black men devoted themselves to pathetic attempts to be white men and inaugurated an era in which black people will set their own standards of beauty, conduct and accomplishment.

Is this new black consciousness in irreconcilable conflict with the larger American society? In a sense, the heart of the American cultural problem has always been the need to harmonize the inherent contradiction between racial (or national) identity with integration into the melting pot which was America. In the century since the Civil War, the society has made little effort to find a means to afford the black minority a sense of racial pride and independence while at the same time accepting it as a full participant in the larger society. Now that the implications of this failure are becoming apparent, the black community seems to be saying, "Forget it! We'll solve our own problems." Integration, which never had a high priority among the black masses, is now being written off by them as being not only unattainable but actually harmful—driving a wedge between the black masses and the so-called Negro elite. To these developments has been added the momentous realization by many "integrated" Negroes that, in the U.S., full integration can only mean full assimilation—a loss of racial identity. This sobering prospect has caused many a black integrationist to pause and reflect, even as have his similarly challenged Jewish counterparts. Thus, within the black community there are two separate challenges to the traditional integration policy which has long constituted the major objective of established Negro leadership. There is the general skepticism that the Negro, even after having transformed himself into a white blackman, will enjoy full acceptance into American society; and there is the longer-range doubt that even should complete integration somehow be achieved, it would prove to be really desirable, for its price may be the total absorption and disappearance of the race—a sort of painless genocide.

Mothers with young Children at work in the field.

Understandably, it is the black masses who have most vociferously articulated these dangers of assimilation, for they have watched with alarm as the more fortunate among their ranks have gradually risen to the top only to be promptly "integrated" off into the white community—absorbed into another culture, often with undisguised contempt for all that had previously constituted their heritage. Also, it was the black masses who first perceived that integration actually increases the white community's control over the black one by destroying black institutions, and by absorbing black leadership and coinciding its interests with those of the white community. The international "brain drain" has its counterpart in the black community, which is constantly being denuded of its best

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trained people and many of its natural leaders. Black institutions of all sorts—colleges, newspapers, banks, even community organizations—are all experiencing the loss of their better people to the newly available openings in white establishments, thereby lowering the quality of the Negro organizations and in some cases causing their demise or increasing their dependence on whites for survival. Such injurious, if unintended, side effects of integration have been felt in almost every layer of the black community.

IF THE FOREGOING analysis of the integration vs. separatism conflict exhausted the case for partition then we might conclude that the problems have all been dealt with before, by other immigrant groups in America. (It would be an erroneous conclusion, for while other groups may have encountered similar problems, their solutions do not work for us, alas.) But there remains yet another factor which is cooling the Negro's enthusiasm for the integrationist path: he is becoming distrustful of his fellow Americans.

The American culture is one of the youngest in the world. Furthermore, as has been pointed out repeatedly in recent years, it is essentially a culture which approves of violence, indeed enjoys it. Military expenditures absorb roughly half of the national budget. Violence predominates on the TV screen and the toys of violence are best selling items during the annual rites for the much praised but little imitated Prince of Peace. In Vietnam, the zeal with which America has pursued its effort to destroy a poor and illiterate peasantry has astonished civilized people around the globe. In such an atmosphere the Negro is understandably restive about the fate his white compatriots might have in store for him. The veiled threat by President Johnson at the time of the 1966 riots—suggesting that riots might beget pogroms and pointing out that Negroes are only ten per cent of the population—was not lost on most blacks. It enraged them, but it was a sobering thought. The manner in which Germany herded the Jews into concentration camps and ultimately into ovens was a solemn warning to minority peoples everywhere. The casualness with which America exterminated the Indians and later interned the Japanese suggests that there is no cause for the Negro to feel complacent about his security in the U.S. He finds little consolation in the assurance that if it does become necessary to place him in concentration camps it will only be as a means of protecting him from uncontrollable whites: "protective incarceration," to use governmental jargonese.

The very fact that such alternatives are becoming serious topics of discussion has exposed the Negro's already raw and sensitive psyche to yet another heretofore unfelt vulnerability—the insecurity which he suffers as a result of having no homeland which he can honestly feel his own. Among the major ethno-cultural groups in the world he is unique in this respect. As the Jewish drama during and following World War II painfully demonstrated, a national homeland is a primordial and urgent need for a people, even though its benefits do not always lend themselves to ready measurement. For some, the homeland constitutes a vital place of refuge from the strains of a life led too long within a foreign environment. For others, the need to reside in the homeland is considerably less intense than the need for merely knowing that such a homeland exists. The benefit to the expatriate is psychological, a sense of security in knowing that he belongs to a culturally and politically identifiable community. No doubt this phenomenon largely accounts for the fact that both the West Indian Negro and the Puerto Rican exhibit considerably more self-assurance than does the American Negro, for both of the former groups have ties to an identifiable homeland which honors and preserves their cultural heritage.

It has been marveled that we American Negroes, almost alone among the cultural groups of the world, exhibit no sense of nationhood. Perhaps it is true that we do lack this sense, but there seems to be little doubt that the absence of a homeland exacts a severe if unconscious price from our psyche. Theoretically, our homeland is the U.S.A. We pledge allegiance to the stars and stripes and sing the national anthem. But from the age when we first begin to sense that we are somehow "different," that we are victimized, these rituals begin to mean less to us than to our white compatriots. For many of us they become form without substance; for others they become a cruel and bitter mockery of our dignity and good sense; for relatively few of us do they retain a significance in any way comparable to their hold on our white brethren.

The recent coming into independence of many African states stimulated some interest among Negroes that independent Africa might become the homeland which they so desperately needed. A few made the journey and experienced a newly-found sense of community and racial dignity. For many who went, however, the gratifying racial fraternity which they experienced was insufficient to compensate for the cultural estrangement which accompanied it. They had been away from Africa for too long and the differences in language, food and custom barred them from experiencing the "at home" sensation which they were eagerly seeking. Symbolically, independent Africa could serve them as a homeland: practically, it could not. Their search continues—a search for a place where they can experience the security which comes from being a part of the majority culture, free at last from the inhibiting effects of cultural repression and induced cultural timidity and shame.

If we have been separated from Africa for so long that we are no longer quite at ease there, then we are left with only one place to make our home, and that is this land to which we were brought in chains. Justice would indicate such a solution in any case, for it is North America, not Africa, into which our toil and effort have been poured. This land is our rightful home and we are well within our rights in demanding an opportunity to enjoy it on the same terms as the other immigrants who have helped to develop it. Since few whites will deny the justice of this claim, it is paradoxical that we are offered the option of exercising this birthright only on the condition that we abandon our culture, deny our race and integrate ourselves into the white community. The "accepted" Negro, the "integrated" Negro, are mere euphemisms which hide a cruel and relentless cultural destruction which is sometimes agonizing to the middle-class Negro but which is becoming intolerable to the black masses. A Negro who refuses to yield his identity and to ape the white model finds he can survive only by rejecting the entire white society, which must ultimately mean challenging the law and the law enforcement mechanisms. On the other hand, if he abandons his cultural heritage and succumbs to the lure of integration, he risks certain rejection and humiliation along the way, with absolutely no guarantee of ever achieving complete acceptance. That such

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unsatisfactory options are leading to almost continuous disruption of our society should hardly be cause for surprise.

"They can't take care of themselves"; explained in an interesting article.

Partition offers one way out of this tragic situation. Many will condemn it as a defeatist solution, but what they see as defeatism might better be described as a frank facing up to the realities of American society. A society is stable only to the extent that there exists a basic core of value judgments which is unthinkingly accepted by the great bulk of its members. Increasingly, Negroes are demonstrating that they have some reservations about the common core of values which underlie American society—whether because they had little to do with formulating these values or because they feel them to be weighted against their interests. For the Negro in the ghetto especially, the society's values are often as alien and as damaging to him as is its standard of beauty. They are both built on premises which are for him unattainable and often irrelevant.

The alleged disproportionately large number of Negro law violators, of unwed mothers, of non-working adults *may* be indicators that the supposed community of values is much weaker than had been supposed, although I am not unaware of additional racial socio-economic reasons for these statistics. But whatever the reasons for observed behavioral differences, there is clearly no reason *why* the Negro should not have his own ideas about what the societal organization should be. The Anglo-Saxon system of organizing human relationships has certainly not proved itself to be superior to all other systems, and the Negro is likely to be more acutely aware of this fact than most Americans.

Certainly partition would entail enormous initial hardships. But these hardships should be weighed against the prospects of prolonged and intensified racial strife stretching into the indefinite future. Indeed, the social fabric of America is far more likely to be able to withstand the strains of a partitioning of the country than those of an extended race war. Indeed, if it happened that the principle of partition were harmoniously accepted by most Americans as the preferable solution, it is possible that only voluntary transfers of population would be necessary. Conceivably, no one would be forced to move against his will. Those Negroes who wanted to migrate to the new nation ("New Africa"?) could do so, and their counterparts could move to the United States. The France-Algeria arrangements could be used as a model. (To put the question of mass transference of populations into its proper perspective, it is well to remember that the U.S. is currently witnessing one of history's great demographic movements, although most Americans are totally unaware of it. In the past 25 years, some four million Negroes, roughly 20 per cent of the total Negro population, have migrated from the rural South to the cities of the North and West. History records few such massive population transfers.)

There is an excellent chance that, following partition, neither nation would be overtly racist. The basis for the present racial animosity would be largely removed by the very act of separation. Reciprocal tourism might very well become a leading industry for both nations, for the relations between the races would finally be on a healthy, equalitarian basis. A confederation of the two states, perhaps joined by Canada, Mexico and other nations, could conceivably emerge at some future time.

Divorce is an inherent aspect of the American tradition. It terminates the misery of an enforced but unhappy union, relieves the tension and avoids the risk of more serious consequences. It is increasingly apparent to blacks and whites alike that their national marriage has been a disastrous failure. Consequently, in the search for ways to remedy this tragic situation, divorce should obviously not be ruled out as a possible solution. The Black Power Conference resolution asks America to do no more than to give it serious consideration.

Servility of the Northern States in arresting and returning fugitive Slaves.

Even in the black ghettos it may require considerable time before the idea of partitioning can be evaluated dispassionately, for the Negro has never rejected the indoctrination which he receives in "Americana"; rather, his problem is that he has accepted it too readily, only to discover that it was not meant to apply to him.

But the mood of the ghetto is in a state of unprecedented change and in this new climate a sense of nationhood is groping for expression. It may hold within it the key to mental health for black America, and its ultimate outcome cannot now be foreseen. It may lead to two separate nations or it may lead us toward some as yet untried type of human community vastly superior to the present system of competing nationalisms. The new world community which mankind so desperately needs may rise phoenix-like from the collapsing, unworkable old order. Intelligent, imaginative men must not shrink from exploring fearlessly any avenue which might lead mankind to this new world community. Men may sometimes hate other men. Fortunately, they do not hate mankind. This is the solid foundation upon which we must try to build.

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Building Lyndon Johnson

IN Houston's International Airport is an alcove decorated with color portraits of "The 15 Who Made Houston Tick," mostly business tycoons who, as the Chamber of Commerce never tires of saying, "built our city." Among them is George Rufus Brown, custodian of one of the nation's larger fortunes, board chairman of the mammoth Brown & Root Inc., and close friend and business-political associate of Lyndon Johnson. If someone made a list of the 15 men who made *Johnson* tick, George and his brother Herman would be at or near the top. For the Browns were the principal financiers of his early rise to power, and Lyndon is the man who more than anyone else made them rich. Brown & Root's ascension from penny ante Texas road builder to the world's third largest construction company—which numbers among its contracts a piece of the $1,600,000,000 base construction program in Vietnam—was no accident. It is no Horatio Alger story. It is the story of a politician and a business, on the make together.

Illustrations by Robert Grossman

by David Welsh

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[FINGERS IN THE PORK BARREL, FINGERS IN THE WAR]

THE BROWN BROTHERS, like Lyndon Johnson, started small. And like Lady Bird Johnson, they were children of a storekeeper, growing up in the central Texas town of Belton. George, the younger, went to college. Herman went to work on the roads. In 1915, Herman branched out and began hauling dirt on his own, after his boss fell on hard times and gave him equipment in lieu of pay. Four years after that he formed a partnership with one Dan Root to build roads with their mule-drawn fresnos, an arrangement that was to last until Root's death in 1929. Herman and George, who had since joined the company, decided to keep old Root in the company name.

Herman was a rough diamond, known for his daring and ruthlessness, but he shared with his more courtly, college-educated brother the realization that the path to the big money passed through the seats of government. And so it was that on the eve of the Great Depression and the most extravagant public spending program the nation had ever seen, a pair of shrewd brothers from a humble Texas backwater took out incorporation papers and began to lobby. They reinvested their profits politically, making friends in city halls and courthouses all over central Texas and in the state capital at Austin.

By the mid-'30s the Brown brothers had enough road jobs to weather the slump and were angling for some of those big federal contracts which FDR was passing out like jujubes. And in 1936 it happened. The federals were building a dam near Austin on the Lower Colorado River, and veteran Congressman James P. Buchanan of Texas, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, saw to it that Brown & Root (with a partner) made the low bid and got the contract. Those who submitted more realistic bids for the Marshall Ford (Mansfield) dam and powerhouse were not surprised when costs rose to $23 million—more than four times the original Brown & Root bid. Like other businessmen, the Browns may have had philosophical objections to the New Deal, but it didn't prevent them from raking in all that government green. For that matter, the New Dealers did not appear to have any serious objections to non-union, barrelbottom-wage contractors like the Browns, for all their liberal talk.

Instrumental in the Marshall Ford contract award was Alvin J. Wirtz, who was both lawyer for Brown & Root and general counsel for the Lower Colorado River Authority, with political connections stretching from the Pedernales to the Potomac. It was Wirtz who had urged the appointment of Lyndon Johnson as congressional secretary to Richard Kleberg, when the heir to the King Ranch fortune was elected to Congress in 1931. Wirtz had been impressed, during Kleberg's primary race, with Johnson's political savvy as a campaign worker, the facility with cash and favors that was to become an LBJ trademark. "Somewhere in Johnson," wrote Robert Sherrill in *The Accidental President*, "is a compass that holds truest where the cash is piled highest." And when that lanky, back-slapping, 23-year-old schoolteacher was bundled off to Washington as Kleberg's secretary in 1931, the seeds of his long and fruitful relationship with Wirtz and the Browns were already in the ground.

In 1935, Sam Rayburn put the arm on FDR to appoint Johnson as Texas director of the National Youth Administration (NYA). Alvin Wirtz was chairman of the state advisory board for the NYA, which ultimately spent $32 million providing busywork for the hands and minds of Texas youth. Johnson used the opportunity to build a small political machine of his own and to make the acquaintance, through Wirtz, of Herman Brown, whom he asked to serve on the NYA advisory board. Then, in 1937, Congressman Buchanan died in office, and an election was held to fill his unexpired term. Lyndon Johnson was chosen to succeed him—by Alvin Wirtz, the chief devoted servant in Buchanan's district of the New Deal-business coalition. Oozing encomiums about President Roosevelt, Johnson easily defeated his 11 opponents. Managing his campaign was a crony from his NYA days named Ed Clark, of the old Austin law firm of Looney & Clark which took care of business at the legislature for George and Herman Brown.

By the time the war hit, the alliance between Lyndon and the Browns was already solidly forged. Brown & Root had won REA, WPA and PWA contracts for a chain of dams and power stations on the Texas Highland Lakes and along the Colorado and Pedernales in Johnson's district—thanks to LBJ's efforts on their behalf. President Roosevelt was anxious to have Texas support for his programs, and Johnson, his protégé, got practically everything he asked for. In Johnson's first two years on the Hill alone, he funneled more than $70 million of federal money to the Texas hill country, with Wirtz's help. In 1938 he organized the Pedernales Electric Cooperative, the largest REA cooperative in the nation at the time, with headquarters at Johnson City. He and Wirtz paid a call on the President to ensure the necessary funds. Not surprisingly, Wirtz's law firm, attorneys for Brown & Root, came to represent Texas Rural Electric, a statewide association of REA cooperatives which helped disburse a disproportionate share of building jobs to the central Texas contractor.

But if New Deal porkbarreling put Brown & Root on its feet, it was the war that launched it into the "industrial giant" class. In 1940 came the naval air station at Corpus Christi, Texas—the biggest cost-plus contract ever awarded in the U.S. up to that time—with Brown & Root as one of the prime contractors. It was awarded after President Roosevelt called to his office Navy Secretary Frank Knox and Lyndon Johnson, then a member of the powerful House Naval Affairs Committee. Knox was advised that Johnson should be "consulted" on the Corpus Christi award. Brown & Root got 37-1/2 per cent of the action. Total cost of the air station, more than three times the original estimates, climbed to nearly $100 million.

The Corpus Christi contract was the first time Brown & Root feasted at the Navy trough, but that was only *hors d'oeuvres*. There was Guam in the '40s, Spain in the '50s, Vietnam in the '60s—evidence of what was to be the Navy's general predilection for Texas contractors, and of Johnson's particular predilection for the brothers Brown. It was Congressman Johnson, with an influence over naval affairs entirely out of proportion to his seniority, who threw their way a packet of wartime shipbuilding contracts that must have made even those tough, tightlipped Browns grow vaguely enthusiastic. In mid-1941 they formed the Brown Shipbuilding Co., erected a $6 million shipyard along the Houston ship channel, and built subchasers and a fleet of $5 million destroyer escorts—359 ships in all, employing 25,000 workers at the height of the war. By 1944, Brown Shipbuilding had performed $357,100,000 worth of work for the Navy and ranked 68th

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by volume on the list of prime war suppliers. Although shipbuilding profits were the meat of their war winnings, the Browns picked up plenty of gravy on other government contracts, including the construction of military bases in the Southwest.

[BROWN & ROOT FOR SENATE—1941 AND 1948]

MEANTIME, LYNDON JOHNSON had twice been reelected to Congress, boasting of the dams and defense work he was bringing to Texas, when in 1941 he decided to run for the Senate in a special election following the death of the incumbent. He set up headquarters in the Brown Building in Austin (owned by Herman Brown) to take on Governor W. Lee ("Pass the Biscuits Pappy") O'Daniel, and toured the state with a couple of blackface comedians. He lost to O'Daniel in a close race, despite heavy backing from Brown & Root.

In June of 1942, the Internal Revenue Service began investigating the Brown & Root campaign contributions—illegal when donated by a corporation. But what interested the probers was not so much that the Browns had financed Johnson's campaign in return for multimillion dollar favors—for this has become such common political practice that it has acquired a kind of legitimacy—but an alleged attempt by Brown & Root to evade income taxes by deducting campaign contributions to Johnson as "business expenses," "attorney's fees" and "bonuses." The IRS investigation, under the direction of Special Agent James M. Cooner, was dropped early in 1944, apparently on orders from the White House.

The full story of the '41 election probe did not break until March 1956 in the columns of Drew Pearson, at a time when Johnson was trying to block a proposal for mandatory listing of contributions in primary elections. Pearson's information, from photostat documents of the IRS investigation which had somehow come into his hands, has never been successfully challenged, let alone disproved. Cited was an Internal Revenue exhibit showing that Victoria Gravel Co., a Brown & Root subsidiary, had paid a $5000 "business expense" to an employee who stated under oath that he had mailed $2500 of it to Johnson campaign headquarters. The IRS also uncovered Brown & Root payments of $12,500 in "attorney's fees," through Victoria Gravel, to a Houston lawyer who later wrote checks to pay LBJ campaign expenses. Although Johnson denied ever hearing of the lawyer, IRS agents said photostats of checks deposited to the Lyndon Johnson Club at Houston's Second National Bank revealed that the attorney had indeed paid for radio time, printing and other campaign expenses. The IRS also turned up a series of Brown & Root "bonuses" to the company's executives—not at Christmas but in the springtime, during and just before Johnson's 1941 Senate campaign. Among the "bonuses" were $5000 to office manager Carl Burkhart (now senior vice president and secretary) and $30,000 to vice president L. T. Bolin (now senior executive vice president of Brown & Root). Questioned by the IRS, the recipients gave no explanation for the bonuses; nor would they explain what they had done with the money, although most of the checks were cashed within a day of their receipt. Bolin did recall making a contribution to Johnson's campaign, but was uncertain of the amount. IRS agents were able to refresh his memory when they located Bolin's checks for $1150 and $1870, both on behalf of the Johnson campaign.

In late 1942, Pearson reported, Brown & Root began complaining to Washington that the inquiries were hindering their war work; IRS agents were accordingly instructed to be "diplomatic." The investigation continued for 14 months more, suffering fits and starts after renewed complaints from Brown & Root. Then, on January 13, 1944, the ubiquitous Alvin Wirtz, who had served as FDR's undersecretary of the Interior (on Johnson's recommendation) and was back again as Brown & Root's attorney, accompanied Congressman Johnson to the White House for a chat with the President. That afternoon Elmer Irey, the Treasury Department enforcement chief, phoned Dallas to say the President wanted a full report on the investigation; the next morning the Brown & Root file was teletyped to Irey in Washington and shown to Roosevelt. And three days later, a new agent was sent to the Dallas IRS office, and a series of conferences were held to assess Brown & Root's overall tax liability. The proposed assessment of $1,062,184, plus a fraud penalty of $531,092, was reduced to $372,000. The investigation was over.

How much of Brown & Root's million dollars in delinquent taxes represented illegally deducted personal or campaign contributions to Johnson was not disclosed. But whatever they may have paid, it is clear that the Browns have reaped a consistently high return on their investment in Lyndon Johnson. As for the contested tax returns of Brown & Root, Victoria Gravel and their implicated employees, they have, fortuitously, disappeared. The records were moved to a quonset hut in South Austin which somehow caught fire and burned to the ground on June 5, 1953. Destroyed were all those disputed tax returns—or so it was said.

The Browns, as we have seen, were heavily dependent on Johnson for the war contracts that made them rich. But when peace was declared in '45, someone turned down the valve on the government's bloody money pipeline, and it became once again apparent that Lyndon Johnson in the Senate would be considerably more valuable than Lyndon Johnson in the House. War contracts depend for their very existence on a war policy, and no one had better credentials as a war politician than Johnson. From the beginning of his congressional career, Johnson fought as insistently as anyone for heavy increases in arms spending. In the late '30s and early '40s, he was one of FDR's Number One Hawks. In the late '40s he was among the first to call attention to the "Russian menace" and push for massive Cold War appropriations. His perennial concern for defense is typified by a speech he gave in Congress on March 15, 1948, on behalf of the Air Force, the rising Texas aircraft industry, and above all his contractor friend who would build the bases. "No matter what else we have of offensive or defensive weapons," he said, "without superior air power America is a bound and throttled giant, impotent and easy prey to any yellow dwarf with a pocket knife."

Lyndon was in his fifth term when O'Daniel's Senate seat fell vacant in 1948. The detailed story of Johnson's fraudulent, 87-vote run-off victory over Governor Coke Stevenson in that primary has been told before—the 203 late-arriving "extra" votes from Precinct 13 of Jim Wells County (202 of them for Johnson), cast by a few dead Mexicans and some live persons who "voted," curiously enough, virtually in alphabetical order. The maneuvers by LBJ's campaign manager John Connally to stymie an investigation are also a matter of public

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record. Less well known is the fact that Connally was an Alvin Wirtz law partner and a Brown & Root attorney, and that altogether, George and Herman Brown were a major factor in Johnson's '48 victory. They contributed heavily to his campaign, together with representatives of the aircraft industry, and donated the use of company aircraft. When the state Democratic executive committee met to certify candidates for the rubber-stamp November elections, it was one of the Browns' closest business collaborators—Charles I. Francis—who argued the case for Johnson. (It was Francis who, in 1947, engineered the sale of the government's war-built Big Inch and Little Big Inch pipelines to the Brown-controlled Texas Eastern Transmission Corporation, today the nation's third largest gas pipeline company, with Francis as stockholder and director and George Brown as chairman of the board.) Francis argued the case again in federal district court, this time losing. Federal Judge T. Whitfield Davidson, finding *prima facie* evidence of "fraud in the manipulation and counting of votes" in Precinct 13, issued a temporary injunction prohibiting the secretary of state from putting Johnson's name on the ballot, and opened a federal court investigation.

When Johnson took his case directly to the U.S. Supreme Court and Justice Hugo Black—who, after a hasty hearing in his chambers, ruled in Johnson's favor, canceling the Davidson investigation—it was Francis again, together with New Deal/big business attorney Abe Fortas (now on the Supreme Court), who presented his case. Directing the battle in Texas were Alvin Wirtz and Ed Clark. The same Alvin Wirtz who helped quash the IRS investigation of Brown & Root contributions to Johnson's '41 campaign and whose law partner, Ben H. Powell Jr., became senior vice president and general counsel of Brown & Root. The same Ed Clark who managed Johnson's first campaign for Congress; whose law partner, Donald Thomas, runs the Brazos-Tenth Street Co., widely believed to be a front for part of LBJ's estimated $14 million personal fortune; and who is today Lyndon's ambassador to Australia, lobbying for Texas business investment down under. These were the very same Alvin Wirtz and Ed Clark whose law firms have histories as highly paid lobbyists and counsel for Brown & Root.

[THE BEAUTIFUL THING ABOUT A WAR . . .]

Texas is a state with one senator from Standard Oil and one senator from Brown & Root—WAYNE MORSE, 1953.

THE BEAUTIFUL THING about a war, for a company like this, is that it's always good for business—before, during and after. The flow of jobs to Brown & Root did not stop with the Japanese surrender. There was the reconstruction; more important still, the huge new foreign markets opening up for America, the only major capitalist country to survive the war with its economy intact. The war had not only built the likes of Brown & Root, Kaiser and Reynolds into large, diversified concerns; it had also crippled our foreign competitors, permitting an immense American business expansion abroad. Thus, Brown & Root, once a creature of the government contract, did only 12 per cent of its business with the government in 1966, by the company's own calculations. The rest was for private industry in the United States and more than 36 foreign countries and territories, as well as for foreign governments. But that 12 per cent figure can be misleading if we fail to consider the size of the Browns' holdings, and their more than a billion dollars worth of business over the last 27 years in direct support of war.

One of their first postwar jobs was the construction, with two other contractors, of Navy and Air Force bases on Guam, now a major logistical base for the Vietnam war. The Navy contract was for $130,000,000, but as usual this was far below the actual cost on completion. Before the job was over, Brown & Root was at work on the Pacific islands of Koror, Ponape, Turk and Saipan as well. The Cold War was on, and in the five years following Hiroshima an estimated $100 million in additional war work went the Browns' way, including a big job in Canada and Alaska rehabilitating the DEW line. During the Korean War, Brown & Root had an estimated $10 million cost-plus contract to overhaul medium tanks, and another to machine turrets and hulls for new medium tanks.

Johnson, meanwhile, was moving with unprecedented speed up the Senate ladder—from Democratic whip (1951), to minority leader (1953), to majority leader after his reelection in 1954. He was also a member of the Armed Services Committee and, after 1950, chairman of the Preparedness Subcommittee—all of which put him in an admirable position to influence the award of defense contracts. Moreover, Johnson was Eisenhower's most valued lieutenant in the Senate, and Lyndon in turn had great pull with the President. Their close alliance was not in the least unusual. They were sympathetic to essentially the same interests—big oil and natural gas, big utilities, big aerospace and defense contractors—the same "military-industrial complex" that Ike waited until his farewell address to excoriate. It was not surprising, therefore, that Brown & Root won a healthy pile of contracts from the Eisenhower Administration. For when Ike carried Texas over Adlai Stevenson in '52 and '56, he did it not only with the behind-the-scenes support of Lyndon's Boy, John Connally, but with that of George and Herman Brown. And when contract time came, Ike could scarcely have forgotten the benevolent neutrality, during those campaigns, of Senator Johnson himself.

The '50s saw Brown & Root fighting on at least two fronts—the hot war in Korea and the Cold War in Europe. With partners, the company was management contractor under the Air Force for the construction of nine NATO air bases in France, a $200 million-plus contract. Then came Spain, where Brown & Root teamed up with Raymond International and Walsh Construction Co. on a $357 million cost-plus contract awarded by the Navy. The Houston Post reported that more than 150 companies had competed for the job. Brown-Raymond-Walsh, as the consortium was known, built four major U.S. Air Force bases, a large naval base and complete support facilities, ranking among the top 40 military prime contractors.

The U.S. General Accounting Office (GAO) was not too happy with Brown-Raymond-Walsh (BRW). In reports issued in 1960 and 1963, the GAO accused the contractors of overcharging the government $6.7 million by claiming (and collecting) excessive administrative costs. The charges, in keeping with the staid character of the GAO, were diplomatically couched. In December 1960, the GAO reported to Congress that when part of the contract was converted from a "cost-plus-fee" to a "fixed price" basis, the fixed price included "administrative cost allowances . . . about $6.7 million in excess of reasonable estimates. . . ." Included in this amount was $3,875,000 the contractors collected from the Navy for

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expenses incurred at their *home* offices. But under the fixed price agreement, the allowance for "home office expenses" had been specifically set at a $535,000 ceiling. In other words, Brown-Raymond-Walsh had conned the government out of $3,340,000 on this item alone, money the Navy was not contractually obligated to pay, but which it did with no questions asked. The GAO contended that the three contractors had simply charged off a portion of their normal home office overhead to the BRW contract. "We found no evidence," said the GAO, "and BRW has presented none, to show that the home offices of the individual joint venturers performed any significant services for which they had not been otherwise adequately reimbursed." Another item on the GAO list was $463,000 in "bonuses paid to American employees," which BRW had agreed would be paid out of profits but which was claimed as contract costs. Again, the Navy did not question it: they paid it.

The GAO charges were specific and essentially unchallenged, and the Navy promised to do something about it. A Navy official informed a congressional subcommittee that as of April 1, 1961, the Navy had recovered $5.1 million of the excessive allowances in breathtakingly simple fashion: by placing additional work with BRW with "little or no allowance for the contractor's related administrative costs."

But the GAO charged in its 1963 report that the Navy had "overstated the amount of recovery by $2.1 million" by juggling the terms of the contract and its change orders. "The Navy's actual recovery by placing additional work under the contract was about $3 million," the report said, pointing out that some of the Navy's claimed recovery of excessive costs resulted from duplicate accounting of jobs already performed. The GAO clearly implied that the Navy's preposterous $2.1 million "error" in BRW's favor was deliberate. To the GAO the errors were "evident" and "obvious." Moreover, the GAO report stated that when BRW finally terminated operations in May 1962, the Navy still had not recovered the outstanding $3.7 million from the contractor. While the GAO was urging Defense Secretary McNamara to "initiate any action which may be available to him, and is necessary, to obtain . . . recovery of the excessive administrative costs now outstanding," the Navy blandly stated its opinion that "the contractor is under no legal obligation to effect any refund. . . ."

It is significant that throughout the Spain bases controversy the secretary of the Navy was John Connally, whose association with Brown & Root has been as close and longstanding as Lyndon's. (In Connally's 1964 primary campaign for governor of Texas, George Brown and his executives were to report contributions of $4500; associates of the First City National Bank of Houston, in which Brown has sizable holdings and influence, reported individual contributions to Connally in excess of $9500; Brown & Root's Washington lobbyist, Frank Oltorf, also contributed.) As a result, Brown & Root and co-venturers were in a much better position to silence the unpleasant business than the GAO was to keep it alive. One would have thought, at least, that the Pentagon would be wary of awarding future contracts to such obvious predators on the public treasury. But Raymond International and Brown & Root were promptly hired for one of the biggest base-building jamborees in history—Vietnam. Once again, the eagle-eyed GAO looked into the books, and came up with a report on contractor irregularities that made Spain look like small potatoes.

[THE CIA'S "BROWN & ROOT DIMENSIONS"]

When Houstonians want to refer to something gigantic, they often describe it as being "of Brown & Root dimensions." But the Browns hardly ever sought publicity—for good reason, as we have seen. Houston man-about-town columnist George Fuermann tells of a rare interview George Brown once granted to Time magazine. Brown gave one of three answers to all significant questions: 1) "I'm not informed on that"; 2) "I don't know"; and 3) "No."

Brown & Root's assets and income have climbed geometrically from the early road contracting days. Balance sheets filed at the secretary of state's office in Austin show assets of $658,000 on December 31, 1935 (with a net profit for that year of $122,000), and $1,147,000 on December 31, 1937, after the New Deal contracts began to flow in. War contracts brought the corporation's June 30, 1942 assets to $5,332,000, and that excludes Brown Shipbuilding Co., its biggest war breadwinner. The last balance sheet on file, dated October 31, 1954 (before the Spain contracts), gives a profit-loss surplus of $13,271,000 and assets of $27,497,000. The figures are those reported by the company and do not include the concealed assets for which the Browns were famous.

With Herman Brown's death in 1962, George sold the company for an alleged $36,745,000 to the Halliburton Company, the world's leading oil and gas service company, acquiring Halliburton stock in the process. Brown & Root continues to operate independently as a subsidiary of Halliburton. According to the authoritative Engineering News Record, Brown & Root alone did $639 million worth of business in 1965, $211 million of it outside the U.S.

All over the world, wherever big money is spent, George Brown has holdings. His interests own or control companies dealing in insurance, real estate and banking, as well as oil and gas production, distribution and service. They control Texas Eastern Transmission, which after the war bought up the government-built Big Inch and Little Big Inch pipelines for $143 million—a fraction of present value—and grew to a net worth of more than $1.1 billion in 1966. The acquisition made the Browns a power in the oil industry, and it was through them that Johnson's intimate ties with the industry developed. Throughout his career, George Brown has "remembered" his political friends. In one bank, the Capital National in Austin, Brown interests were co-stockholders as of 1964 with Ed Clark, Lyndon's ambassador to Australia; former Texas governors Allan Shivers and Dan Moody; two Johnson-controlled trust funds; and the Brazos-Tenth Street Co. The Browns used to control the $91 million bank (Herman was board chairman), but control has passed to what Texans call the "Johnson group." It is part of what appears to be a concerted drive by Johnson to acquire control of central Texas banking.

But if Brown was willing to give Lyndon his little bank in Austin, he is still a major power in Houston banking, with substantial holdings in the $900 million First City National Bank and reported interests in at least six others. Moreover, he has long ago ceased being a strictly Texas tycoon. He is not only board chairman of Brown & Root and Texas Eastern Transmission, but a director of International Telephone and Telegraph, ARMCO Steel, TWA and other corporate giants. And there is no telling how much Brown has invested under little-

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known "street names," set up by banks to disguise ownership of companies by corporate buccaneers.

Another interesting family enterprise is the Brown Foundation, to which Herman bequeathed much of his holdings and which acquired most of the $36 million paid by the Halliburton Co. for Brown & Root. Assets as of mid-1965 were reported at $74,490,000. Aside from the Foundation's tax-free business investments ($55,882,000 in corporate stocks alone), it has contributed to the Lyndon B. Johnson State Park and heavily to oil-rich Rice University. It also contributed to the Vernon Fund, a CIA conduit in Washington ($95,000 in 1960; $150,000 in 1962), and to the CIA's Radio Free Europe. Especially intriguing are the Brown Foundation gifts to the American Friends of the Middle East (AFME), a CIA-supported group working closely with various Arab countries—where Brown & Root and other Brown-affiliated companies do a healthy business servicing the oil industry. The first donation to AFME on record was $50,000 in 1960. Not long afterward, Brown & Root won a contract to lay oil pipelines in Saudi Arabia for the Arabian-American Oil Co., a consortium of U.S. oil companies—itself a contributor to AFME. There followed a $50,000 donation to AFME in 1962 and another for $150,000 in 1964, as the Near East contracts continued to flow in. It is a short step from backing Lyndon to helping the CIA subsidize the propaganda activities of Arab governments.

Iraq, Kuwait, Libya, Saudi Arabia, Egypt—wherever the oil is, Brown is, too. But his self-interest in helping pro-Arab causes is not limited to immediate contract benefits. As Thomas D. Cabot, head of the Boston-based Cabot Foundation (which also contributed to AFME) and the Cabot Corporation (which extracts carbon black from Middle East oil), wrote in the Christian Science Monitor in 1953: "Oil is the key to war, the Middle East the key to adequate oil, and [pre-Nasser] Egypt the key to the Middle East. We need the friendship of Egypt. . . ." Since one of the apparent aims of the CIA is to make the world safe for U.S. business, it is small wonder that a man like George Brown would cooperate.

Brown's interests were also peripherally involved in other CIA funding operations. William A. Smith, a director of Brown's Texas Eastern Transmission Corporation and senior board chairman of Southern National Bank (a Texas Eastern property), was a founder and trustee of one of AFME's principal benefactors, the San Jacinto Fund. This mysterious tax-exempt foundation received large contributions from anonymous sources and dispensed them to such CIA favorites as AFME (which received $500,000 from the Fund in 1960-61) and the National Student Association. Headquarters for the Fund were in Houston's San Jacinto Building, downstairs from the offices of the Brown Foundation and several of George's oil companies.

Other elements of the Houston corporate aristocracy associated with Brown in banking and business ventures also volunteered to provide secret conduits for CIA money. The interlocking ties are of bewildering complexity. One such conduit is the M.D. Anderson Foundation, which shares with Brown and the Brown Foundation major holdings in Houston's First City National Bank and owns stock in the Brown-affiliated American General Insurance Co. (whose board chairman, Gus Wortham, is a longtime friend and financier of Lyndon Johnson). LBJ's pal Leon Jaworski, an attorney for big eastern interests in Texas, is an M.D. Anderson trustee; his law partner, John H. Freeman, is the foundation's president. A close banking associate of the M. D. Anderson Foundation, Ernest Cockrell Jr., is a founder and trustee of the San Jacinto Fund. With George Brown on the First City National board are two executives of Quintana Petroleum Corporation, whose vice president, Douglas B. Marshall, set up the Marshall Foundation, a pipeline for government subsidies to AFME and other CIA charities. George Brown lunches regularly, since Herman's death, with Oveta Culp Hobby, Eisenhower's first secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, publisher of the Houston Post, friend of LBJ—and founder of the Hobby Foundation, another CIA conduit to AFME. George A. Butler, a director of Texas Eastern Transmission and other Brown-affiliated companies, as well as of the Houston Post, is a Hobby Foundation trustee. William P. Hobby, Oveta's son and another foundation trustee, readily admitted the CIA link. And he probably summed up the sentiments of George Brown and all these millionaire beneficiaries of federal largesse when he said: "We are glad to have done it and proud to have been of service to the federal government."

[GEORGE BROWN AND ALBERT THOMAS WORK A LITTLE DEAL]

PRACTICALLY ALL LARGE CORPORATIONS are "political," but Brown & Root is an extra-special case. For years Herman Brown ran the Texas legislature as a one-man show, employing two or three full-time lobbyists plus a stable of lobbyist-lawyers. "You couldn't get *any* bill through the legislature," recalls an Austin lawyer, "without the okay of Herman's lobbyists." Texas journalist Hart Stilwell wrote of Brown in The Nation in 1951: "Politically he is already the most powerful man in Texas and close to bossing the entire state." When trade unions tried to organize some of Herman's companies, he pushed a bill through the legislature making union shops illegal, and in 1950 arranged for a court order enjoining 92 unions from picketing any of his jobs. (The term "Brown & Root job" is a household expression among Texas workingmen used to describe anything distasteful or unrewarding.) State highway contracts ($100 million in 1950) cascaded Brown's way. Tax laws were written by the Texas Research League and "ratified" by the legislature; the league, which saw to it that Texas got more annual revenue from cigarettes than from oil and gas, consisted of Brown, his close allies, Humble Oil and Texas Gulf Sulphur, and a roster of the major economic powers of the state. This was the Brown machine, or the Johnson machine, as it was later called. It ran the state and brooked no interference.

Texas of the '40s and early '50s was still a state where industrial safety and the minimum wage were practically communist demands, and Herman Brown wanted to keep it that way. He could be vindictive to those who opposed him. When Stuart Long, a popular Austin radio commentator on station KVET, started making pro-labor noises, Herman had him fired. That was easy, for the chief owner of KVET was John Connally. KVET had been established as a satellite of Lady Bird Johnson's radio station KTBC, located (where else?) in Herman's very own Brown Building in downtown Austin. Later, as LBJ grew in power, Texas Democratic politicians would tell how they had incurred Lyndon's wrath after crossing paths with Herman Brown.

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Wherever the power is, the Browns have sought it out, cultivated it, incorporated it as another political subsidiary—from the lowest levels of Houston government on up. Their machine supports candidates for school board, legislature, Congress, with the full force of the Brown & Root organization. Contributions are made in curious ways. One common practice is an "annual safety show" organized by one of the city's political law firms, for which Brown & Root will buy a (tax-deductible) block of $7.50 tickets for its employees. Grass-roots political organizing is another Brown specialty. Employees are encouraged to address personal postcards to their friends (postage paid by the company), urging them to vote for company-approved candidates. Saturation mailings giving the Brown & Root line on political issues are dispatched from such organizations as the "Conservative Action Club" at 4100 Clinton Drive, the company offices. C. D. Stephens, the company's full-time political education officer, holds regular indoctrination briefings for employees. The Brown & Root house organ, although occasionally prone to lapse into mystical conservatism, stated the company's political principles quite concretely in a recent issue. "Where a political issue directly affects the conduct of business," it said, "whatever benefits one employee of Brown & Root affects *all* employees—whether vice president or craftsman. Legislation harmful to the aggregate productivity and profits of Brown & Root people is harmful to each."

Those principles were rigorously applied last year to two congressional primary races in Houston. The incumbents, Albert Thomas and Bob Casey, who had represented Brown & Root in Congress for years, were threatened with an uprising of Texas liberals who wanted nothing to do with Brown. One of the challengers, Attorney Bill Kilgarlin, described the two campaigns: "On election day, Brown & Root had three handbill-pushers in practically every precinct in the two districts—about 350 of their employees in all, by rough count—and getting overtime because it was Saturday. Their foremen had set it up. They were driven to the polls and told they would be picked up when the polls closed to be taken back to the Brown & Root grounds. It was just their job for the day." When the results were in, George Brown had won a split decision. His boy Casey was reelected. His boy Thomas unfortunately died, and his stand-in lost—despite the full-time assistance of C. D. Stephens, Brown & Root's agit-prop specialist, and despite Brown's personal intervention with Oveta Culp Hobby to ensure the endorsement of the Houston Post.

There is a story that George Brown kept two dogs at the Huntlands, his estate in Virginia where Senator Johnson had his near-fatal heart attack in 1955. One dog was called "Albert," the other, "Thomas," and when Lyndon would drop in for a visit, which was often, George would stoop, snap his fingers and call, "Here, Albert. Here, Thomas." Lyndon, reportedly, was invariably amused. The unkind anecdote is surprising, because Albert and George had been close friends ever since they were classmates at Rice University in Houston. George, moreover, had taken $500,000 of Brown Foundation money and founded the Albert Thomas Chair of Political Science at Rice—most appropriate, for Thomas was a genius at the kind of business proxyship that passes for politics in America. As chairman of the Independent Offices Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, he had virtual life or death power over funding for Civil Defense, the Veterans Administration and NASA, among other agencies. When President Kennedy was on his Civil Defense kick, he discovered that Thomas didn't believe in Civil Defense, and that until he made a believer of the congressman no amount of presidential pounding would shake an appropriation out of Thomas' subcommittee. Kennedy failed to convince him and Civil Defense became a dead issue. It was perhaps Kennedy's mistake that he neglected to guarantee Brown & Root a piece of the civil defending.

Kennedy was also keen on space, but again Albert Thomas was not so keen. Some appropriations went through, others were held up, interminably it seemed to Kennedy, particularly the Manned Spacecraft Center for which some 20 cities were clamoring. The logical place for the space center was near the launching pad at Cape Canaveral, Florida, certainly not on a treeless coastal plain 22 miles from Houston, just outside Thomas' district. But realism intervened, Houston won the space center and Thomas, thereafter, was an enthusiastic convert to space. Also helpful in the award were the chairman of the National Aeronautics and Space Council, Lyndon Johnson; a member of the House Science and Astronautics Committee, Bob Casey, of Houston; and that man with a passion for anonymity, George R. Brown. Marvin Hurley, of the Houston Chamber of Commerce, writes about it in his book, *Decisive Years for Houston:* "Early in June, 1961 . . . I heard rumors of some type of new installation for the nation's space effort, and made calls at the office of Vice-President Johnson and upon Congressmen Albert Thomas and Bob Casey. . . . The inspection team conducted its investigation a few weeks later. . . . George R. Brown was especially effective in working out site arrangments with Congressman Thomas."

The land on which the space center was to be built belonged to Humble Oil & Refining Co., largest oil company in Texas (now a subsidiary of Jersey Standard) and an old political and business friend of Brown & Root. "Mother Humble" was apparently prey to the same charitable impulses that led the Rockefellers to give a parcel of New York's East River slum land to the United Nations, only to see their surrounding real estate skyrocket in value. Humble Oil's donation of 1000 acres to NASA was arranged through Rice University; George Brown, chairman of the board of trustees, was a key figure in the negotiations. In the process, Humble, Rice and Brown made a killing. Not only did Humble's surrounding land values go up, but its real estate subsidiary snatched plenty of business building an industrial park at nearby Bayport on the Houston Ship Channel; recreational facilities, and a huge housing development (for which Johnson crony Jack Valenti, a former Humble employee, won the advertising contract). Rice University won a government-subsidized space science department, and became a NASA contractor, very much like any other business.

Brown & Root, of course, was a prime contractor in building the $250 million center. And it has, with the Northrop Corporation, a continuing scientific maintenance contract awarded over nine other bidders and now worth $10 million a year. NASA awarded another maintenance contract to Darius Field, a Brown & Root subsidiary and one of the few unionized jobs in the entire company. But Brown & Root's space winnings did not stop with the government contracts. The company performed about 80 per cent of last year's heavy highway and industrial construction in space center suburbs, built a $1 million "spaceland airpark," began a $100 million project to

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develop nearby Nassau Bay, and was the principal contractor in Humble Oil's $900 million project at Bayport. And all because George Brown was "especially effective in working out site arrangements" with Congressman Albert Thomas.

[$1000 TICKETS TO THE WHITE HOUSE DOOR]

ANOTHER AGENCY SUBJECT to the whims of Thomas and his subcommittee was the National Science Foundation (NSF), which in 1962 awarded a most unusual contract to Brown & Root—digging a hole in the ocean floor four miles deep. Known as Project Mohole (or Project Rathole as one congressman termed it), it cost the government $55 million before it was scuttled. It seems that a group of scientists wanted to see what the rocks looked like, down where the earth's crust meets its mantle at a boundary known as the "Mohorovicic discontinuity," or Moho. A hole through the Moho would be, of course, a Mohole, and the scientists wanted to get going on it immediately. Some even raised the frightening possibility that the Russians might get there first. Bidding on the Mohole were some of our leading corporations, including five oil companies, General Electric and Aerojet General. To them any immediate profit from the contract was as nothing; what counted was the technical knowledge to be acquired from drilling a hole of unprecedented depth from a floating platform, and the competitive advantage for the company that won the job.

Brown & Root's bid was late and unexpected. Its proposal, in contrast to the detailed, technical outlines of other bidders. was sketchy. Rated by a panel of experts on a 1000-point scoring system, taking into account "drilling experience" and, of all things, "responsiveness to the public interest," Brown & Root placed fifth, more than 100 points behind the leader, Socony Mobil. By the time the contestants had been rated and re-rated, and after NSF consultations with Albert Thomas, who held the purse strings, the bid procedure was dropped and the contract *negotiated*—with Brown & Root, at a price almost double the low bid. NSF explained that, although Socony Mobil and another contestant had the deep drilling experience that Brown & Root lacked, awarding the contract to an oil company would give it an "unfair competitive advantage" in the industry. Surely NSF members were aware that George Brown was already a power in the oil industry; if they were not, they must have found out during the ensuing controversy when President Johnson appointed the president of Humble Oil to the NSF board. And six months later, Brown & Root merged with Halliburton, the world's largest supplier of oil-well services and equipment, and prepared to get an education in deep well drilling—at government expense.

Mohole was a subject of congressional outrage throughout its four-year life, as estimated cost on completion rose to three times the original contract price. Its most fervent support came from representatives of Texas, Utah and California, where contracts were let, and Hawaii, where the hole was to be drilled. But even the outraged seemed motivated largely by pique over the failure of favored companies to win the award—like Senator Allott, of Colorado, where Socony Mobil has an installation. Funds for the project were blocked briefly, but with Albert Thomas at the valve they didn't stay shut off for long. The project went ahead slowly. For Brown & Root, assured of a $1.8 million fixed fee and a cut on the subcontracting, Mohole had lower priority than its bigger contracts, first NASA and then Vietnam. In 1965 it let a $30 million subcontract for the drilling platform to National Steel and Shipbuilding, of San Diego. Unsurprisingly, National Steel is 50 per cent owned by Morrison-Knudsen, Brown & Root's partner in Vietnam, and 50 per cent owned by Kaiser Industries, an old Johnson ally with a base-building contract in Thailand.

The Mohole controversy blew hot again on May 5, 1966 when, after Albert Thomas' death, the House Appropriations Committee refused to approve $19.7 million in additional Mohole funds requested by the President. Congressman Casey, of Brown & Root and Houston, who had two family members on the Mohole payroll (and who, like Johnson, made a habit of flying around the country in Brown company planes), failed in a last valiant attempt to save it. By the time the House considered the Mohole funding again in August, a timely $23,000 contribution to the President's Club by George Brown's family was already public knowledge, and Mohole was definitely scrapped. President's Club reports showed that Brown's three daughters and their husbands made six donations totaling $23,000, all on May 13—eight days after the Appropriations Committee killed the Mohole funding and six days *before* President Johnson made a special appeal for the money. This was also more than two weeks after the President's Club dinner in Houston, by which time most of the city's party patrons had recorded their contributions. Brown himself had contributed $2000 the week before this dinner. "We do things in a family way," said Brown of his daughters' benefactions.

Brown's executives also do things in a family way: Brown & Root president Herbert Frensley donated $1000 to the club (at the same time sending telegrams to congressmen urging their support for Mohole), and Texas Eastern Transmission vice president John F. Lynch kicked in $2000 during the same period. (Other 1966 contributions to the club included $10,000 from W. W. Heath, a millionaire Austin businessman, lobbyist and lawyer whom Johnson appointed this year as ambassador to Sweden; $1000 from Leon Jaworski, LBJ's crony and trustee of the CIA-serving M.D. Anderson Foundation, who is reportedly under consideration for the next vacant seat on the U.S. Supreme Court; and $1000 from H. B. Zachry, a San Antonio builder with a fat war contract in Thailand.)

Rarely has the facade of our corporation government been lifted so dramatically as during the Mohole/President's Club debates. "Influence peddling" is much too weak a phrase to describe the chronic and wholesale purchase of government officials by large corporations, which had gone on for three-quarters of a century before the President's Club was even a gleam in Lyndon's eye. Yet it went unnoticed by most Americans, except perhaps Texans, whose oral tradition is rich with satire about the raw exercise of corporate power in government. Today that power has increased to a point where discretion is no longer thought necessary.

The new brashness was first evidenced during the 1964 Democratic National Convention with the sale of high-priced corporation ads in the convention program, estimated to have enriched party coffers by more than a million dollars. More recently, such elephantine government contractors as Hughes Aircraft and Lockheed paid $15,000 a page to advertise in a Johnson-inspired guide to the Great Society. But the President's Club, by far the biggest Democratic fund raiser, is the nerviest

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of them all. It collected more than $4 million between the '64 election and September of last year alone. And it's exclusive: only contributors of $1000 or more can join. Clifton Carter, a Johnson troubleshooter since the '30s and, until August 1966, executive director of the Democratic National Committee, explained the club to prospective members at meetings held last year in major cities. "Members," he said, "are assured of a direct relationship with President Johnson. Members who want to talk to the President, the vice president, or one of their assistants have only to contact my office. Members will immediately be put in contact with whomever they want to reach."

Carter said Johnson uses members "to solicit advice" in making appointments and "in developing a consensus on important domestic and foreign issues." At a meeting of wealthy Democratic Party patrons in San Antonio, Carter said the club would be used "to strengthen the President's hand as he builds your kind of Democratic Party." He said they could have confidence that Johnson himself would decide on the distribution of club funds to 1966 congressional candidates; the implication was that Johnson's favorites would receive more campaign money than other candidates of the party. By this time, Carter and Johnson had moved to ensure close control of President's Club operations. Nine months before the big '66 donations began to roll in, Johnson had already taken the membership list out of the hands of party treasurer Richard Maguire, and named the secretary of Marvin Watson, his trusted aide, as its custodian.

The Brown family's well-timed gift was one of several similar "coincidences" to come out during the House debate on the President's Club, all well-reported in the press. Among them was the case of the Anheuser-Busch brewery, which had an anti-trust suit against it dismissed a few weeks after company officials and their wives gave $10,000 to the club. Of course, not all the President's Club donors stood to gain quite so immediately from their gifts to LBJ's war chest. There were long-term gainers too, like defense contractors H. B. Zachry and George Brown. According to Defense Department figures, Texas' share of military prime contracts jumped from 4.0 per cent in the 1962 fiscal year ($1 billion), to 6.6 per cent in fiscal 1966 ($2.3 billion); Texas moved in the same period from the seventh to the third-ranking state in war profiteering, right behind California and New York. It is perhaps not unrelated that of all contributions to the President's Club in the first five months of 1966, more than half were from the Texas rich.

Republican Congressman Donald Rumsfeld of Illinois was shocked. "The continuing revelations of 'coincidences,' " he said, "which attract the most unlikely business and political bedfellows to the privacy and intimacy of the President's Club, certainly would suggest to all but the most innocent mind that the President's Club is where the action is." He took the cases of Anheuser-Busch and George Brown (whom he called a "prime mover in the Houston cell of the President's Club"); added Cliff Carter's statements about club members' hot-line privileges and influence at the White House, and threw them in Lyndon Johnson's lap. "If that isn't the implication the President wants the club to have," he said, "he has only to so state. He has not so stated." Three days later at a press conference, Johnson did issue a perfunctory denial, although indirectly, and ducked all direct questions about the club. Said the President: "You can expect to hear political charges of this kind until November." And he was right, in part, because after November nobody said much about the President's Club any more.

[VIETNAM—THE BUSINESS OF PATRIOTISM]

Mohole is little more than a drop in the Brown & Root bucket. —GEORGE R. BROWN, August 1966

The capacity of the Brown & Root bucket is certainly vast, even by Texas standards. And it may prove to be bottomless as well.—CONGRESSMAN DONALD RUMSFELD

ACROSS FROM THE CATHEDRAL in Saigon at the headquarters of RMK-BRJ, the biggest war construction combine in history, a vinegary lady from Texas was leafing through the atlas-sized folders of names, badge numbers and IBM code data. "Who do you want to see? What are their badge numbers? Well, they've all been surplused. You know, shipped home."

Fifteen miles away at Bien Hoa, the Brown & Root construction stiffs were sitting around the mess hall talking. "When they don't need you any more they surplus you, like an old generator; but you don't care, because you're only in Vietnam for the money anyway, and the money's good." He was still drunk from the night before, but for him as for most of "the horrible ones," as American construction foremen are called, drink was a refuge from any vestigial qualms of conscience. "We're just building all this for the VC anyway. They'll take it over when the time comes. Already we're paying 'taxes' to the VC, to keep our equipment on the road. Half our Vietnamese work force are VC, come to work in the morning half-asleep because they've been up all night shooting mortars, and they steal us blind. But Brown & Root don't care: they'd build bases for the devil himself if the fee was good."

When Brown & Root came to Vietnam in August 1965 to help with the escalation it was like old home week. There (since 1962) were Raymond International, its partner in the Spain base-building, and Morrison-Knudsen, its partner in an $86 million federal dam project at Los Banos, California. Joining them in August was J. A. Jones Construction, a Brown & Root teammate since they shared a $17 million Army pork-barrel contract to rehabilitate a South Dakota dam. Put them all together and it spells RMK-BRJ, responsible for $1.2 billion of Secretary McNamara's $1.6 billion "final price tag" on military construction in Vietnam. Morrison-Knudsen is the "managing partner," with 40 per cent of the take; Brown & Root, Jones and Raymond each own 20 per cent of the action. The action, of course, is almost over. After two years of frantic activity, more than a billion dollars of construction is already in place, leaving tiny South Vietnam littered with airfields, headquarters, barracks, and everywhere those eerie tropo-scatter antennas bringing George Orwell to the Southeast Asian jungles. Danang and Cam Ranh Bay, $150 million each and now two of the finest ports in Asia; a sprawling headquarters complex at Long Binh, including "the ole LBJ" as soldiers call the Long Binh military jail; a $1 million U.S. Embassy, with a helipad to spare Ambassador Bunker the dangers of the Saigon streets; and at Tan Son Nhut Airport, General Westmoreland's own $25 million "Pentagon West" (or Pentagon East as the *old* colonials call it)—RMK-BRJ-LBJ built them all. Even some of those Saigon streets.

Today, as the lady said, they're surplusing. From a peak

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employment of 51,000 last year—including 4100 Americans, 5800 Koreans and Filipinos (mostly skilled) and 41,000 Vietnamese—the work force has dwindled to about a fourth that size. But it was a good deal while it lasted—for the Americans, that is. With salaries ranging up to $2000 for engineers and averaging well over $1200, exemption from income tax if they stayed 18 months, and infinite possibilities for profit-making sidelines, it was the American Dream come true for those sour, noisy "stateside rejects."

But the high wages paid to attract skilled foreigners to the war zone did not represent any change in Brown & Root's traditionally venomous attitude toward labor—not that its partners or the Navy were any more beneficent. The combine depended on mass labor from the countryside. Wages paid to these workers, based on a 1957 scale and lower than the hourly rates local contractors were paying, would buy very little in the inflation economy of 1966. (RMK-BRJ, then the country's largest private employer, had helped to create that inflation, not only as an employer but through large-scale currency manipulations on the black market by its American staff.) A Vietnamese carpenter made $45 a month, the occasional chief accountant $210. The average Vietnamese wage was around $35. But the mass of the labor force, unskilled workers, were making as little as $21 a month—17 piastres or 8 cents an hour, at the real market exchange rate, for a 60-hour week. American employees earned on an average nearly 60 times the wage of Vietnamese laborers. The wage differential—4100 Americans with monthly earnings over $5 million; 41,000 Vietnamese drawing $1.4 million a month—is comparable only to the white-colored pay differential in South Africa.

In May of last year, when labor discontent erupted into 11 separate strikes or riots on company sites, there were charges—and some vague admissions—that Americans were treating their Vietnamese workers as slaves. Beatings were reported with monotonous regularity, and one worker was fatally shot by an American guard. Revealing was the well-organized strike of May 9 against the New Port outside Saigon, a $60 million project under the direction of Brown & Root, which had prime responsibility for Region III surrounding the capital. The strikers charged that a Brown & Root supervisor had "treated workers as slaves on five occasions," and demanded his removal. Courtney Roberts, the RMK-BRJ labor relations director, said their charges were "largely unfounded" but had the man transferred anyway. "Had their charges been made against some of our other Americans," he conceded, "they might have been justified."

In some areas it was common RMK-BRJ practice to do their hiring at nearby internment camps among the "refugees"—most of whom had been either forcibly removed from their homes in NLF-controlled areas in preparation for a U.S.-allied attack, or driven out by U.S. bombs. Recruiting these otherwise jobless people to build U.S. bases, after uprooting them from their land and source of livelihood, amounts, in the kindest terms applicable, to forced labor.

The Navy contract was of the "more-you-waste-the-more-you-profit-so-damn-the-cost" variety, or cost-plus-percent-of-cost. Until May of last year, it provided a profit of 3 per cent of the "estimated cost" of construction. (Estimated cost includes labor, overhead and all equipment and materials purchased by the contractor.) In May, the contract was converted; thereafter, profit was reduced to 1.7 percent of estimated cost, with an additional "incentive fee," based on a performance rating by the Navy, which could raise profits as high as 2.46 per cent. But "incentives" were awarded for speed, not economy; and for the first six months under the new arrangement, RMK-BRJ collected 2.31 per cent of most of the "incentive." All contract changes taken into account, the partners stand to make approximately $30 million in profit by the time their $1.2 billion project is completed. Brown & Root's share will come to about $6 million.

The partners insist they would much rather be somewhere else where the profit *rate* is higher, a somewhat questionable plea in view of the billion-dollar volume and the resulting dramatic rise in their gross profits. John P. Harbin, vice president of Brown & Root's parent Halliburton Company, said they agreed to go to Vietnam "mainly for patriotic reasons"; their business patriotism contributed to admitted 1966 revenues for Brown & Root 57 per cent higher than the previous year. Harbin said Brown & Root had been particularly reluctant to sign the Vietnam contract because it required the company to take out a $50,000 war risk insurance policy on every American employee. This couldn't have been too great a burden, however, since after April 1966 the Navy reimbursed the contractors for all war risk insurance premiums.

Morrison-Knudsen also adopted a patriotic stance. "While the return is not commensurate with the enormity of the effort involved," said a recent report to the stockholders, " . . we consider the company's role in the war zone as an obligation to our country and trust that stockholders wholeheartedly accept our position." The stockholders undoubtedly accepted the company's *income* position for the first half of 1966, because it was twice the figure reported the year before. Vietnam helped to pull Raymond International out of a *deficit* in the first six months of 1965 to its highest six-month earnings in this decade a year later. But even the sizable *reported* profits do not account for half the money these companies and their executives are sucking in from the Vietnam war. The reason? "air" in the costs.

In all fairness to the contractors, it should be said that they have put down an immense amount of construction in an unprecedentedly short period of time (reaching $3 million worth each *day* in the spring of 1967), under constant pressure from the military to speed it up and "damn the cost." This was an attitude shared by President Johnson, who a decade before had warned against letting the Korean War become a "bookkeeping war." As a result the bookkeeping was for a long time largely in the heads of RMK-BRJ officials, whose patriotism is, of course, unquestioned. But sometimes, in the scatter of construction, the confusion got out of hand. Witness this exchange from hearings of a Senate appropriations subcommittee earlier this year:

SENATOR SYMINGTON: Now when I was in Thailand talking to the Comptroller General's people out there, they said there was a private contract of $300 million and they had lost the records on $120 million of that amount. Do you know about that one?

SECRETARY MCNAMARA: A military contract?

SYMINGTON: Yes.

MCNAMARA: Never heard of it. . . .

SYMINGTON: Will you have somebody on your staff look into it?

MCNAMARA: Yes, indeed, I will.

Those particular missing records, for construction in Viet-

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nam and Thailand, were later found. But last year the Defense Department discovered it had "underestimated" the cost of projects authorized for Vietnam by more than *$200 million*. It was potentially a scandal to rival the Moroccan air bases fiasco of the '50s; I say "potentially," because the public heard little more than righteous titters from the press. On the other hand, there was no reason for anyone to be surprised. Morrison-Knudsen had been a prime contractor in the Moroccan bases con game; Brown & Root and Raymond International were partners in the tainted Spain bases consortium.

It was a $200 million misunderstanding that neither the Pentagon nor the contractors could adequately explain. The Navy did, however, rise heroically to the defense of RMK-BRJ. At a not-for-attribution news conference September 8, a "top Pentagon planner" declared: "The contractor has come to us and said, 'You're wrong.' He now needs $200 million more to finish the projects currently authorized, due to underestimations by the Air Force, Navy and Army." The Navy, of course, was the service responsible for the contract. And once again, as in Spain, the Navy acted to protect Brown & Root and other contractors accused of fraud.

The Pentagon's "admission of error" was based on the way the Navy's contract with RMK-BRJ was supposed to work, but it had little to do with the estimating procedures actually being followed in Saigon. Under the contract, the Navy was to negotiate each new project with the contractors to establish a definite cost estimate. The contractors were married to that estimate. Profit would be paid only on *estimated cost;* if actual costs rose above that figure, the contractors would be reimbursed for the additional costs but would earn no additional profit. The idea was to prevent the contractors from ballooning costs to swell their profits. In practice, however, it didn't work that way. On most projects during the 1965-66 escalation, the field work outpaced estimating procedures. Often the contractors would finish a job and use their version of *actual* costs as the estimate; as a result, profit was figured on actual cost, over which the Navy had exercised no scrutiny. The contractors were in effect setting their own profits.

Moreover, the Pentagon could say what they liked because there were no carefully audited books to contradict them. In fact RMK-BRJ's expenditures on the billion-dollar contract had hardly been audited at all. The U.S. comptroller general reported to Congress that the combine's Saigon records had been audited by a single Navy auditor up to June 1964, and by two Navy auditors on temporary duty from Tokyo between that date and September 1965. After January 1966, following a congressional howl, the Saigon audit staff was beefed up to a grand total of six Air Force officers and one clerk—all on 12-month tours. At RMK-BRJ's office in San Bruno, California, two civilians were handling all the auditing as of April 1966. With that kind of cost control, the contractors could not have asked for a freer hand. Although estimating, planning and accounting were all on a job-by-job basis—with each project to be allocated its share of total overhead costs—overhead costs were never allocated in any systematic way, and as a result RMK-BRJ could demand and get almost any reasonable-sounding figure for a job.

The consequence of such wild practices first became apparent in early summer 1966. In June, a Navy official supervising the contract predicted that if no further funds were forthcoming, the program could be bankrupt by January 1967—with only about 60 per cent of the assigned work having been completed. And in July, RMK-BRJ informed the military that they would be able to put only $590 million of construction "in place" by January—but would have spent $830 million to do it! The $830 million is approximately what the military had allocated at the time for completion of work assigned. The $590 million projection represented value of work-in-place since the beginning of the contract in 1962, and based on total costs. And the $240 million difference? "The result of poor planning and waste," said an RMK-BRJ official in September. The combine was "not allowed to amortize equipment and material over a longer time frame and a larger span of projects," said a former official of the consortium. Congressional critics charged that RMK-BRJ had "lost or wasted as much as $125 million worth of materials" alone by summer 1966.

When the GAO looked into the Vietnam wasp's nest, it came up with a shocking, 108-page summary report on contractor irregularities, many of them with the apparent complicity or benign indifference of the Navy—and each one serving to raise the cost, and profit, of the RMK-BRJ contract. But whatever the reasons for the disappearance of more than $200 million, the Pentagon obligingly reached into a reserve fund and plugged $204 million more back into Vietnam construction. The contractors, as far as we know, continued to collect their more than two per cent cost-plus on every dollar spent. And if the armed services may have been correct in taking the blame for their "underestimations," they also conveniently neglected to mention the contractors' evident *over*estimations.

[POSTSCRIPT]

THE STORY OF THE Brown & Root-Johnson team is a case study of big business control over American political life. Their connivance over the last 30 years may have been more blatant than usual, but it is not exceptional: it is representative. When Senator Johnson introduced a joint resolution on "acceleration of military construction" in 1958, he was joined as co-sponsors by *64 other senators*, each with a vested interest in a speedier flow of tax dollars to war contractors in their states. The resolution said: "It is hereby declared to be the sense of this Congress that all such military construction programs . . . should be accelerated to the greatest practicable extent. . . ." The main objectives of the resolution were to "reduce unemployment" and "put our productive facilities to fuller use," which in translation means a government subsidy to the giants of the defense industry. Such is the degree of concentration that the top nine prime military contractors in fiscal year 1966, including RMK-BRJ, accounted for *25 per cent* of the total $33.5 billion allocated for defense contracts.

"A large military-industrial complex dominates Congress," said Senator Fulbright last October. "All we in the Senate are trying to do is put some kind of limit on the power of the military-industrial complex to control the foreign policy of this nation," said Senator Eugene McCarthy. In preparing this article, RAMPARTS reporters were time and again astounded by the labyrinth of business-government connections into which we had stumbled, exceeding our wildest suspicions and going far beyond the scope of this essay. The saga of George Brown and Lyndon Johnson is only the prototype.

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Eric Hoffer: The Wizard of Was

by Peter Collier

[I. THE LONGSHOREMAN AS CULTURE HERO]

UNTIL ABOUT A YEAR AGO, Eric Hoffer was not only the most celebrated self-made man of letters in America but also a longshoreman working three days a week on the San Francisco waterfront. It was the kind of demanding work he has always liked, primarily because it brought him close to the energetic common men he considers the reason for this country's present greatness and promising future. What he calls the "masses" are, he insists, "lumpy with hidden talents."

Hoffer has lived among common men all of his nomadic adult life. He roamed California with them in the '20s doing a variety of odd jobs; in the '30s he followed the crops with those who became migratory farm workers; and he had a chance to observe them in more staid circumstances after settling down as a longshoreman at the onset of World War II. Hoffer proudly proclaims that his years have been spent among the only class morally capable of creating and maintaining this country's great historical tradition. "Only in America," he has written, "did the masses have a chance to show what they could do on their own, without masters to push them around."

He still manages to make his way down to the docks now and then, but on the whole, he has other ways to occupy his time, ways more in keeping with his fame as author of the best-selling books he wrote while still a laborer. He now has more leisure for his writing and for making selectively chosen public appearances. He also looks forward to his weekly informal meeting with students in his capacity as "Senior Research Professor" at the University of California.

Hoffer is clearly the stuff of which myths are made: an intellectual generalist who feels equally at ease drawing examples from Sumeric literature, for example, or from 19th century German philosophy, but who despises what he sees as an emerging "intellecracy"; a genuine, indigenous philosopher laureate for America who rigorously defends its most dubious battles—from the war in Vietnam to the war against black Newark—at its darkest hour.

And those in the mass-media, the myth-makers of our time, are definitely aware of what an exciting commodity Hoffer is. They pursue him with such zeal, in fact, that one often suspects they may be reacting not to what he has written but to the fact that he *has* written—reacting to the rare spectacle of a "common man" who insists on being taken seriously. Dr. Johnson's response to Boswell, who had mentioned a certain notable lady minister, comes to mind: "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on its hinder legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all."

But they smell a fable for our time in the making, and there is no denying them. With customary flamboyant abuse of language, the news magazines have defined Hoffer as a "blue collar Montaigne" and a "dockside Plato." His hometown newspaper, the San Francisco Examiner, features one of his pithy epigrams each week in its Sunday supplement beneath a bulky, Rodin-like photograph of the Common Philosopher, head bowed and a-thinking. And recently Hoffer was the subject of an hour-long television interview with Eric Sevareid of CBS, a program received favorably enough to be quickly scheduled for rebroadcast. "I was very surprised," Hoffer admits of his performance. "I don't own a television set, so I didn't see it. I don't even remember exactly what I said, just that I talked for a very long time. They tell me I delivered a sermon in defense of America." This fall, presumably after hearing himself apotheosized as "the foremost President of the 20th century," Lyndon Johnson invited Hoffer to the White House, where the two men walked briefly together in the corridors of power and then sat down for an enthusiastic 15-minute chat.

The time and circumstances are right for Eric Hoffer's emergence as guru to middle-class America. His incisive Yankee pragmatism is particularly appealing to a generation which has watched complexity escalate far beyond the common man's belief in his ability to deal with it. Hoffer's sincere face, lined with authoritative, *real* experience, and especially his improbable career—at this late date a startling validation of that infinite promise for self-realization once thought to be the major component of the American dream—both of these qualities are astringent for an age of vicariousness and inertia.

Of course Hoffer is not just a face and a phenomenon; he is a talented writer whose books have a very potent message indeed. And while the average longshoreman probably doesn't spent much time reading them, the book-buying middle class does. It finds in Hoffer confirmation of what it desperately wants to hear. It finds a literate, authentic voice which legitimizes its brooding suspicions about militant dissent which, in the last analysis, are to be shrugged off as little more than collective derangement.

[II. THE LONGSHOREMAN AS DEMONOLOGIST]

HOFFER HAS WRITTEN innumerable articles and three books since the appearance of *The True Believer* (1951), a book which has sold well over half a million copies. In each

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succeeding work, he seems to touch on a variety of issues, or at least so the diversity of chapter headings would suggest. But his central, almost obsessive concern is change and the people who make it. It is a concern he pursues with a polemicist's doggedness, a quality which makes each new work—despite the tone of dispassionate inquiry—into a broadside on behalf of the liberal status quo.

Hoffer does not worry much about change manifesting itself in methodical transitions from one version of established order to another. Violent, passionate, or, as he would have it, "drastic" change is the virus he seeks to isolate. And when he searches for an historical context which will yield examples for his polemic, he most often selects the era which created both Nazi Germany and Stalinist Russia. For Hoffer, the horrors of revolutionary change are best epitomized by the renaissance in totalitarianism which marked his own coming of age and the central trauma of his generation. He, for one, refuses to forget the nightmare; it directs, and at times seems to debase, the totality of his intellectual activity.

Hoffer deals with "drastic change" most systematically in *The True Believer*, although this theme is repeated so regularly throughout his later works that it tends to level the distinctions between books and qualify one's sense of his intellectual discoveries. The methodology, moreover—the logical rules he imposes on his game—is always the same. Rarely, if ever, does Hoffer choose to see change as a social response, a force attempting to compensate for some sort of imbalance or disease in the body politic. Instead, he views the desire for revolutionary change in terms of the motives and purity of heart of those who promote it. It is a technique which, understandably enough, results in his wholehearted damnation of the revolutionary spirit.

The "true believer," a descriptive phrase which Hoffer still finds useful to describe one engaged in revolutionary behavior, is a psychological transient, a "fanatic," seeking asylum from an identity he secretly abhors by attaching himself to a cause. He willingly makes himself cannon-fodder for "mass movements" whose decadent leadership provides him with a "new self." More often than not in this Hofferdrama, the new mass identity makes the true believer lethal; that is the rub. It allows him, as part of a like-minded group, to make a concerted assault against established order, that unmourned victim of collective neurosis. When revolutionary mass movements are successful, Hoffer says, their gains are invariably consolidated in a despotism which always manages to resemble that of the prototypical modern tyrants—Hitler and Stalin.

Hoffer's whole system luxuriates in that kind of romanticism which allows certain wars to be regarded as crusades or quests; it visualizes the human psyche in such demonological terms that the only reasonable response to a convicted true-believer would be to drive a stake through his heart. It is not surprising, in fact, that Hoffer's first book began to be popular in the '50s. It, too, is a species of witch-hunting, a relentless search for the true schismatic.

There is no doubting Hoffer's effectiveness when he is in the act of doing his ritual dance around a problem. His ability to raise even the most specific question to a level of abstract generality serves him well, especially when he is discussing something critical to present-day America. Only when a precise historical circumstance, Black Power for example, is wrenched violently out of the specific history which created it, can one hold it god-like in the palm of his hand and survey its geometrical imperfection, bemoaning the sorry motivation of those who make it work. When Hoffer says, as he often does, that we must "learn from history and not let it repeat itself," one never doubts the truth of the maxim, but still often suspects that it is an advertising tag he uses to promote his own systematic scheme of things.

In *The Temper of the Time*, Hoffer's latest collection of essays, there are a couple of sentences which suggest how his analysis of contemporary problems is so imprisoned in the rhetoric of bygone times that it becomes no analysis at all: "The plight of the Negro in America is that he is a Negro first and only secondly an individual. Only when the Negro community as a whole performs something that will win for it the admiration of the world will the Negro individual be completely himself." Aside from the fact that elsewhere this logic has led Hoffer to infer that the war in Vietnam is the golden opportunity for the black man to distinguish himself as the praetorian guard for democracy, the phrases themselves are resonant with good liberal emptiness. "Performs" is the key word; it implies that the social context in which the Negro exists is favorable to the labor. It is the type of prescription which is unrealistic because it completely ignores what the temper of our time is.

But the historical trap is baited with even more snares: "Surely, if in Israel a few thousand fugitives from gas chambers stood up on their hind legs and defied 40 million Arabs, it should be possible for the American Negroes to stand up to a pack of cowardly white trash." Because Hoffer knows, deep down, that this is not possible, this suggestion is little more than a cynical sneer. It is a nightclub imitation of moral outrage couched in terms which render it morally neuter. The minute black men try to build toward what Hoffer suggests above, they become, in his words, "Black Power swine."

The automatic quality of Hoffer's thought, the fact that he is unable to approach a problem on its own terms, is shown by the way he finds his nemesis, the intellectual, to be at the root of the Negro problem. But this time it is the black intellectual: "It is possible to see how a James Baldwin or a Malcolm X, lusting for a taste of power, can identify himself with a pseudo-intellectual dictator like Nkrumah. But it is inconceivable that a Negro longshoreman should swell with pride at the thought of a megalomaniac pie-card who fancies himself the lord of creation." The black intellectual is the riot-mongering troublemaker in this country's dealings with the Negro. Sensibly spurning his overtures, the black common man (like all common men) is pragmatic and secure, although moderately oppressed by the "white trash" in the South. But Hoffer is capable of statements no Negro longshoreman would make: "The questionable nature of the Negro revolution manifests itself in its choice of enemies. It wants an abundant supply of tame enemies—real enemies are too dangerous—and the way to come by tame enemies is to declare that your friends, the white liberals, are enemies because they are white. One can almost smell the psychological twist involved when a James Baldwin or a LeRoi Jones vilifies and baits the white liberals who have championed the Negro's cause all their lives."

So it goes in Hoffer's works. His is one long romantic vision: his view of hu-

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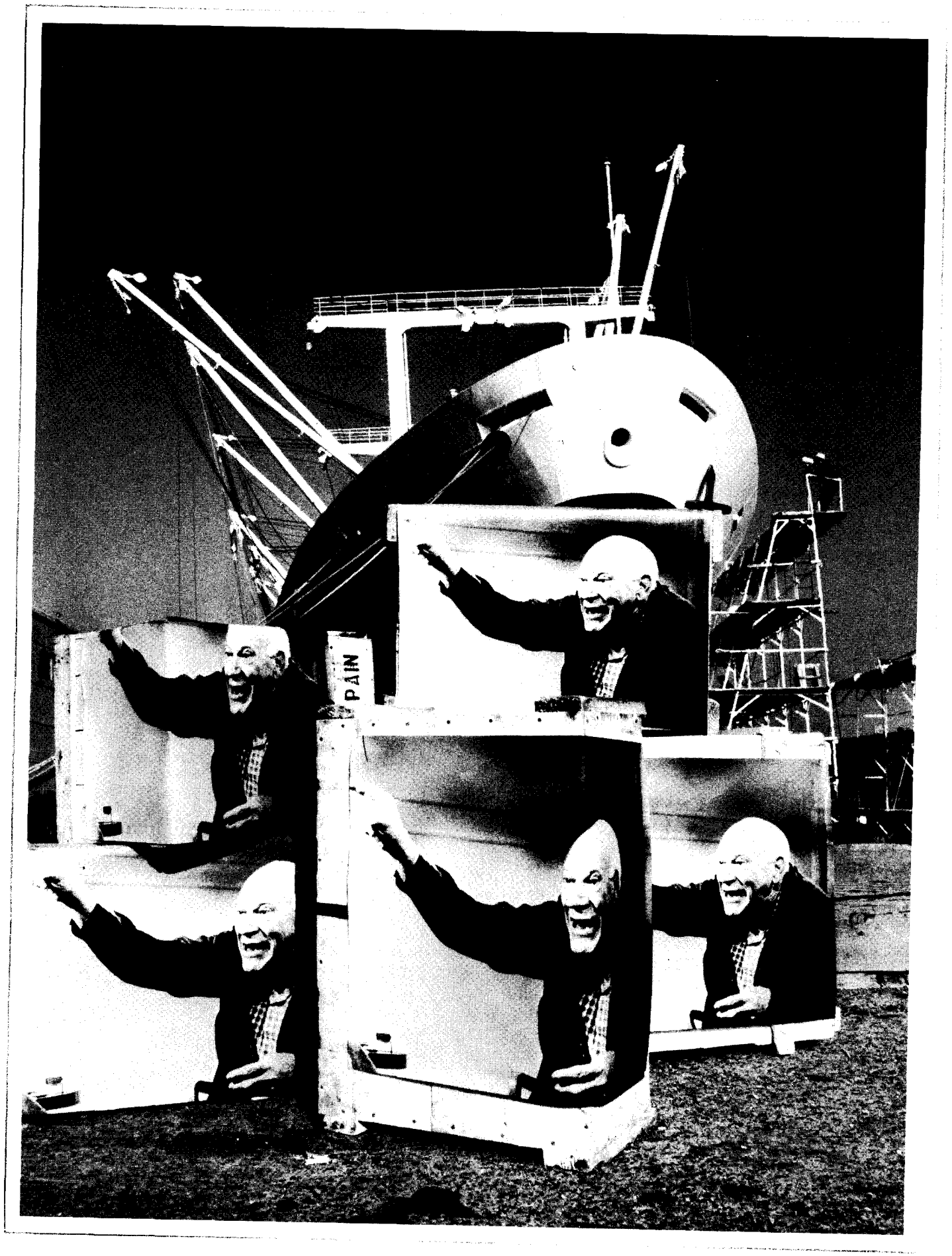

Photograph by Ciccone/Manter

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manity is a long demonological allegory in which men are driven by strange gothic impulses to behave in aberrant ways; his common men exist in pristine innocence, their purity never sullied although repeatedly assaulted by the malignant. Even Hoffer's pose of anti-romanticism is somewhat Byronic. He postures as the last sane man in the mad multitude, the only down-to-earth chap standing his turn at the public forum, a little plot of Walden Pond existing in the middle of Armageddon. It is the romanticism of a man talking to himself, of a man whose fondness for the epigram—traditionally the perfect vehicle for intellectual auto-eroticism—is no accident.

He would pride himself on being the defender of America, but he never gives sufficient credibility to the hint of apocalypse drifting over the American landscape. He glorifies the common man, but never asks why it is that the children of such men are rioting on the Sunset Strip. He flails away at the abstract intellectual, "the bloody-minded professor," without ever making any charges against the specialists who program the Vietnamese war. He belabors those who want change, without ever admitting that they are as much the victims of contemporary historical trauma as he himself is the victim of past history. His defense of the American status quo, therefore, cannot be sound because it insists chauvinistically that the problems of this country are problems only insofar as they are the delusive fantasies of those who want change.

"Up to now," Hoffer has written, "America has not been a good milieu for the rise of the mass movement. What starts out as a mass movement, ends up as a racket, a cult, or a corporation." This would be an excellent topic sentence for a chronicle of America's liberal establishment. It is a book, however, which Eric Hoffer is not likely to write.

[III. THE LONGSHOREMAN AMONG SCHOOLCHILDREN]

HOFFER'S DISCUSSIONS with students at the University of California last for about three hours a week. Every Thursday, he rides the bus over to Berkeley from his small apartment in San Francisco and climbs the steps that lead to the room assigned to him on the eighth floor of Barrows Hall. His window commands a prime view of the now famous plaza and steps over which more than 700 true-believing students once walked to occupy Sproul Hall.

The upper part of his body is still thick and powerful but beginning to bow at the shoulders. Hoffer dresses in the cap and heavy coat he must have worn on the waterfront. He ushers all those waiting for him—usually seven or eight, the number remaining constant for the afternoon despite arrivals and departures—into his office at once, chatting loudly in his emphatic Alsatian accent. He continually mops his face with a handkerchief which he later spreads out on the hatrack to dry next to the coat and cap.

When he talks to a student, he demands a first name and a short biography. Later, he may use this data to gently play one of them off against another for rhetorical leverage; but mostly he conducts a monologue—crooning and swaying, squinting his eyes shut as he reminisces. "The President is an overwhelming person face to face," he says. "I told him all about the Johnsons. I've known nothing but Johnsons all my life. On the docks, in the fields. They are very unassuming people. What an unprecedented thing America is. That it should produce Johnsons. What I really loved about him was the sense I had that he could come down to the waterfront and blend in within five minutes. His sincerity and competence come through very plainly; he has tremendous persuasiveness."

He gleefully recalls a recent experience he had while speaking at nearby Stanford University: "You know, it was very funny. I was speaking to a group of young students, and I really wiped the floor with them. I defended everything they don't like—Vietnam, law and order, everything. And at the end of my speech they all came up and were hugging me and kissing me. It was wonderful." He chuckles about bearding the lion in his own den until a student asks him what he thinks about the New Left. Hoffer whips forward, pointing out his window to the almost deserted plaza where thousands of students had rallied two hours earlier to prepare for their final assault, in an *ad hoc* mass movement called "the Resistance," against the Oakland Army Induction Center: "Those clowns down there. What are they? They are just clowns; they're not serious. Look how they let themselves be taken over by those black power swine at Chicago. When I think of this New Left, I think of them as part of the 19th century. I don't think they know anything about what has happened in the 20th century."

The student mumbles something about the Oakland police, who have been breaking the heads of doctors, clergymen, journalists and protesters with an indiscriminate ferocity unusual even for them, all week. Hoffer explodes savagely: "What about that little bitch at the rally here yesterday noon, the one who came up and began hitting the boy who dared say something about the Oakland police being human too? What kind of fanaticism is that? Why is it that the past is condemned to repeat itself? Why? This New Left, this bunch of clowns down there, they would all of them have been the isolationists I saw objecting to this country entering the last war. They are the same ones I saw on this same campus in 1939 pleading and whining for non-intervention."

The student tries for a moment to argue, to explain how he, too, would have fought against the Nazis, but that this war. . . . "Think of it," Hoffer interrupts, "In the '30s the big British empire and the French had two opportunities to control the fascists, to show that they were paper tigers: in Spain and Ethiopia. They let them go on, though, because they were isolationist. Now, some people in this country would have us do the same thing."

The monologue continues, resisting all fitful attempts at a dialogue. It is entertaining enough, and given with great humor. Hoffer is a winning man who uses his charisma as incisively as he does epigrams from Montaigne and Pascal in his books. And despite its very basic aggression, it is an immensely interesting performance. For Eric Hoffer, in these circumstances, is hard to take as seriously as when he is prosing at length on CBS, or committing a version of intellectual treason by giving aid and comfort to the President. In these University surroundings, he is like a ghost come from another time, a time of Mail Pouch signs lettered on red barns, of early *Saturday Evening Post* covers and WPA art murals. Seeing Hoffer perform, one remembers that it was part of the temper of his generation to assume that it slew most of the dragons there ever were or could be, and most of all that it was utterly incapable of breeding others, as monstrous.

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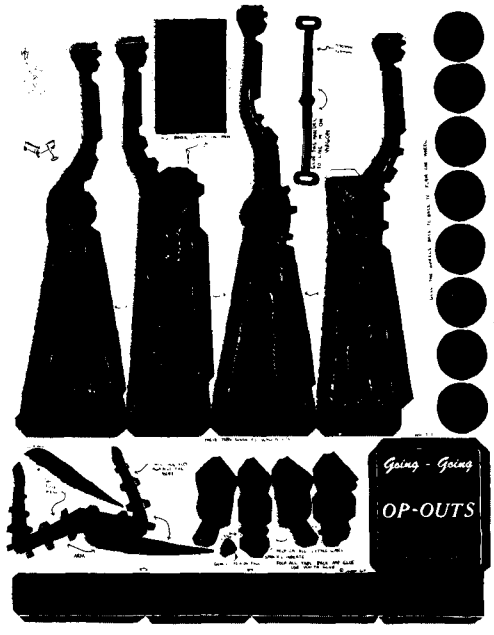

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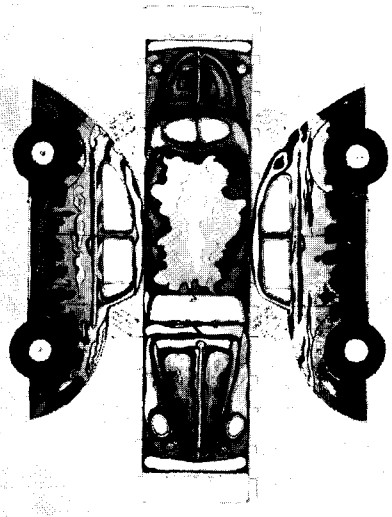

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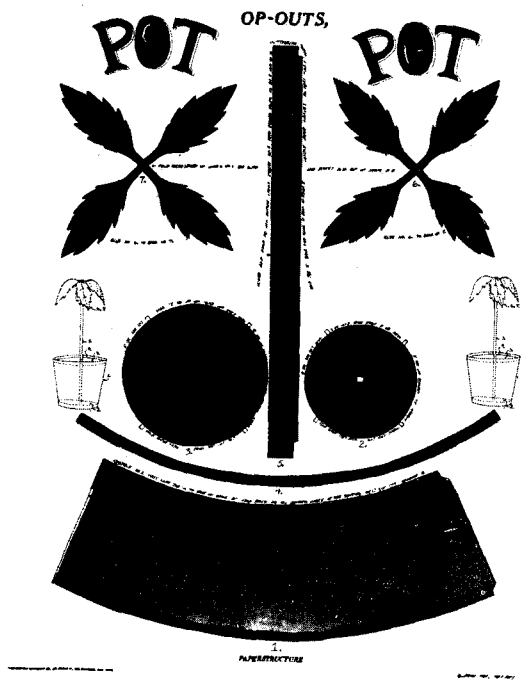

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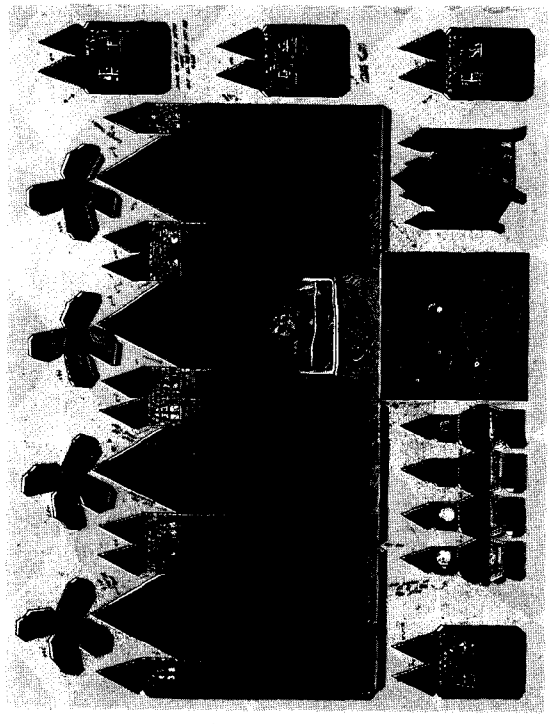

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Literature

SMETANA AND THE BEETLES: A Fairy Tale for Adults

TWENTY LETTERS TO A FRIEND. *By Svetlana Alliluyeva. New York: Harper & Row. 246 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by Albert E. Kahn

Drawings by David Levine

PREFATORY NOTE

Lest there be any confusion between the Smetana of this fairy tale and any living person, it should be pointed out that "Smetana" in Russian (and in Yiddish) means "sour cream."

It is also of interest that the two best known works of the celebrated composer, Smetana, are The Bartered Bride *and* My Country. A.E.K.

Once upon a time there was a Princess
Whose name was Smetana.
She lived in the realm of Marxdom.
Her father was a Wicked Man.
He kept her in a Castle named after him;
It was called the Gremlin.
The Castle was surrounded by a rusty Iron Curtain
And a Moat full of Krokodiles and Vodka.

Gremlin was a Dour Dictator.
He never played Golf.
He hated Dogs and Décolletage.
He frowned at Modern Art, Be-bop and even Little Bo-Peep.
He never smiled, except at Smetana.
He had a bodyguard of Dour Dwarfs
Called the Cult of Personality Service, Or COPS for short.

Gremlin was mean to his Subjects.
He was suspicious of Foes and Especially Friends.
He fumed and feuded with a Far-Off Place
Widely publicized as Freeland Inc.
But he was kind to Smetana.
He carried her around, even as a Big Girl.

At night she sat on his Knee
And he read her Grim Fairy Tales and Bedtime Dogmas.
Once he sang Happy Birthday to her (in her native dialectic).
He gave her a Sailor Suit and wrote her Friendly Letters
That began, "My Darling Gremlinskaya . . ."
It was not a Healthy Relationship.

Gremlin wanted to keep his little Castle-Keeper
And brooded when she grew up and Up and UP.

One day Smetana met a Prince Charminsky
Who was very Cosmopolitan.
He showed her the film "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"
And other Hollywood Pixie-Flix.
Gremlin's COPS had bugged the Projection Room.
He gave Smetana two slaps and the Prince eleven years.

To get Smetana's mind on Other Things,
Gremlin gave her a Charge Account
At Gloom Department Store;
Made her a student at Gremlingrad U.;
Let her cook, play the Harp and darn His Socks.
It proved a flop.
He found her marching with the Gremlin Guard.
"Nyet! Nyet! NYET!" he stormed.
"A Princess has her rights!" she answered back.
"You Old Bolsheviks dated in your Day!"

There came a day when Gremlin Passed Away.
His COPS and Krokadiles skipped town
And tried to cover up Their Tracks.

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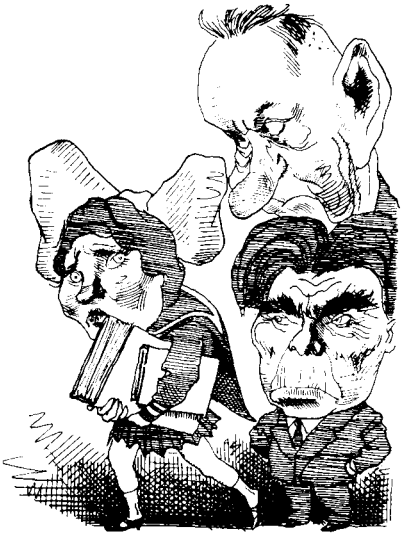
The Jig was Up.
The news made the front page in the Times
And two lines in Pravda.

The Castle was For Rent.
New Tenants took the place, fumigated it,
And opened up some Shutters.
People punched peep-holes in the rusty Iron Curtain.
Smetana was told her lease was up.
She found a pad in a Gingerbread Apartment House
Among Commoners and Volga Folk.
No one called her "Princess" any more.

Things began booming in Marxgrad (Formerly Gremlingrad).
Sputnik and stocks on the Borscht went up.
Hopes and Hi-Rises rose.
Taxes and billboards of Gremlin's mug came down,
And a knock on the door meant only Groceries.
Folks chewed the Fat and danced the Frug.
There it was called the Thaw.
But what was sweet for Ivan was sour for Smetana.
People lambasted her Poppachka.
She could not find a Satisfying Job or her Identity.
She tried her hand at the Writing Game
And did a piece called *Life with Father in the Gremlin.*
It was turned down cold and
That really burned her.
She decided to go see Coseegan and to mesh with Bresh,
Two fellows who had Access to Publishers.



They said, "Sorry, Smetana, but Gremlin's Days are Gonna."

It's no snap for a retired Princess
To find Peace, Privacy and her Real Self.
Such, alas, was Smetana's Post-Gremlin Malady.
So she consulted a Mental Magician
With a degree from the Tajmahal.
He put her on his Magic Couch.
"Your problem is," he said, "you've become State Property.

You need a Change. Visit my homeland of sunny Midlindia.
There's a three-week Excursion Rate.
One thing you must be sure to do.
Consult the Beetles while you're there.
I've heard about their Wondrous Powers and Therapeutic Works."
"And who are they, Kind Sir?" asked she.
"Free Spirits," he said, "who make Music, Merry and Mazuma.
They're practicing Eastern methods with Maestro Shangri-La.
They'll help you find your True Ego.
Their Rhythms should release your Inhibitions.
Instead of Nyet! Nyet! Nyet!
They prescribe Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!"

Smetana flew by Airflop to Midlindia,
Taking along her Folding Crown and Treasured Manuscript.
The strange land seemed like Paradise to her.
She loved the native cooking and took a Native Cook's Tour.
Peasants played Moonlight on the Ganges,
Multiplied magically in Model Huts,
And fed their kids on Flowers and Rain-Water Pop.

But nowhere could Smetana find the Beetles,
And this bugged her.
Vainly she searched in crooked streets among bizarre bazaars.
And combed the Yellow Pages and Ads for Lost and Found.
One day she met a Fakir teaching a Cobra the Flute.
"That's charming music, Sir," she said. "Are you perchance a Beetle?"
"So sari, Sahiba," said he. "But let me Turn On.
Ah yes, I see a vision of Free Tourist Information
At the Embassy of Freeland Inc.
Won't you join me in some Yoga?"

Next day Smetana visited the Embassy of Freeland Inc.
"I seek the Beetles, Sir," she told the guy at the Door.
"Would you be One of Them?"
"Only when in disguise," he winked.
"I'm Joe, the Clerk-In-Attendance. Just call me CIA."
"And I'm Princess Smetana, Sir," she said. "Gremlin's Only Heir."

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He chuckled. "Tell that to the
Marines, Sister."
"By happenstance," said she, "I've my
Memoirs in my Purse.
The Family Album and Poppa's
Letters, too."
He took a hurried look. "Jumping
Jehoshaphat!" he gasped.
"Welcome, Princess! You've come to
just the Place.
We've all the Beetle data—wingspan,
hair length, the works.
Won't you step into our Parlor?"
You can guess what happened then.

Thus Princess Smetana vanished from
the Scene.
Gremlin's Kid was in the clutches of
CIA!
He flew her in his Private U-2 to
Neutralia,
Where he said the Beetles were skiing.

There he stashed her away in an Alpine
Hideout.
Marxdom was mystified and miffed;
Their Miffing Persons Bureau sent out
an Urgent Flash.
Freeland Inc. swore they hadn't
kidnapped her
And offered Foreign Aid.
Every Mob prepared its Alibi.
Newsmen and Publishers, posing as
Mountain Guides,
Searched for her among the peaks with
Contracts in their Rucksacks.
Some Game of Jekyll and Hyde
and Seek!

Lights burned late those nights in the
offices of Freeland Inc.
Joe CIA, after all, was their Errand Boy;
And he'd been involved in Scrapes like
this before.

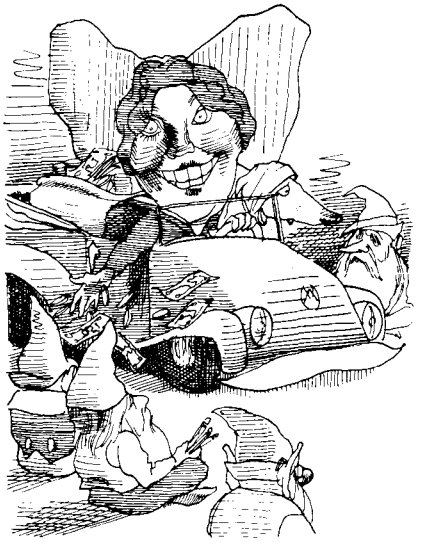
The Directors of Freeland Inc. phoned
an ex-Diplomatic Wizard
called Mr. X because that was not his
name.
He had a Nasty Cold-War Cold.
"Princess Smetana's on the lam with
CIA!" they cried.
"Contact them! And call us collect."
Mr. X consulted his Good Neighbor
Policy
And summoned his good neighbor,
Mr. Z,
An Aging Alchemist and
Counselor-at-Law
Who knew his Way Around.

The Wizard and the Alchemist jetted
to Neutralia.
When they saw Smetana yodeling,
They flipped their Lids.
"Some Princess!" said Mr. X.
"A beaut," said Mr. Z.
"Are you Beetles, Sir?" she asked.
"CIA said I'd find them here."
"Not quite, Your Highness," said
Mr. X. "We represent Freeland Inc.
But we offer all the features of the
Beetles.
Free Speech, Free Thought, Free
Enterprise . . .
They're Bosom Pals of ours. We hear
their music all the time."
"You bet," said Mr. Z.

Mr. X described the land of
Freeland Inc.
There was, he gently said, no Gremlin
there,
Only a Fairy Grandfather in a White
Ranch House,
Who loved Beagles, Bugles and Bagels,
Babies, Barbecues and Brotherhood.

Everyone there was Happy or Hippy or
Both.
Flower Children danced in the Streets,
And there were fireworks even in the
Ghettos.
"You'll find Peace and Privacy," said
Mr. X. "Your Own Identity."
"And will I surely find the Beetles
there?" Smetana asked.
"That's part of the Contract,"
said Mr. Z.

"I'm a Gypsy now," Smetana told
her Visitors.
"I'd like a Camping Car and Gypsy
Dog.
Do you have that breed in Freeland
Inc.?"
"Yes, ma'am!" said Mr. Z.
Whatever else her Memoirs earned,
she said,
Could go to charity for Homeless Elves
and Aged Dwarfs.
"Hold on!" said Mr. Z.
He gravely warned she'd need some



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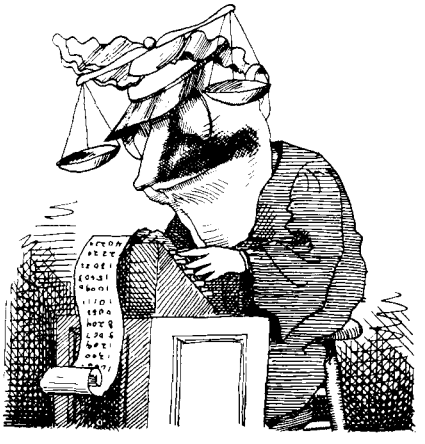
money in the West
To gas the Car and feed the Dog.
He opened up his Sample Kit,
Took out an Entrance Course to Free Society,
And counseled her on Contract Law and Bank Accounts.
"Your Royalty must think of royalties," he said.
"It's a Matter of Principal, you see.
Just follow the Red-White-and-Blue Rainbow.
There's a Pot of Gold at the end."

Heading home, Mr. Z pondered his new client's Potentialities.
"She'll make a Mint," he mused.
"To guard it from the Evil Monster, Tax,
We'll form a foreign Treasure Trust—Kopeks Unlimited.
Some Public Relations firm can publicize her Private Life.
And, by the buy, she'll need a Publisher.
A firm of firm repute. Then Famous Publishers should do.
They are my clients, too."



Thus Princess Smetana came to Freeland Inc.
Consider the Historic Implications:
She was the last of the Gremlin Line;
There'd been this Rumble between his gang and Freeland Inc.'s;
And now she'd come over to their Territory.
They pulled out All the Stops,
Gave her a Ticker Tape Parade and the Keys to Freedom City,
And proclaimed a National Holiday.
She took it like a True Princess.
"Hi Folks!" she cried, as if just One of Them,
Gaily waving her Crown and Memoirs.
The crowd went Wild.
"I hope my book will enrich your Western Literature . . ."
Her PR Man spoke up, "It has all the Values of Liberty . . .
The price clothbound will be $5.95, still less in paperback."
It was sure to be a Sell-Out.

Next day Smetana held court with the Press,
Flanked by her PR Men and Private Dicks.
She stated why she'd come to Freeland Inc.
"I'm Non-Political, of course; no comment on Napalm.
But Marxdom's not for me.
I like your Way of Life and Right to Riot.
To sum it up, I've seen The Light."
In Gremlin Castle, she explained, the Lights had never worked;
So she had never noticed that people Disappeared.
Now, after fifteen years, the truth had Dawned on her.
"Especially," she said, "I've come to meet the Beetles."
"But Madame, they're flying over Marxdom," a newsman said.
"They may receive the new Free-Enter-Prize."
"Alas!" she cried. "Cool it, Princess," said CIA.
"Our man in Marxdom will signal them you're Here."

Reporters are tough and know, you know, the Score.
But Princess Smetana really Got to Them.
Tears glinted in more than one Bloodshot Eye;
It showed that blood will tell.
They wrote, with unabashed Reverence

and unabridged Roget,
About her Saucy Smile and Sweet Simplicity,
Her Gracious Girlish Wholesome Pure Etcetera.
"Her simple words," reported one, "have the Force
Of the trumpets of Jericho."
Now that was really a blast.

"A Terribly Important Book," Famous Publishers told the Press.
"It's History, Highclass Literature and Inside Stuff.
We're sure you'll agree, since you're publishing it too."
At Famous Headquarters, a Conference got Underway.
"We estimate—with all the rights—it's worth ten grand a page.
Roughly Three Million Bucks."
"Gentlemen—a Toast! To the Princess's Health and Wealth!
Long may she Reign!"
"But can she Write?" a junior editor piped up.

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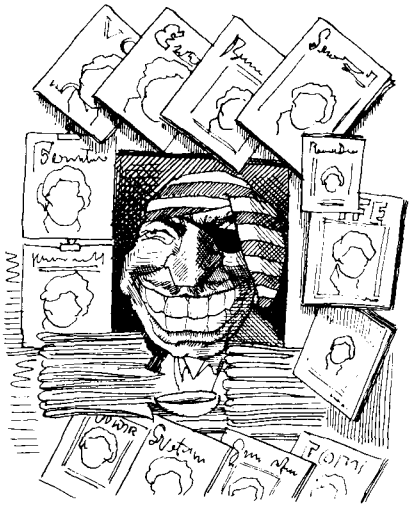
What a Hell of a Question
To ask at Such a Time!

Smetana's Book came out.
So did some Facts of Life:
She was no go-go Gogol; her Diary,
no Zhivago-go.
And Critics can be Critical,
Even of Regal Revelations.
Smetana did more research on her True
Identity.
"I am no writer," she announced,
"and never hope to be.
Yesterday I thought I was, but that
was Yesterday.
Today I only seek the Beetles.
My Memoirs? Just some Pen-Pal
Notes."
A famous editor implored, "Go Easy
now, Princess!"

As if that weren't Grief Enough,
Pirates plundered her Royal Purple
Prose.
In Marxdom, she'd complained of
Censorship;
Her problem now was too much
Freedom of the Press.
Her publishers and Mr. Z rushed up
their Legal Guns
To save her Treasure from the
Buccaneers.

Smetana wearily sighed and went her
way.
She carried on her Beetle-Quest with
growing perturbation
Among Debutantes and Dilettantes
In country digs of the Upper Crust.
"I have to find the Beetles!" she
beseeched.
"Only their Charms will help me find
myself."
But all she found were Scones and Tea
and Sympathy.
And that wasn't any Picnic.
"I greatly fear," she said despondently,
"I've been given the Wrong Directions."

A
Brilliant
SPORT
in its celebration
AND A
of a life
PASTIME
we have ceased to dream of.
JAMES SALTER
DOUBLEDAY • PARIS REVIEW EDITIONS



Meanwhile Smetana anxiously sought
the Beetles and Herself
With Blue Bloodhounds and Private
Eyes
In a plush-lush suburb called Limbo.
"Pray tell," she asked at every Golf
Course Green,
"Have the Beetles yet returned?"
"We've offered them Honorary
Memberships," the golfers said.
"They'll join us any day."

"For the first time I'm really apprehensive about what I'm going to find...

"It's not a matter of fear of getting shot at . . . I'm just wondering what's going to be left of 'my old Viet-Nam' . . ."

The quotations are from a radio interview given by Bernard Fall on November 21, 1966. The complete transcript of that program (which is the only available autobiographical account of Mr. Fall's life), together with 17 other articles and transcripts selected by Mrs. Fall, constitute the final book by the man who had become America's most generally-esteemed war correspondent before he was killed by a booby-trap on February 21, 1967, in Vietnam, on the Street Without Joy.

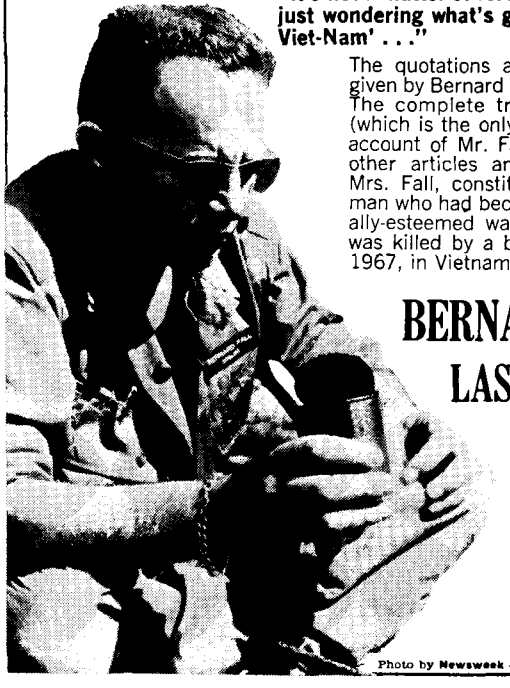


Photo by Newsweek — François Sully

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Introduction by Gerald Heard

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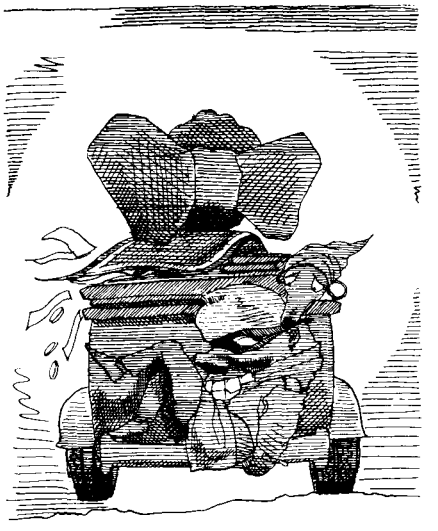
One night Smetana slept alone under
a Patchwork of Stars
Among Flowers and Mosquitoes.
Suddenly, the Insect Hum took on the
beat of "Yeah! Yeah, Yeah!"
And—lo!—strange smiling Forms
appeared
With Electrical Antennae.
Smetana cried with joy, "Dear Beetles,
you have come at last!"
"You're on the moon beam, Lass,"
they sang. "That's who we are.
And yet that's not our name. Our
name is every name.
We're different, too, and all the same.
We live in every land and on the
farthest star.
You've had the wrong lead. Address us
care of Love, Luv."
"And Who am I?" begged she. They
sang, "You're you and we.
You had it tough. So did we all. We
too were not Born Free.
We sprung free in ourselves and in
necessity.
We crack the quacks and bust the bars
of bondage everywhere.
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!"
"And how do I find Joy and Peace
of Mind?" asked she.
They sang, "Kick looking back and
blow the status quo!
The present is already past, the future
what will be.
It's far beyond ourselves that we
must go."
She cried, "Can I go with you there?"
They chorused, "Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!"
Just then Smetana's Bodyguard rushed
up,
Shouting, "Princess, where have you
been?"
The Beetles vanished in the Night.
Smetana cried out in dismay, "You've
driven my Beetles away!"

Ah Me! Alack-a-Day! You know what
they say
About the best-laid magic carpets of
Princesses, Mice and Men.
Smetana's Long-Sought Dream had
Fled.
Yet even so, This Maid was not
Dismayed.
She dried her tears next day on
Travelers' Checks;
And when a Tipster whispered,
"Bet on the Beetles making book in a
Hollywood Musical,"
She packed her Crown and Contracts
in her Camping Car,
Loaded first editions of her Book
(in fifty languages),
Stocked up on Bones and Biscuits for
her Gypsy Dog,
And drove West toward the Setting Sun.
Her Faithful Retinue of Private Eyes
Brought up the Royal Rear.



And cunningly Hidden Away
Among her Fan Mail, Manuscripts
and Myrrh
Was that rascal CIA.
He'd really become attached to Her.

THE END

© Copyright 1967, by Albert E. Kahn and David Levine. Smetana and the Beetles *will be published by Random House at the end of November.*

Mr. Kahn is the author of Sabotage! *and* Days with Ulanova, *a study in text and photographs of the Russian ballerina.*

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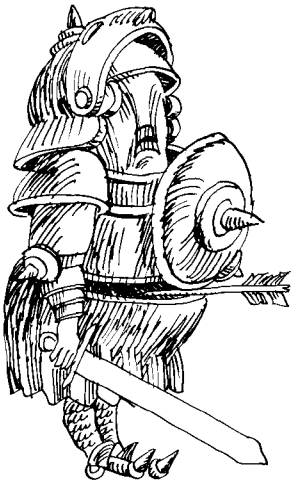
Mr. Levine is a noted caricaturist. His drawings regularly appear in Esquire and the New York Review of Books.

Reviews:



WHY ARE WE IN VIETNAM? *By Norman Mailer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 208 pp. $4.95.*

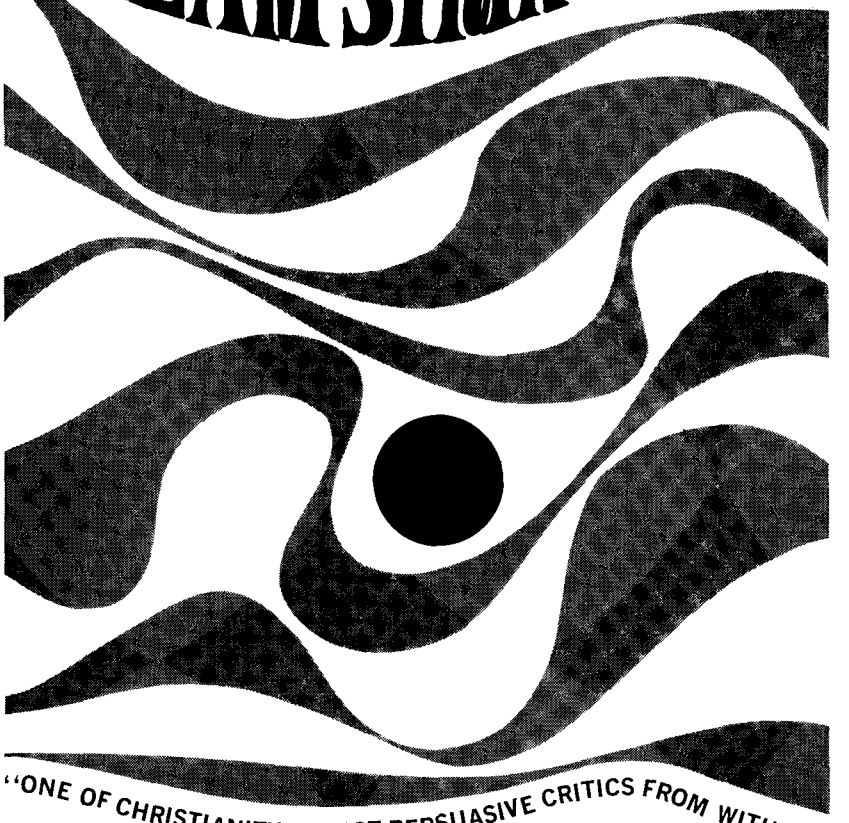
Reviewed by William M. Chace

AS AN EXAMPLE of the American novelist, he for whom there is purported to be no second act, Norman Mailer is now once again before us, defying the rules, stealing an encore or two, shadowboxing against the curtains. He can tell the applause is there, and so he busies himself, passionately and ingeniously, with the permutations into which he can still drive both his own ego and that tattered form, the novel.

And what an ego it has become. We return to it, the disconsolate lovers we have been since *The Naked and the Dead*, and remain fascinated by it. Like the President's, Mailer's ego is superhuman in its energies, huge in its domain and beyond exhaustion. And, like the President, Mailer is not only skeptical of his critics, but seems to be determined to outrun history and its power to understand him once and for all. But someday, he knows, he will be taught for what he is. And so, like the President, he has his moment in time and his innumerable designs upon it. Like the President, he has a heavy finger jammed against our chests, and is now dipping into Texas for some of his choicest material.

As everyone has noticed by now, *Why*

WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW



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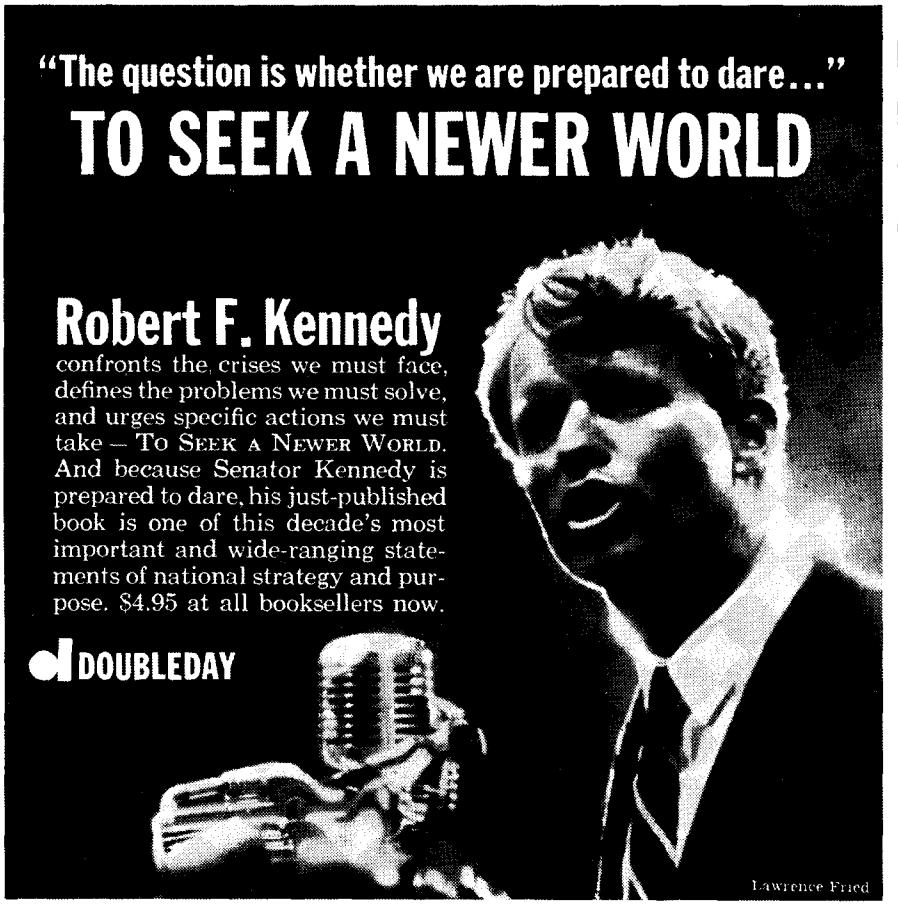
Are We In Vietnam? is not about Vietnam. It is about a hunting trip in Alaska, origin Dallas, purpose fuzzy. There is, however, such a sedulous concentration upon vulgarity, egomania and violence that we are welcomed to think that the novel is an implicit statement against our destruction of Vietnam. But that, perhaps, is to understand Mailer too quickly. He certainly seems as attracted to violence as he might be repelled by it.

The real subject, it would seem, is his confrontation with what is fashionable in modern writing. Burroughs, Faulkner, McLuhan, Joyce, the old Cassius Clay, Terry Southern, a touch of Kerouac and the redoubtable Hemingway make up what Mailer has elsewhere called "the talent in the room." He is out to show them all. Burroughs in particular is the talent to be reckoned with (". . . smooth plastic in outer space tends to exhibit Independent, Autonomous, Non-pattern-directed Ductile-type Magnification and Expansion Assertions in Non-Operational Gravitational Ultra-Multi-Mach Ellipsoid Program-Oriented Satellite Capsule Negotiations, which is to say that smooth plastic is growing plastic hairs on its palm while in such jerk off orbit. A big sweat is on"). And McLuhan in particular is the man to be shaken up ("Old McLuhan's going to be breaking his fingernails all over again when he hears this").

The energy of the novel derives, in fact, from Mailer's determination to push these literary confrontations to the point of out-and-out brawls. What Faulkner did in *The Bear*, Mailer shall do better; where Hemingway's Nick Adams went, he shall go further. But even with such contests going on, and with such literary excitement all about, the total effect of Mailer's new novel is slight. *An American Dream*, for all its resemblance to a comic book, now seems in comparison a stronger, more solid and hip time of it.

In fact, Mailer has always been at his best when he could station himself at the center of physical action, not intellectual activity. Thus the most adept passages of *The Naked and the Dead*, and thus the memorable descriptions of Kennedy and Goldwater at their respective conventions. Thus also the collapse of the lecture-ridden *Barbary Shore* and the "ideas" which surround the thick romanticisms of "The White Negro."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DOUBLEDAY
Lawrence Fried

But this time, Mailer has picked the wrong fights. For Burroughs is the man of the chilly rectum, the glazed fish eye and the dead junkie flesh. By contrast, Mailer is muscles, jokes, booze, American sentimentality, and all of the vices which retain some connection with bright success. His boyish escapades notwithstanding, he is "clean." But the horror which comes of Burroughs' prose is the effect of a man whose distortions are so final that they can no longer even pain the victim. Mailer simply can't fall, no matter how much he lets himself go, to the level of Burroughs' impersonal malignancy.

"Hip hole, and hupmobile, Braunschweiger, you didn't invite Geiger and his counter for nothing, here is D.J. the friendLee voice at your service—hold tight young America — introductions come." Thus the novel begins, and with it the uninterrupted chatter which finally ends when D.J. himself and his friend Tex decide to focus their corporate anxieties on yet another part of the world: "Vietnam, hot damn." Along the way, Mailer provides through his disposable surrogate both a flood of rather pointless Joycean puns and a view of that glorious hugger-mugger which he now delights in thinking is at the center of American life: ballistic weaponry, phallic weaponry, aggressive homosexuality, death, necrophilia and apocalypse. The language with which all of this is conveyed demonstrates that he has come a long way since "fug."

But he hasn't lost his fascination with himself. When one suddenly realizes, early on in the novel, that it is intended to be funny (Mailer has recently confided that it is "one of the ten funniest books since *Huckleberry Finn*"), and when one thinks to explain why it isn't, the answer must be that there are very few funny narcissists. The first and most humorous chapter, which owes much to Terry Southern's "Aunt Livia," concludes with a threat: "You've had fun long enough. The serious shit soon starts. You're contending with a genius, D.J. is his name, only American alive who could outtalk Cassius Clay, that's lip, duck the blip, Orlando, it's right on your radar screen." And the next chapter (called "Intro Beep 2") begins with an assurance so sullen that we fear the loss of humor altogether: "The fact of the matter is that you're up tight with a mystery, me, and this mystery can't be solved because I'm

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the center of it and I don't comprehend, not necessarily, I could be traducing myself."

The real fact of the matter, however, is that Mailer's competition with "the talent" has led him over the years into a frenzy of extra-literary pursuits which, splendid in their absurdity, childish in their drama, and harmless enough in their effects, can delight all those who harbor a sneaking antipathy toward the novel and a rather snotty disposition toward writers in general. Mailer has now situated himself so that he may benefit both from the public's reluctance to read and its comfort in having clownish men as authors. He is safe enough. The responses he triggers in his most satisfied followers are identical to those Walter Mitty triggered in himself: "Gee, what a fellow. And did he really say that? And do that? Beautiful."

MAILER HAS AT LAST arrived at that peculiar station which has been set aside in American life for those whom real success will never touch and for whom "failure" seems an inappropriate term. He has, that is, become an "issue." Thus he joins the ambiguously distinguished company of Judy Garland, Sonny Liston, Herbert Hoover, Elizabeth Taylor, Tim Leary, Primo Carnera and Mario Lanza. Eminences all, to be sure, in their way, yet each providing that special opportunity for us to be both intrigued by prominence and utterly skeptical of it. No foreigner would be able to gauge the richness which each of these odd characters has given to the texture of our life, but there are few things more American than our immense satisfaction with the curious. When William F. Buckley once pleasantly called Mailer a "freak," he was merely recognizing the fact for what it is: that we are much more delighted with freakish Mailer than we would be with almost any other novelist. He needn't write well. We will give him audience anyway. And he needn't think well. That would intrude upon our pleasure.

Thus Newsweek, the New York Times' Eliot Fremont-Smith, the Village Voice and other makers of opinion have this fall been very happy with *Why Are We In Vietnam?* So askew does American reviewing become when confronted with Mailer's disorienting influence that

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one can even imagine a time in which the loose and tentative connection formed with language in this novel would be severed. But Mailer would continue to be a "writer," and the publication dates and the reputation would go on. The books themselves might even appear in cartons adorned with snapshots of the author in various heroic and humorous poses. Those cartons would contain only the effects necessary to sustain the fame and preserve the faith: a rock, a megaphone and a suppository.

Mailer's unexplainable eminence seems to be in keeping, however, with that desire we have not simply to turn our writers into American equivalents of the scandalous Thomas and Behan, but to go the Welsh and the Irish one better: to develop a hearty strain of word-dealers who will be impervious to everything save an obsessive interest in victory, extraliterary or not. Mailer seems the most important product so far. The other members of "the talent in the room" seem, discouragingly enough, to be zealous of their privacy and of the long silences in which they sit to write their books. They must, for Mailer, be hopeless squares; perhaps we think them squares too. Salinger has long been barricaded, Malamud and Bellow are both very competent and very quiet, Nabokov has always eschewed public display. Styron has now broken his silence of some seven years, and has brought back with him a good book, soon to win many prizes of the year. But square indeed he is. Burroughs alone is not square, and it is Burroughs, of course, with whom Mailer picks his fight.

What we may learn from Mailer and his deplorable notoriety is that he, and most of us, have only a limited tolerance for something so stale as the novel. Again and again in *Why Are We In Vietnam?* we can feel how unhappy Mailer himself is with what he is going through; at times his loyalty to the genre seems no more than a loyalty to that which brought him early fame. The novel, no matter how ill he now treats it, was his old teacher.

This is not to repeat the tired cliché that "the novel is dead." It is to say that Mailer endorses the cliché, and is now patterning out some new strategy by which he may retain his hold, as novelists used to do, upon our private imaginations. He would like so much to haunt us. But the consequence of his effort to be diabolic is that he has become only a part of our popular culture: there, as something odd, as something not quite serious, he has been made as familiar as only fashion can make, and trivialize, a man.

William M. Chace teaches English at the University of California at Berkeley.

TROUT FISHING IN AMERICA. *By Richard Brautigan. San Francisco: Four Seasons Foundation. 112 pp. $1.95.*

Reviewed by Stephen Schneck

"THERE ARE SEDUCTIONS that should be in the Smithsonian Institute, right next to the Spirit of St. Louis," writes the author of this slim volume of curious but unquestionably authentic Americana. I don't know exactly which particular seductions Mr. Brautigan has in mind, but I would include certain artifacts, certain literary seductions, certain shining examples of what used to be referred to with something like national pride as American ingenuity; an admirable trait in more innocent times, an ominous *facility* in America today.

All the more reason for Mr. Brautigan's second book (his first, *A Confederate General From Big Sur*, published two years ago by Grove Press, brought him the usual critical acclaim and public indifference) to secure him a small niche in the hearts of his literate countrymen, for Brautigan has written a book that qualifies as a 100 per cent all-American seduction, along with such ponderous seductions as Coca-Cola, the Ford-in-your-Future, and that wonderful American philosophical exercise, trout fishing, in all its natural and supernatural glory.

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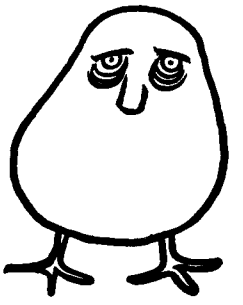

"AARRRGGH!"

(Above is the verbatim testimonial of a typically confused subscriber who can't tell our journalism from our satire; as a matter of principle there are never any labels in The Realist *because we prefer readers to dig their own incredibility gap. Below are the highlights of our five most* "Aarrrggh!" *issues; they cost $1 or they're free with a subscription.)*

"The Parts That Were Left Out of the Kennedy Book"— the feature that caused the largest number of subscription cancellations in 9 years; plus **"Case History of the Manchester Caper"** — a follow-up on the background and repercussions of that feature.

Cartoons — the offensive ones by pros like Ed Fisher that get rejected by commercial periodicals; and spreads created specifically for **The Realist** — the Disneyland Memorial Orgy, the Junkie Battalion, Ed Sorel's **I've Got Rhythm** movie poster.

"The Cynic Route from Crazy SANE to Loving Haight"— all about cheerleaders at a peace rally; the LSD game; behind the scenes with the Diggers, the Joe Pyne show and the League for Sexual Freedom.

Celebrity Mucking —"An Impolite Interview with Woody Allen"; Steve Allen describes a bizarre dinner with William F. Buckley; "Dick Gregory and His Mississippi Airlift"; Norman Mailer's speech at Berkeley.

"Legal and Actual Concentration Camps in America"— a legacy of the McCarran Act, still ready and waiting — revisited by Charles R. Allen, the man who first broke the story in 1952.

Soft-Core Pornography — the obscene telephone calling service; the homosexual editor of a girlie magazine; in defense of those little comic books that men like.

"Blow-Up, Psychedelic Sexualis and The War Game"— three contemporary films and how they relate to **Great Moments in Violence,** from Tompkins Sq. Park to LBJ's $1000-a-plate bash; latterday hedonism, from hippyland to the Renaissance Pleasure Faire; and infamous personalities, from Mort Sahl to Herman Kahn.

Old-Fashioned Exposes — the President's ranch holdings; Hell's Angels as patriots; secret budget for CIA expenditures; Marvin Kitman's advice to the veteran-lorn; the sex life of J. Edgar Hoover; the future of flagburning; Who Killed Adlai Stevenson?

Sacrilegious Dept.—The Americanization of Zen; The Devil's Visit to New York; Little Orphan Annie's campaign against Mental Health.

Inside Reports—from Hanoi, the Dominican Republic and the final Bratwurst Festival in Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

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Neither this abstraction nor Mr. Brautigan's variations on the abstract theme lend themselves to summation. Probably the most incisive and lucid comment on this breath of fresh air was contained in the rejection slip that Brautigan's agent received from Viking Press, thoughtfully reprinted on the book's back cover. This brief note speaks volumes, which we gratefully lift and quote:

> *Mr. Brautigan submitted a book to us in 1962 called* Trout Fishing in America. *I gather from the reports that it was not about trout fishing.*

One wonders whether the reports mention the salient fact that Mr. Brautigan is a bona-fide American humorist, sure as God made little green apples and wooden Indians and publishers.

Previous to Brautigan, I was under the impression that our breed of homegrown humorists was exhausted, the comic vein played out in an America that isn't really very funny; or rather, in an America that is very, *very* funny. A real scream: black laughter, insane mirth, comic hysteria—these are the enemies of true humor, a national relic, almost always out of print.

American humor is essentially a sly, provincial (even when urban), epigrammatic cracker-barrel & campfire kind of comedy. The minstrel show and the tall tale are the heart and soul of this indigenous mirth, which, like the Spirit of St. Louis, is one of the things in America that Americans need not be ashamed of. And I am not being facetious. There are many nations whose comic propensities are barbaric and infantile, and terribly offensive. Native wit has long been recognized as a key to a national character. By their laughter you shall know them, and know their secret hearts. . . .

Our comic talents depend less upon language and technique than upon the untutored rural tradition of the eccentric vision and the absurd juxtaposition of reason and extremism. Authentic American humor (as opposed to the commercial, prefabricated variety) has its roots in the rich American soil. Here we grow things bigger, faster, better than anyone, anywhere else. And our humor is, largely, derived from a major American vice, *exaggeration*. The Fish Story is probably the purest form of American wit: farce is our reality and our *métier*.

This license for the absurd has produced the paranoid-fantasists, the Terry Southerns, and the sophists like Albee and Pynchon (excellent writers, agonized pessimists) who play with words because the pavement is so hard and the *terra* so remote. Mr. Brautigan is funnier than these poor literates, these joke makers and gag writers; he is faster than Peter de Vries, he's faster than Congress, as wry as Ring Lardner, and as outrageous, though less bizarre, than the last American humorist, Nathanael West.

As the inventor of a metaphorical hook constructed with American know-how to catch the slippery American *hubris*, Brautigan fishes in and out of context, casting his unassuming lure in the waters, in the parks, in the mystery of America, at a time when fish and fishermen alike are either crazed or comatose; frozen, frightened nearly out of their American wits.

ANYONE WHO HAS TRIED can tell you that this American continent is not an easy place to locate, or state of mind to elucidate. There is no describing us, no explaining us: no one has such scope, no one is so perceptive.

It is no good being clever if you are not also tender. And there is no reason to make readers laugh unless you also bring tears to their eyes. Only a true patriot can successfully make fun of America. At a time when our most gifted authors are dedicated to outdoing each other in apocalyptic metaphors and horrific allegories, a visionary and enthusiast like Brautigan is especially welcome.

There is more to America than the blood on our hands and egg on our face. There is more to this continent than neon wilderness and city jungles and polluted rivers, bulldozed mountains, denuded forests, and dust bowls, and all the other abject failures that stand for decline, depression and the end of our red, white and star-spangled blue world.

There's something more, something that keeps one from completely disassociating himself from the tragedy that is brewing in teakettles and on college campuses, in cities, suburbias and other nightmares throughout the nation. We search for something more than the tight face, the fat belly, the beer can litter and plastic waste. We search for America under the cement and foam rubber. We search for those fruited plains beneath the parking lots and subdivided eyesores. We seem to have lost our country somewhere between the east coast and the west, and my appreciation of Mr. Brauti-

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The first review is in on I. F. STONE'S *In A Time of Torment*

"America has never been blessed with a great many first-rate political journalists. It's an ephemeral art, almost like that of the entertainer. 'He was a New Dealer when that was the road to power, he became a conservative when that was the way to stay in.' This is I. F. Stone on Johnson, and the remark combines Stone's two gifts, accuracy of judgment and pithiness in phrasing. Stone began covering Washington during the Roosevelt years. He's a seasoned performer, and though there's been a marked mellowing in his own ideological stance, Stone remains basically a radical ('One saw that for the lower third of our society, white as well as black, the search for answers must lead them back – though Americans still start nervously at the very word – toward socialism') – but a radical quite without Jacobin sympathies.

"Indeed, engaged and humane as Stone is, what he finds truly upsetting is the moral muddle of our times, the inane chicanery of our leaders, the obtuseness of their vision. Like an enlightened conservative, he warns us of the deluge: 'We are, let us remember, the rich man in a huge hemispheric slum' – and the audience nods and does nothing. Malcolm X, Vietnam, China: the reportage is shrewd, lively, combative, completely readable. Yet there's an underlying mournful strain, as if Stone doubted now the power of common sense or 'facts'."—*Kirkus' Service*

This book presents the best of I. F. Stone's pieces written over the last five years. It goes beyond being a chronicle of Mr. Stone's journalism. It is an incisive view of the Kennedys and Lyndon Johnson, Senator Fulbright and Curtis LeMay, Hubert Humphrey and Malcolm X, and other significant political figures of the Left, Right, and Center – who they are, what they want, and how their strengths and weaknesses affect the quality of our times.

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gan stems from the fact that he has rediscovered America, if only for 112 pages.

To maintain that *Trout Fishing in America* is not about trout fishing is to deny reality. Because reality is precisely what *Trout Fishing* is about. One of Brautigan's most lucid characters, the Kool-Aid Wino, a kind of national holy Everyman whose poverty forces him to dilute his Kool-Aid with twice as much water, and prevents him from adding any sugar or lemon despite the directions on the package, has managed to "create his own Kool-Aid reality and was able to illuminate himself by it."

The Kool-Aid Wino is a parable in the shape of a shaggy dog story about the optical illusions and heartbreaking deceptions of American poverty. It is very funny and very eloquent. It is the song we must all learn to sing, while a jug band provides the cacophony:

Lost my baby, lost my honey
Lost my land and I lost my money.
If I can't be happy, I'm gonna
be funny . . .

I tell you, you never know how much you can take until you've had enough. I used to read most of what my contemporaries wrote and published under the misnomer of "humor." Since we all seem to be looking for the same country, I expected we'd have some community of interest. Since our depression stemmed from the same source, our laughter would also be shared. Not so. In fact, reading most American "humorists" is like being Alonso Hagen, whose Trout Fishing Diary revealed that "he went fishing 160 times and lost 2231 trout for a seven-year average of 13.9 trout lost every time he went fishing."

Reading most contemporary American humorous writers is like losing a little hope, giving up a little hard-won ground each time you turn the page.

There is a variety of laughter that is profound; real humor is a transcendental experience and any writer who tells *jokes* is just wasting my time and dissipating my salvation. For only laughter can save my soul. And only love, only reality, only the recovery of America will make me laugh again.

America today plays straight man to any pathetic would-be clown. But it isn't enough. It doesn't help. No one is really amused, no one is really enlightened.

What's needed is a straight man who isn't afraid to let America into the act. One who understands America's monster comedy, and who knows that the joke is endless and that trout streams are hilarious, the source of subjective mirth, our only defense against ourselves.

Like all true humorists, Richard Brautigan eschews the label. Spies and humorists can only function under cover. So rather than thinking of Brautigan as a comic writer, imagine a six-foot country boy, with wire-rim glasses and a homemade haircut and a shaggy, Wild West moustache that doesn't quite hide a perpetual grin. The perfect farmboy, shambling along in strange cities with his apple-picking money in his pocket and the bemused air of a loner in the midst of a crowd. Inside this hulking innocent, this perfect bumpkin, is a special (very special) correspondent from a terribly literate sort of Field & Stream magazine whose contributors are outdoorsmen on the order of Turgenev, Hemingway, Bill Burroughs (expert on abnormal fauna and miraculous flora), Jack London, Robinson Jeffers and other high-class literary naturalists. In such exalted company, Mr. Brautigan is right at home.

His assignment is to cover the trout stream beat. He tramps along the shores of the hallucinatory trout stream that threads its way across the nation: a Broadway of the vanishing American wilderness. And from time to timelessness, he files reports of news, human interest and feature stories that take place along his visionary way. He writes of *Trout Fishing* activities in America with "a stroke of cool green trees along the river's shore, wild flowers and dark fins pressed against the paper."

Trout Fishing is the collected dispatches of this extraordinary correspondent as he fishes in the national network of bloodstreams and secret creeks and dream rivers that trickle through the nation like a central nervous system. This America is like "the Klamath River that was high and murky and had the intelligence of a dinosaur." An America that is both hilarious and intolerable. Each area of the nation has its bigots who construct celestial roads that lead, like the one Brautigan found in Utah, to "Spirit Prison . . . where everybody who isn't a Mormon goes when they die. All Catholics, Buddhists, Moslems, Jews, Baptists, Methodists, and

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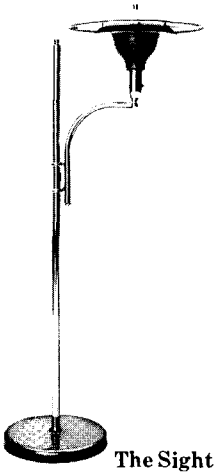

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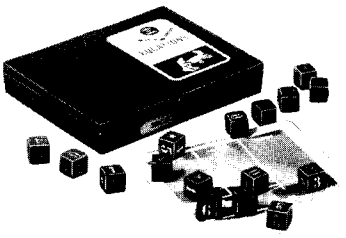

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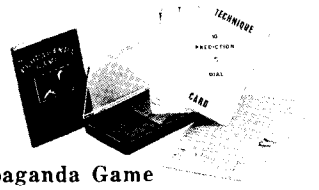

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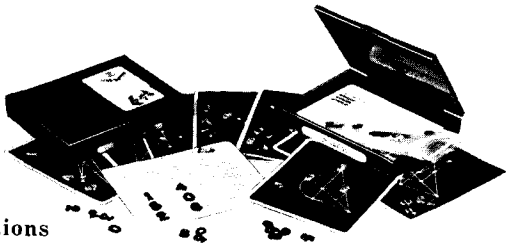

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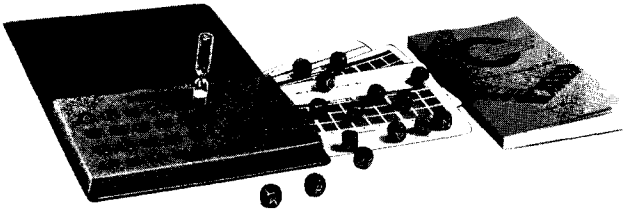

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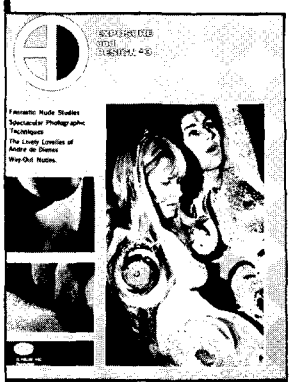

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International Jewel Thieves." An America inhabited by the living and the dead, with certain immutable laws applying to both. An America where there "were no fancy headstones for the poor dead. Their markers were small boards that looked like heels of stale bread." (Ask what time is it in America, and *Trout Fishing* replies, "It's sandwich time for the poor.")

These dispatches, these outdoor brevities, whether filed from Graveyard Creek ("The bookstore was a parking lot for used graveyards. Thousands of graveyards were parked in rows like cars") or from Washington Square Park in San Francisco ("a Walden Pond for Winos"), can help Americans understand how it is that we are all foreigners in our own country. This America, circa 1967, is not the same nation that Americans over 25 were born in. During the last two and a half decades the national sets have been changed, the laws of the land revised and an entirely different aura introduced. No wonder that those of us who feel anything, feel out of place and very strange, very alienated. It isn't really strange at all. If we felt right at home in America today, now *that* would be strange. And this is true for the dead as well as for the living.

If Meriwether Lewis (of the Lewis and Clark exploring team), who found the headwaters of the Missouri River at what is now Great Falls, Montana, returned today, he'd be lost, confused and out of place just like everyone else.

" 'No, I don't think Lewis would have understood it if the Missouri River suddenly began to look like a Deanna Durbin movie, like a chorus girl who wanted to go to college,' Trout Fishing in America said."

And I am not a bit surprised. After all, I was here when the change took place. Like Brautigan, I was raised on Deanna Durbin movies; and one summer when I was 16 years old I rode a horse along the eastern bank of the Missouri . . . and now I don't understand at all.

"PERHAPS IT IS NOT a matter of understanding anything. Perhaps it is a matter of empathy. Perhaps it is a matter of learning to love what's left of America. And like living with the dead, we have to learn to live with our loss. Our American childhood has vanished along with our frontier. In its place we have the phantasmagorical America of celluloid myths, our Brownie snapshots and our Woolworth memories and Army Surplus rivers, creeks and trout streams ("Six dollars and fifty cents a foot," for a used trout stream on sale at the Cleveland Wrecking Yard) and ghostly small towns, the fractured backbone of America; the places where national legends and hometown boys and gangster heroes were born. Billy the Kid, Hubert Humphrey, Pretty Boy Floyd, J. Edgar Hoover, John Dillinger, they all come from places like Mooresville, Indiana, "where there's always a single feature, a double feature, and an eternal feature at the Great Theatre in Mooresville, Indiana: the John Dillinger capital of America."

It certainly is a mystery, and we are lucky to have a crack reporter like Mr. Brautigan to help us keep in touch with this star-spangled fantasia, where an old lady in Vermont is mistaken (regularly) for a trout stream; and where a creek can be made of "12,845 telephone booths in a row with high Victorian ceilings and all the doors taken off and all the backs of the booths knocked out."

We certainly are fortunate to have a writer like Mr. Brautigan, who isn't interested in shocking or terrifying or cursing America, but applies his talents to making us understand that "America is not an outhouse resting upon the imagination."

He writes of an America not unlike the humpback trout he claims to have caught, in prose that is as clean, as incisive, as graceful as anything being written in America today. About that humpback trout . . . "There was a fine thing about this trout. I only wish I could have made a death mask of him. Not of his body though, but of his energy. I don't know if anyone would have understood his body. I put it in my creel."

If there is any way of cutting through the nightmare obscurification and making America luminous and comprehensible again, it will be via the poetic vision mounted on words culled from the language of legends, and literal to such an extent that a publisher's reader will miss the point completely and report that Richard Brautigan has written a book that, despite the title, is not about trout fishing.

"The old drunk told me about trout fishing. When he could talk, he had a way of describing trout as if they were a

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precious and intelligent metal."

Obviously, Brautigan has more to say about trout than anyone since Isaac Walton. An author who can describe a pheasant ("too fat with summer to fly . . . he ran across the field like a feathered pig") is a natural; so much a part of nature, that whether he is writing a recipe for "Standing Crusts for Great Pies" (not bad, I tried it) or revising Lord Byron's autopsy ("As if Trout Fishing in America had been Lord Byron and had died . . . and afterward never saw the shores of Idaho again, never saw Carrie Creek, Worswick, Hot Springs, Paradise Creek, Salt Creek and Duck Lake again") is writing about trout fishing in all its exquisite subtleties.

Not that Brautigan is obtuse or easily misunderstood. He writes clearly, enunciating each phrase. He is not sloppy, he is not sentimental, he is close to the ground and without intellectual pretensions. He is never profound, but he is often a poet. A literary man of the people: which is to say, he's a gifted hick. It takes a sort of sincerity that is traditional among country folk to bypass all the rhetoric and solve one of the mysteries to the American dilemma.

Who else would search out the significance of a kitten named Room 208, who resided in Hotel Trout Fishing In America, not in Room 208, but in a room on the third floor?

Trivia? America is riddled with such minute enigmas; the Great Questions elude the most astute. And yet there is nothing but truth in everything, a major clue in every pine cone. There is hope in Hell, and there is still some evidence of humanity in America. There are still American writers like Richard Brautigan who are perceptive enough to see the forest in spite of the absence of trees, still innocent enough to learn *the original meaning of Room 208, how it runs like melting snow all the way down the mountainside to a small cat living and playing in Hotel Trout Fishing In America, believing itself to be the last cat in the world, not having seen another cat in such a long time, totally unafraid, newspaper spread out all over the bathroom floor, and something good cooking on the hot plate.*

Something good cooking on the American hot plate. Thank you, Mr. Brautigan, for a change it isn't a naked lunch.

THE TICKET THAT EXPLODED. *By William S. Burroughs. New York: Grove Press. 217 pp. $5.*

Reviewed by Gary Snyder

—Nothing is true—Everything is permitted—"No hassan i sabbah—we want flesh—we want junk—we want power—"
"*That did it—Dial* police"—

THE "TICKET" is Western culture plus "civilization"— the world's dominating type of culture for the last five thousand years. Mankind has been hoping for some time this would take him somewhere. It is exploding in our hands.

. . . "Mr Bradly Mr Martin" also known as "the Ugly Spirit" thought

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to be the leader of the mob—the nova mob—in all my experience as a police officer i have never seen such total fear and degradation on any planet—We intend to arrest these criminals and turn them over to the Biological Department for the indicated alterations—

Under the guise of literature or science fiction-fantasy, Mr. William Burroughs is writing down about as clear as it can be writ an outline of the present political struggle, which is taking place not in any obvious political arena but in the consciousnesses of most beings on this planet. Cosmic politics; politics of the nervous system. The book is too complex to plunder for demonstrations of "ideas." The techniques (deriving from earlier cut-up experiments with paper and now employing sophisticated mixing and scrambling of tapes)—and the language, a hyped-up criminal-vaudeville-Carney tough cop hip talk with resonating "scientific authority"—present the thing itself. That is, the book works on the nervous system as a precise display of what the subject of the book is.

The story line, like a Hindu *Purana*, is the destruction and renovation of a universe. The human realm becomes a temporary battleground of forces from "outer space." The conflict is not between simple powers of "Light" and "Darkness" as Burroughs takes pains to make clear, but between agents of unbalance in the form of overreaching craving and aggression, and an integrating, balancing force. Thus Vishnu took human form as Krishna to subdue the tyrant Kansa—not as any total victory over "Evil," but as a necessary restoration of harmonies so that cowherds could work out their *karma* without undue obstruction.

The nova mob enjoys aggravating conflicts on planets by encouraging the growth of mutually incompatible lifeforms. The payoff is the explosion of the planet: it becomes a nova. Nova criminals "are not three-dimensional organisms" but, like a virus (Burroughs uses the virus symbolically throughout) they require a human host. They are able to enter the host through a style, vice or habit which is their trademark: ". . . We were able to trace Hamburger Mary through her fondness for peanut butter—" while passing from host to host. "Some move on junk lines through addicts of the earth, others move on lines of certain sexual practices and so forth . . . It is only when we can block the controller out of all coordinate points available to him and flush him out from host cover that we can make a definitive arrest—Otherwise the criminal escapes to other coordinates . . ."

The nova criminal most immediately responsible for the situation on Earth is "Mr Bradly Mr Martin," who works through junk (he is actually "a heavy metal addict from Uranus") and ugliness. From somewhere else, Inspector J. Lee of the nova police works to capture or isolate these criminals—send them back for biological alterations—send them back to "Rewrite." The idea being, on another level, that the whole scene is adjustable Maya.

The heart of it is Mr. Burroughs' view of the nervous system. In many ways we are not separate entities—we are all sharing, living in the same nervous system. Different societies have various methods of controlling and manipulating consciousness, starting with sex and language. Sexual behavior and habit, body-chemistry, word and image association lines become more controllable as civilized societies develop increasingly sophisticated communication and power systems. (Imperialism can perhaps be seen as a culture's ego-paranoia and overreaching anxiety-growth. It may well be that part of humanity's present *angst* is a deep "species guilt"; a profound inward awareness that mankind itself has become a tyrannical and destructive breed in the biological scheme, and is ripe for correction.)

At times Mr. Burroughs almost opts for Total Liberation as he puts down even the basic structure of higher lifeforms on this planet: "The human organism is literally consisting of two halves from the beginning word and all human sex is this unsanitary arrangement whereby two entities attempt to occupy the same three-dimensional coordinate points giving rise to the sordid latrine brawls which have characterized a planet based on 'the Word' that is, on separate flesh engaged in endless sexual conflict."

Contemporary society is witnessing the proliferation of nervous system extensions to such a degree that literal political struggles today are in essence campaigns to gain the "mind" of some other group. Mass media (for Burroughs the tape recorder is a key tool) is indeed exteriorized nervous system; a planet-circling electric social consciousness where a delighted ecstatic laugh or a wrenching groan of agony could ripple across populations within minutes. In *The Ticket That Exploded*, sex (ejaculation) is electric—flashing at coordinate points, sweeping through millions of specialized "flesh addicts." Addiction is a key term. Consumer-craving whipped up by advertising; alcohol—tobacco—phony sex (a section of the book is called "substitute flesh"—"Better than 'the real thing!'—There is no real thing—Maya—Maya—It's all show business"). Chemicals, warm-water sense-withdrawal experiments, Wilhelm Reich's orgone theory, are all briefly scanned.

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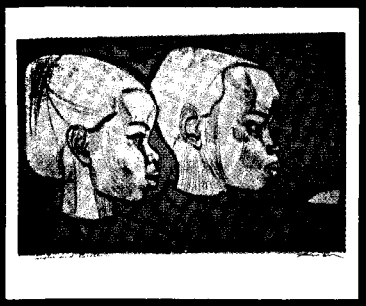
As the result of many requests, Irving Amen offers this year a new woodcut of biblical derivation: **"In My Father's House are Many Mansions."** No message inside. 6½ x 5¼.



BROTHER AND SISTER
Also new this year, appropriate for year-round use, is Irving Amen's "Brother and Sister." The quotation, from James Baldwin: **"It is necessary, while in darkness, to know that there is a light somewhere, to know that in one-self, waiting to be found, there is a light."** No Holiday message inside. 6½ x 5¼.

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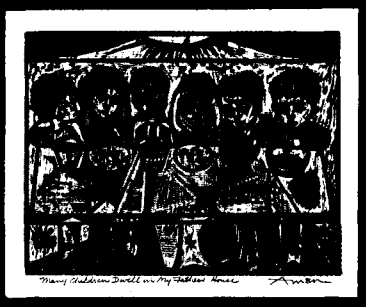

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This woodcut by Irving Amen is inspired by the biblical quote, **"Many Children dwell in My Father's House."** The message inside: Holiday Greetings and Best Wishes for a New Year of Brotherhood and Peace. 6½ x 5¼.

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The central concern is media and its manipulation by Mr Bradly Mr Martin: who are in the pay of whom? Humanist-Egomaniacs? Corporation Boards or Party Chairmen who still believe mankind was meant to be the Lord of Creation, hence individual men must be kept busy working? It leads to ultimate sado-masochistic public TV extravaganzas: "orgasm *is* death"— and some discussion of the Hanged Man (who was important to *Naked Lunch* too).

Mr. Burroughs describes at some length experiments with tape recorders and movies, which he believes will verify his theories. They require equipment and are, as he says, complicated and expensive to get started with. A brief description is suggestive: in splicing two voices onto one tape, alternating the voices at very short intervals, and then playing back (if my understanding is correct), one gets a remarkable breakdown of separate entities and a third, new entity emerges whose existence is in the medium of sound alone. This being, Burroughs says, is literally actual; with various speeds and sudden start-stop playback maneuvers, you can hear new words being spoken that aren't on the original tapes. The effect of double voices alternating is unsettling and "erotic." The practical effect on personality, we are told, is enlightening, in that it destroys one's usual thought-and-word association habits. Word associating has become for modern man "obsessional," as well as leaving one open to control from outside. So, Burroughs suggests, extensive tape recorder spiritual-psychological discipline will liberate you from your old controlled nervous system habits better than "twenty years of sitting in the lotus posture."

Experiments with tape and movie which I've witnessed corroborate another point: "The sound track conjures up the image track" and dominates it. Play almost any sound to a silent movie, and the action of the movie will adjust itself to be expressive of the sound. (Burroughs goes on to say "Word came before image—" which may be a bit off: "word" is another problem to tackle.)

Ticket lays bare a number of tricks and demonstrates how they work on us, with some remarkable theories and suggestions which are the madness verging on truth. It is a pleasant irony that the hero (if any) is J. Lee, a responsible professional (interplanetary) police inspector. But then, we know that the police on this earth are emanations of hysteria and anger, not any expression of a mature social wisdom. There's a lot of elegant writing and wit—some brilliant and fierce images, the flow of Burroughs' Old Doctor voice, and surprising lyricism. A few middle sections just float there and some readers will be tempted to push on swiftly through. The book pulls together neatly toward the end.

Gary Snyder is the poet-author of Rip Rap *and* Mountains and Rivers.

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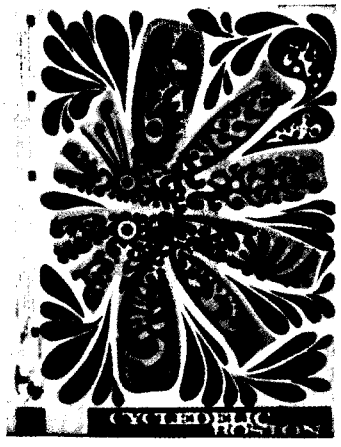

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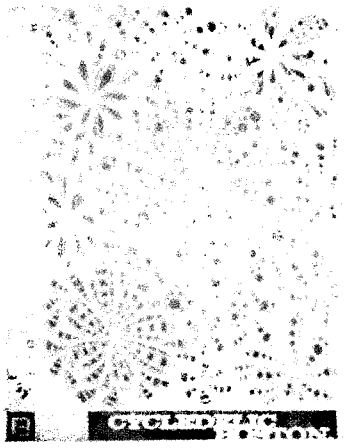

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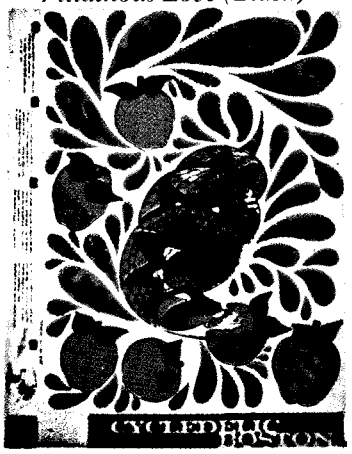

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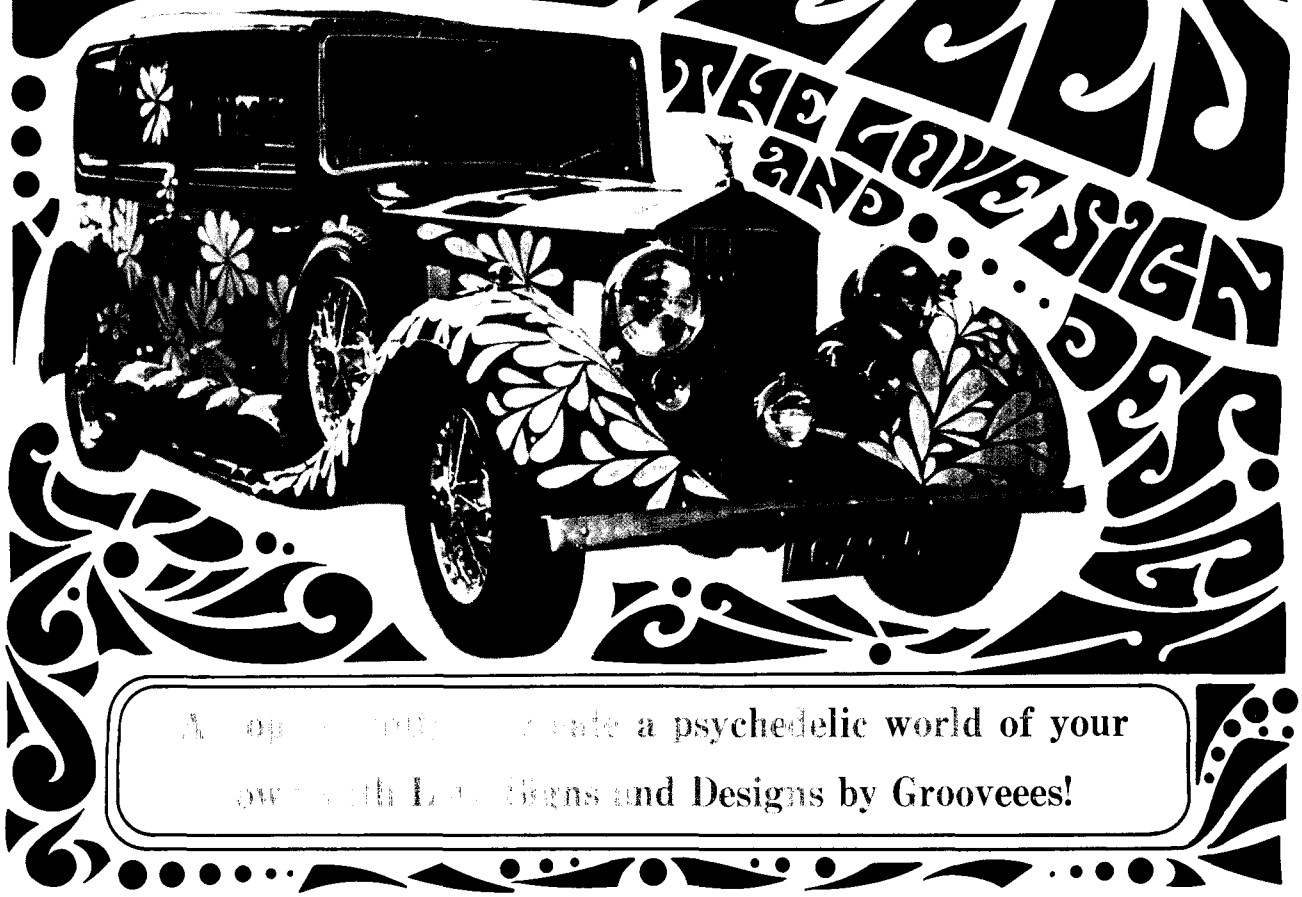

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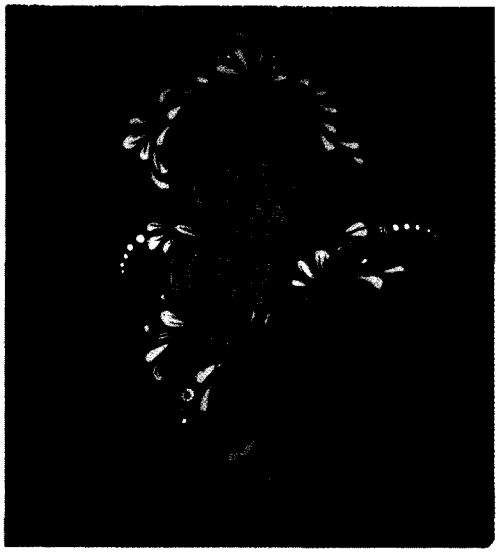
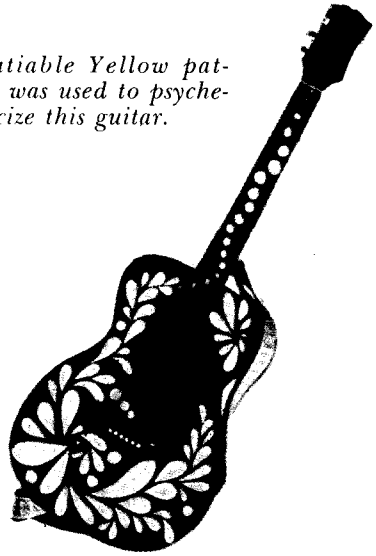
The Metamorphosis of a Mermaid pattern was combined with the Insatiable Yellow pattern to create this startling wall mural.

The flourescent dayglow® colors have tremendous visual impact in daylight or normal room light



. . . and are even more startling under black light.

Insatiable Yellow pattern was used to psychedelicize this guitar.



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"There have been far too many unwounded prisoners taken in this war!"
"What we want is more humane killers!"
"There's been some marvelous advances in surgery, thanks to war!"

RICHARD LESTER'S "HOW I WON THE WAR"

starring

MICHAEL CRAWFORD JOHN LENNON

co-starring

ROY KINNEAR · LEE MONTAGUE · JACK MacGOWRAN · MICHAEL HORDERN · JACK HEDLEY

also starring

KARL MICHAEL VOGLER

Screenplay by CHARLES WOOD · Based on the Novel by PATRICK RYAN · Produced and Directed by RICHARD LESTER · Associate Producer DENIS O'DELL

COLOR

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OPENS IN SAN FRANCISCO OCT. 25 AT THE CLAY THEATRE
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